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A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
NOVELS
AND
HISTORIES.

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

A new edition

CONTAINING,

DON CARLOS.

*The HISTORY of Count BELFLOR and
LEONORA DE CESPEDES.*

The CURIOUS IMPERTINENT.

The HISTORY of JANE SHORE.

The PREVALENCE of BLOOD.

The LIBERAL LOVER.

The BEAUTIFUL TURK.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC XXIX.

A SELECT COLLECTION OF NEW AND HISTORICAL



THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
FROM THE CONQUEST
TO THE PRESENT
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON
ESQ. OF LONDON
AND
JOHN BARTON
OF LONDON

M DCC LXXII



To the HONOURABLE

Mrs. *LEPEL.*

MADAM,

IN looking out for a
Patroness to counte-
nance any thing de-
sign'd to Entertain, it would

A 3

be

DEDICATION.

be impossible not to make one's Addresses to Her, whose Conversation from her Infancy has been one continued Agreeable Entertainment.

SUCH is Yours. You are scarce arriv'd to that Time of Life, when other People are but allow'd to be at an Age of Discretion; and yet, for near half that Space, have been distinguish'd by the Polite World for the Charms of Your Wit, and the Fineness of Your Understanding.

THIS

DEDICATION.

THIS would be the grossest Flattery, if ascrib'd to any body but Yourself. To speak it of You, is barely doing You Justice. The most artful Strokes of Commendation that Invention can frame, may be applied to You without a Compliment: And it is not possible to utter a Falsity in Your Character, without asserting, that You have been guilty of Saying or Doing a Thing which has not pleas'd.

FOR

DEDICATION.

FOR the Truth of this, I appeal to the modish courtly World; to the most Agreeable People of both Sexes; who have always thought themselves happy in the least Degree of Intimacy with You, and been ambitious of recommending themselves upon the Credit of it.

THE Gay Part of our Youth, who never consider'd You in this Light, but have toasted You, for above Seven Years, will wonder
that

DEDICATION

that I have not all this while
given the least Hint of the
Charms of Your Person: Of
which, as it is but the Case
of a Bright and Sparkling
Soul, I shall only say that it
is a Cabinet proportion'd to
the Richness of the Jewel it
contains: The Sentiments of
your Mind speak Beauty,
and your Eyes look good
Sense.

SURROUNDED with
such uncommon Graces, no
Wonder that You have
deeply endear'd yourself to
all

DEDICATION

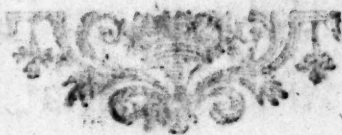
all that know you; That the whole Town was visited with your Sickness; and the Loss of You was dreaded as a publick Calamity. Might we have the Liberty of preferring one Wish, with a Certainty of its being granted, it would be the Continuance of your Health. Tho' I have, besides, a private one to add; which, being in the Power of so much Goodness to grant, I will not despair of. To your Self I sue for that Pardon which I may justly want, in
lls
having

DEDICATION.

having so faintly attempted
to draw a Particular of your
Worth. But I could not for-
bear the first Opportunity
of professing myself

Your most Faithful,

and most Humble Servant,



S. C.



to draw a Particular of your

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L. Cheron Inv.

G. F. Guichet Sculp.

DON CARLOS:

A N

Historical Novel.

Written Originally in *French* by the

ABBÉ *de St. REAL.*



L O N D O N: MDCCXXIX.

DON CARLOS.

AN

Historical Novel.

Written Originally in French by the



ARBE



LONDON: M.B.C. 7/11



DON CARLOS:

A N

Historical NOVEL.

WHEN the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth had resolv'd to resign his Dominions, in order to retire from the World; he was apprehensive of leaving his Son expos'd to the prosperous Fortune of *Henry* the Second of *France*, of which he had himself felt the Effects, and therefore he concluded a Truce for five Years. Among the Overtures of Peace that were made during the Truce, a Marriage was propos'd between the Prince of *Spain*, *Don Carlos*, only Son to *Philip* the Second by *Mary* of *Portugal* his first Wife, and *Madam Elizabeth*, the Eldest Daughter of *France*. This Princess was very young, but surprisngly accomplish'd for her Age: And as the Match was joyfully embraced on both Sides as soon as it was offer'd, she conceiv'd a great Esteem for the Husband that was destin'd her. Her tender Heart finding this Occasion of fixing upon a certain Object, amus'd itself with it agreeably in private; and she insensibly engag'd

herself in an Inclination, which caus'd more Trouble to her Virtue than she imagin'd. The Prince of *Spain* was no less satisfy'd with his Fate. As all that was said to him of the young Lady gave him a very lovely Idea of her, he abandon'd himself with Pleasure to all the amorous Sentiments with which this Idea inspir'd him. The Princess's Picture finish'd what the Reputation of her Beauty had begun. He was told it was extremely like; and he readily believ'd it, because it was what he wish'd. When he was gazing at the Picture, there was no way of letting the Princess know his Thoughts about her, which did not come into his Mind. He cou'd not bear that she shou'd be ignorant of the Joy, with which the Hopes of possessing her had fill'd his Soul. Sometimes also he was ashamed of his Happiness, and cou'd almost have wish'd he had time to gain her Heart, before she was oblig'd to bestow it on him. But as this was a thing impossible, he fancy'd he shou'd be easy, if he cou'd at least let her understand the different Thoughts which arose in him on this Occasion.

IN the mean while the Face of Affairs was chang'd, by the Breach of the Truce. The Princes of the House of *Lorain* made the War be resolv'd on again, at the Solicitation of Pope *Paul* the Fourth. The Pontiff's Design was to procure a powerful Diversion in *Flanders*, to free himself from the Duke of *Alva*, one of the *Spanish* Generals, who had for some time as it were block'd him up in *Rome*. The thing succeeded on the side of the Pope as well as cou'd be wish'd: But the Event was quite otherwise in *Flanders*. *France* lost two Battels there, in which the best Troops in the Kingdom were almost all kill'd or taken Prisoners; and this put Affairs into so ill a Condition, that they determin'd to purchase Peace at any Price. This Peace was the Work of the Duke of *Savoy* General of the *Spanish* Army, and of the Constable of *Montmorency* his Prisoner. The Constable convinced the Duke, that he was never like to find so lucky an Opportunity

tunity of being restor'd to his Territories, from which *Francis* the First had driven his Father; and the Duke on his Part prevail'd so far with *Philip* the Second, that the Treaty was soon concluded at *Chateau-Cambresis*. It is easy to imagine the Grief of *Don Carlos*, when the Truce was broken; and what must be his Joy when the Negotiations of Peace were resum'd. This Peace, nevertheless, which so delightfully flatter'd his Hopes, was the very thing which ruin'd them for ever.

DURING the time of the Negotiation, *Philip* the Second became a Widower by the Death of *Mary* Queen of *England*, his Second Wife. As he design'd to marry again, he order'd the Princess *Elizabeth*, who was promis'd him for his Son, to be demanded for himself. The *French* Court wou'd rather have given her to the Heir of the Crown who was of an equal Age, than to a Prince who was old enough to be her Father, and by whom she cou'd only have younger Brothers; but the King cou'd not be handsomely deny'd. Tho' *Don Carlos* was Thunder-struck at the News, and it was brought to him before a world of Company, he was Master enough of himself, not to discover the Grief it gave him. But the Force he put upon his Passions cost him dear, when he was alone. All that Love and Rage could inspire took Place in his Soul. But as the Violence of his Grief suffer'd him to come to no Resolution, and the present State of his Fortune did not permit him to attempt any thing, his Despair chang'd insensibly into Melancholy. This threw him into that private kind of Life he led afterwards, which made him so odious to the King his Father; who never dreaming of the true Reason of this Alteration, and judging of his Son by himself, attributed the young Prince's Dejection to an Impatience of governing. As for the Princess, tho' what she had in her Heart in favour of *Don Carlos* was rather a Disposition to Love than an actual Passion; yet the Apprehension she was under, lest it might be real Love, gave her such a Distrust of herself as cannot

be exprest. 'Till now she had an extreme Curiosity to learn what Effect her Picture had produced upon *Don Carlos*, and wish'd to have him enjoy less Tranquillity than herself: But from the Moment she understood the Change of their Destiny, she fear'd nothing so much as to be lov'd by him. As great a Pleasure as there is in being handsome, she then wish'd that all which was said of her Charms was not true. Agitated by these different Thoughts, and her Mind not being in a Situation calm enough, to come off with a good Grace in a Conjunction so difficult, as that of her Arrival at the Court of *Spain*, she delay'd her Departure as long as with Decency she cou'd. Tho' the Duke of *Alva* had marry'd her as his Master's Proxy in *June*, she did not set out from *Paris* 'till the End of *November*. She stopp'd at every fine House she saw on the Road, and came not to *Guyenne* 'till the End of the Year: As if those Delays were able to work that Change in her Heart, which Reason cou'd not do. When she reach'd the *Pyrenean* Mountains, Fortune, who chuses sometimes to bestow Favours which are least expected, gave her a Respite she did not hope for.

ANTHONY of *Bourbon*, King of *Navarre*, had the Commission of conducting this Princess, and was to deliver her on the Frontiers into the Hands of the Cardinal of *Burgos* and the Duke de *l'Infantada*. This King was only in Possession of the Lower *Navarre*, the Higher having been usurp'd by the *Spaniards* from his Wife's Grandfather. That he might not therefore prejudice the Right he had to both, he wou'd by no means acknowledge the Place which separates them to be the true Frontier of *Spain*, and requir'd a Declaration from the Deputies that the delivering over the Princess at that Place shou'd not hurt his Pretensions. Such a Declaration was of too great Consequence, to be given, without an Express Order from above. They were oblig'd to write to *Madrid* about it, and expect an Answer on the Spot. *Philip* cou'd have heartily wish'd the Court of *France* had prevented this

Em-

DON CARLOS.

Embarrassment, and that the Commission had rather been given to Persons not of *Navarre*. But Messieurs de *Guise*, who were new and absolute Masters of all Affairs, had their own Reasons for keeping the Princes of the Blood at a Distance from the Court. As they only wanted Pre-
tences, they were transported to find one so plausible, to get rid of him who gave them the most Trouble. The King of *Spain* therefore was under a Necessity either to give the King of *Navarre* immediate Satisfaction, or refer the matter to a Negotiation in order to prevail on the Court of *France* to recall him. The last Expedient wou'd draw on a Delay insupportable to a Prince who expected the most amiable Person in the World for his Wife. And thus this great Politician satisfy'd the Impatience of his Love, at the Expence of his Interest, and wrote back, that they shou'd grant the King of *Navarre* what he desir'd. The Queen took the Way of *Madrid*, and *Don Carlos* came to meet her, accompany'd, among other Persons, by the young Prince of *Parma*, *Alexander Farnese* his Cousin, and *Rui Gomez de Silva*, Prince of *Eboli*, his Governor, and (a) Favourite to the King.

AT the first News the Queen receiv'd of the Prince's Approach, such opposite Sentiments arose in her Soul, and assail'd her so violently, that she fainted away in the Arms of her Ladies; and did not recover till *Don Carlos* was ready to accost her. After the first Civilities were pass'd, these two illustrious Persons, being taken up in gazing on each other, gave over speaking: And the rest of the Company forbearing Discourse out of respect, there was for some time a Silence very extraordinary on such an occasion. *Don Carlos* was not (b) regularly handsome: But besides an admirable Complexion, and the finest Head in the World,

(a) *Father Hilari6n de Cofse, a Minim, in his Panygeric on the Queen.*

(b) *Brantome, in Philip the Second.*

he had Eyes so spritely and full of Fire, and so lively an Air, that it cou'd not be said he was disagreeable. He was immediately dazled with the Queen's Beauty; but the Consideration of what he lost in losing her, quickly chang'd his Admiration into Grief: And foreseeing what she wou'd cause him to suffer, he came insensibly to look upon her with a sort of Fear. In the mean time the Duke *de l'Infantada* imagining the Queen waited out of Civility till *Don Carlos* wou'd offer to go, and that the Prince out of Respect did the same by her, he put the Queen in mind of the Time, and drew them both out of a greater Perplexity than he thought. The Prince having taken his Place in the Queen's Coach, never took his Eyes off her the whole Way; having all the Convenience he cou'd wish, to consider her, and to ruin himself. The Queen observ'd it immediately. A secret Sentiment, which she cou'd not command, made her find a Pleasure in seeing the Transports of *Don Carlos*. Yet she durst not look steadily on him; and he cou'd not look on her at first without trembling: But at last their Eyes, having for some time avoided each other, constrain'd themselves no longer, but met in the same Point by Chance, and cou'd never afterwards turn another way. It was by those faithful Interpreters that *Don Carlos* told the Queen all his Soul. He prepar'd her, by a thousand sad and passionate Looks, for the utmost Obstinacy and Extent of his Affection. His Heart was pain'd with the Secret, and torn with the Grief of his Misfortune, and cou'd no longer forbear seeking for Ease: And as he thought he perceiv'd in the embarrass'd Air of the Queen, that she understood him; it imparted to him so sensible a Joy, that for some Moments he forgot his Father's Happiness, and his own Misery. This Satisfaction gave him a Presence of Mind, which he did not expect, at the first Meeting of the King and the Queen: But the Princess had enter'd into so profound a Thoughtfulness on the Road, that the Presence of her Husband cou'd not draw her out of it. When they arriv'd at *Madrid*, and the King receiv'd
her

her upon her coming out of the Coach, after the first Ceremonies (usual on the like Occasions) she begun to view him fixedly, without reflecting on what she did; as if she suspected he had remark'd the Confusion in which she was. The King, far from imagining the true Cause of her (a) Disorder, ask'd her with a good deal of Peevishness, if she was observing that he had gray Hairs already? These Words were look'd upon as a bad Omen by those who were present: And from that time it was concluded, that the Union of two Persons, so unsuitable in their Years, wou'd not be happy.

THE Court of *Spain*, which had heard the Wonders that were reported of the Queen's Beauty, merely as the ordinary Exaggerations of the good Qualities of Princes; were amaz'd to find, that whatever was said of it, came short of the Truth. She was born a Beauty, and was at that time in all the Lustre which the fair Bloom of Youth cou'd give a Person of perfect Charms. Every Beauty does not touch all sorts of Hearts: But the Queen was equally ador'd both by the People and the Court. As often as she appear'd in Publick she made Triumphs; and it was so difficult to look upon her without loving, that even to this Day it is a Tradition in the Court of *Spain*, that no (b) wise Man wou'd venture to look her in the Face. In a word, if Beauty is a kind of natural Royalty, it may be said that never Queen was so much a Queen as she. It was almost impossible, but the happy Man who possess'd so many Graces must be charm'd with 'em. Her whole Manner touch'd him. He always observ'd in her an attracting Sweetness, equally distant from the forbidding Severity of the *Spanish* Ladies in publick; and their extravagant Fondness in private. Sometimes he admir'd his own Happiness; in reflecting on these things. But this was on-

(a) Brantome, in his Discourse on this Queen.

(b) Brantome, in her Elog.

ly to himself; for he thought it did not become his Greatness, to let so young a Creature know his Weakness in the Passion he felt for her. If she had had at any time the least Suspicion of it, she wou'd quickly have alter'd her Mind; when she consider'd the little Confidence the King repos'd in her, his austere Air, and his Regularity in confining all his Caresses to the Night; as if he were afraid of being seen by her in a Condition less grave, than that wherein he appear'd to other People. This Conduct, so cold in Appearance, and so different from the agreeable Disorder and Transports which generally accompany Passions which are pleas'd, did not answer the Idea the Queen had form'd to herself, of the Life which a new-married Pair, who were happy enough to love each other, ought to lead. She look'd upon her Husband therefore as a Man whose Body only she possess'd; but whose Soul was fill'd alone with Designs of Ambition, and Schemes of Politicks. Yet was she so much belov'd by him, that Enjoyment itself, instead of diminishing, increas'd his Ardour: Whether it were that Possession, which satiates the Desires of most Husbands, serv'd only to provoke his, by the Discovery of some hidden Charms and Beauties unknown to him before; or whether the Mystery he made of his Love, redoubled the Violence of it.

DON CARLOS in the mean time was restless to know how he stood in the Queen's Opinion: For tho' when she look'd on him he fancy'd he perceiv'd secret and earnest Languor in her Eyes, which he had not observ'd at other times; he durst not believe what he saw. How great soever his Impatience was to be better inform'd, as she was seldom alone during the Nuptial Rejoycings, it was a long time before he cou'd discourse with her in private. But at last Fortune, who takes delight in favouring Designs which must have a fatal Catastrophe, furnish'd him with an Opportunity when he least expected it.

AS the King arriv'd in *Spain* but a little before the Queen, he had not yet paid the last Honours to the Emperor's

peror's Corps, which was deposited a few Day Journey from *Madrid*, in the Monastery of the *Hieronymite* Fryars, where he ended his Days. The Queen was glad to accompany her Husband thither, to see a Country which was represented to be the finest of all *Spain*. The *Hieronymites* of St. *Justus* are situated in a Valley, at the Entrance into *Estramadura*, which runs along the Banks of the *Guadiana* from the Frontier of *Castile* to that of *Portugal*. This Valley is surrounded with Hills of an extraordinary Height, whose least fertile Places are fill'd with those Ever-greens which thrive only in hot Countries. A thousand Brooks spring out of these Woods, and discharge themselves, after many Windings, into the River which traverses the Plain; and the Lands, which are water'd by such a quantity of Streams, always produce an infinite number of Orange Trees, Lemon Trees, and such others as grow in this happy Climate. The Waters, in the greatest Heat of Summer, yield such a refreshing Coolness, under the Shades of this Desert, as all the Art of Men cannot make elsewhere. And the Verdure, with which they are adorn'd on each side, gives so lovely a Scene, that Painting never express any thing so fine. The Court being arriv'd in this Solitude, which *Charles* the Fifth had render'd so famous by his Retreat, after having fulfill'd the first Duties of Piety, the King wou'd needs see a young Fryar, whom his Father lov'd very much; and, among other things, was curious to learn the Reason of this Affection. He was inform'd therefore, that the Emperor going one Morning in his turn to call up the other Fryars, he found this young Brother, who was yet a Novice, bury'd in so deep a Slumber, that he had much ado to make him rise: The Novice turning out at last with an ill Will, and still half a-sleep, cou'd not forbear telling the Emperor, that *he ought to be satisfy'd with having troubled the Repose of the World, while he was in it; without coming also to trouble the Repose of those who had left it.* The Emperor was so pleas'd with this Saying, that he lov'd him ever afterwards. After some other
other

other Discourse, the Company divided themselves in several Parts over this agreeable Defart; and the Queen, who was fatigu'd with the Journey, was left almost alone with *Don Carlos*. As those who remain'd with them were not of a Rank to mingle in the Conversation, *Don Carlos*, ravish'd with the Opportunity, propos'd to the Queen to repose herself in a small Orange Grove which was behind the Emperor's Apartment. They went thither: and the Prince, who was afraid of being interrupted, immediately began the Conversation with a Freedom of Mind which surpriz'd himself; and made the Queen almost dismiss the Suspicion which she had of his Design. He conjur'd her, not to be in any Disturbance at the things he had to say to her; and to believe he wou'd never occasion her any other Pain, but that of hearing them. He begg'd her then to remember the Time when they were destin'd for each other, and to consider what Impression such charming Hopes must have made in his Heart. 'Tis easie for you to judge, Madam, continu'd he, that the Sight of you has not wip'd out that Impression, and I am sensible it will never be effaced. At first the Queen cou'd not help taking Pleasure to see a Man possess'd with Sentiments for her so Passionate, and such as none had ever dar'd to discover to her before; but afterwards reflecting on *Don Carlos's* Words, she comprehended the Force of them so well, and they gave her so sad an Idea of the State of the unhappy Prince's Heart, that it excited in her the highest Pity. She confess'd to him, that the Esteem she had conceiv'd of him, while she was appointed to be his Wife, wou'd not permit her to regard without Grief what she saw him suffer, nor to refuse him such Consolations as she cou'd allow, without breaking in upon her Duty. The Prince answer'd, That he pretended to no more than to see her and speak to her; but the Queen, who perhaps was afraid he might say more than she wou'd have him, rose up at these Words, and stepping to the Prince of *Parma* and *Rui Gomez* who came towards them, only told *Don Carlos*, that if he was wise
and

and lov'd her, he wou'd be careful to avoid her. *Don Carlos* was extreamly pleas'd at having declar'd his Passion, and his Mind appear'd as calm after this, as it was unquiet before. The Queen soon took Notice of it; and as there is no Form under which Love does not disguise itself to creep into a Heart, not even that of Reason and Virtue it self; so she thought herself oblig'd, both out of Prudence and Generosity, to conceal the Prince's Passion. This being her Opinion, she cou'd not forbear letting him know, that she look upon the Change of his Humour, as an effect of his Discretion. *Don Carlos* took the Liberty to put her in Mind of it, the first time he spoke with her in private after the return of the Court to *Madrid*; and assur'd her with the utmost Pleasure, that there was no Humour or Behaviour ever so contrary to his Natural Genius, which his Passion cou'd not easily make him assume. After this they gladly unbosom'd themselves without Reserve. *Don Carlos* related to the Queen all that pass'd in his Heart and Mind, since the first time he heard her mention'd; and she in return gave him the whole History of her Infancy, with a thousand little Particularities, which took up all their Attention as agreeably, as they wou'd have been tedious to indifferent People. Only when she came to speak of their intended Marriage, she did not dwell so largely on the Thoughts she had on that Occasion, as the Prince did in declaring his; but the Constraint he perceiv'd she put upon herself to conceal them, told him more than if she had spoken. It was in such endearing Conversations that these illustrious Persons pass'd the time when they cou'd be together; but Fortune, who was weary of favouring them, engag'd *Don Carlos* in an Adventure which was the first Source of his Misfortunes.

OF all the Ladies in whom the Beauty of the Queen rais'd Envy, there was none who had so much reason to hate her on this Account, as the Princess of *Eboli*. She was the handsomest and the most witty of the whole Court; and held the first Rank in it, as well for this reason,

son, as because *Rui Gomez*, her Husband, was the King's Favourite. She was equally a Lover of Grandeur and Pleasures; and as she promis'd herself every thing from the Charms both of her Person and Mind, she had a Design at first upon the King's Heart. But the Queen's Beauty having defeated her Project, she endeavour'd to make *Don Carlos* in love with her; not imagining to find the same Obstacle in the Heart of the Son, as hinder'd her from succeeding with the Father. *Rui Gomez*, as he was Governor to the Prince, lodg'd in the same Apartment with him. The Princess of *Eboli*, his Wife, besides this Opportunity of seeing *Don Carlos*, had frequently an Occasion of obliging him, by making him Friends with her Husband, with whom he fell out every Day. *Don Carlos*, who was very generous, and perceiv'd that she zealously embraced his Interest, thought himself under great Obligations to her, and therefore shew'd her extraordinary Civility. These favourable Dispositions, making the Princess hope the best from her Design, she quickly found an Occasion of bringing *Don Carlos* to the Point she intended.

THE Admiration he had for the Queen gave him a sort of Contempt for all other Women; Besides, every one knows that young People of such Quality naturally love to sport with any Company; and the Flattery of those who train them up, accustoms them to this kind of offensive Merriment, instead of correcting it. *Don Carlos*, who was not exempt from the Faults of his Age and Condition, and the Prince of *Parma*, who was still younger and more unruly, having one Day play'd at this Rate on some Women of the first Quality, who complain'd of it, the Princess of *Eboli* had much ado to keep *Rui Gomez* from speaking of it to the King. Being alone the same Evening with *Don Carlos* in a Closet at her own House, she began to reproach him with the little Consideration he had for the Ladies; and after having railly'd him several times on this Subject, she concluded that the Friendship she had for him must needs be very great, to forgive him Things of this Nature. The

Prince,

Prince, who did not perceive whether she was leading him, and who was oblig'd in Gratitude to make equal Professions of Friendship to her, answer'd with a Smile, that she had more Reason than she imagin'd to take his Part, since the little Regard he had for other Women proceeded from her having engross'd all the Esteem he was capable of for the whole Sex. The Princess, who was charm'd with these Words (which she took for a Declaration of Love) answer'd him in such a Manner as open'd his Eyes, and made him know his good Fortune. At first he resolv'd to make use of it. Never was Infidelity, he thought, more excusable, than that he was going to commit. This Princess was one of those Ladies, who, without having all their Features exactly regular, have something which touches more than many regular Beauties. But as dangerous as she was, *Don Carlos's* Passion for the Queen was still greater. His Imagination represented her to him at that Instant, with those Graces and that Sweetness, which made all other Beauties appear mean in Comparison of hers; and this charming Idea caus'd him suddenly to look upon the Princess with a Disdain, which she had no Reason to expect. However, he receiv'd her Advances in the most obliging Manner he cou'd, without complying with them. But she saw too well, that he declar'd a Tenderness which he really had not. A Woman in this Condition never forgets it; nor ever remembers it but with Rage, if she has not Reason to remember it with Pleasure. We shall see hereafter the Effects which this Rage produced in the Princess of *Eboli's* Heart. But Love, that pity'd her Adventure, introduced a new Person on the Theatre of this Court, to repair *Don Carlos's* Fault.

THIS was *Don John of Austria*, natural Son to the Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, whom the King about this Time took out of the Hands of a *Spanish* Nobleman, who had brought him up as his own Son. Tho' this young Prince had always believ'd himself so, he had as much Pride and Ambition as if he had known what he truly was. When the

the *Spaniard*, who pass'd for his Father, threw himself at his Feet, before he presented him to the King; *Don John* look'd on him in that Posture with as much Unconcernedness, as if he had for a long while expected this Change. Seeing nothing in the new Rank, to which he was elevated, above his Courage, he was not a whit daunted with it; and all the Court saw with Admiration the Son of *Don Lewis Quisinda* accustom himself in half an Hour to be the Son of an Emperor.

THIS new Prince not being of a Humour to take the necessary Precautions for defending his Heart against the Charms of the Queen, fell in Love with her as soon as he saw her. Whether it were that this Passion flatter'd his Vanity, or that he hop'd it might prove serviceable to promote his Fortune, he did not strive to cure himself of it in the least. As he was naturally a Dissembler, it was easy for him to hide his Application about the Queen, under the Pretence of making his Court. His Assiduity soon made *Don Carlos* uneasy; and tho' the Queen wou'd fain have perswaded him she was glad this Obstacle render'd their Discourses less free, because she shou'd thereby become less expos'd to his Tenderness; yet from that time she entertain'd an Aversion for *Don John*, the Reason of which she did not care to examine.

THERE is no Occurrence of Life, in which Disimulation is of so much Use as in Love, nor in which it is more difficult to dissemble. The Prince cou'd not be always so absolute a Master of his Displeasure, when the Presence of *Don John* incommoded him, but that the other begun at last to perceive something of it. As nothing is so penetrating as the Eyes of a Rival, he soon guess'd the Subject. The Knowledge of it excited in him an extreme Curiosity to learn, whether the Prince's Passion was known to the Person who caus'd it, and whether she return'd it. To get Light into this Affair, he resolv'd to pretend Love to a *French* Woman belonging to the Queen, who was handsome enough to make this Feint appear probable, and
who

who seem'd to be more in her Favour than her other Women. He omitted nothing which was in his Power to corrupt her, but he cou'd not get out of her the Secret of her Mistress, which indeed she was ignorant of: For the Queen was so far from entrusting it to any Body, that she wou'd willingly have hid it from herself. He us'd the Pretence of discoursing with this Lady, in order to leave *Don Carlos* alone with the Queen, and thereby became insensibly as favourable to them, as he was the contrary before. He thought if they had an Understanding together, he shou'd discover nothing by mixing in their Conversation, since they wou'd be upon their Guard against him; and that his Assiduity wou'd but render him more odious, and remove him the farther from their Confidence, into which he passionately wish'd to enter. The Queen appear'd so reserv'd, that he despair'd of insinuating himself into hers; and therefore he propos'd to gain that of the Prince, whose frank and open Nature promis'd him less Difficulty. With this Resolution he chang'd his Conduct with regard to him entirely. He no longer us'd the Familiarity, which the Quality of an Uncle gave him, but became the most respectful of all his Courtiers. He manag'd so skillfully all Occasions of remarking the good Qualities of *Don Carlos*, that the Prince, who did not suspect this Esteem of Flattery, because he was conscious he deserv'd it, came by Degrees to believe that his Uncle lov'd him; and at length put a great deal of Confidence in him. But as the Confidence of a Man of Honour, who truly loves, never extends so far as to disclose the Secret of his Love when he is well receiv'd; the Prince trusted every thing to his Uncle, except the only thing which he wanted to know.

DON JOHN being in Despair at having made no Discovery, resolv'd to take the Advice of some Person, who had more Experience in such Affairs than himself. As he was the finest and handsomest Prince in *Europe*, the Princess of *Eboli* lik'd him at first Sight, little thinking that the Queen was to prove fatal to all her Designs. However she
did

did not entirely hinder this last, as she had done the rest. *Don John* was one of those Men who are of so happy a Temper as to be sensible of Beauty, only in Prospect of the Pleasure it may give them; and that of the Princess *Eboli*, which promis'd a great deal, touch'd at least his Senses, if it did not reach quite to his Heart, like that of the Queen. Besides, he look'd on the Princess as a Person whose Advice might be of Service, in a Court where every thing was new to him. He prevented, by his earnest Affiduities, the Marks of good Will which she sought to give him; and appear'd transported with so much Joy at the first Signs he perceiv'd of it, that she rightly judg'd he wou'd return greater with Ardor. Thus in a little time they form'd an Intimacy, which was so much the more agreeable, as the Heart was not enough concern'd to disturb the Pleasures of it with the Jealousies, and other uneasy Niceties, which strong Passions inspire.

DON JOHN living in this Manner with the Princess of *Eboli*, he resolv'd to open himself to her, as to what he knew of *Don Carlos's* Passion. One may easily imagine how she receiv'd the News. She was so full of Love, she never reflected on the Interest that *Don John* had in the Heart of the Queen. She advis'd him only to continue to observe every thing, because, as circumpect as People may be, it is impossible for them not to forget themselves sometimes, when they are really in Love. As she did not examine the Interest he might have in this Affair, he never regarded the Earnestness with which she promis'd to pursue it. He fancy'd, without diving further into the Matter, that it was an Effect of the Complaisance she had for him, and of the ordinary Curiosity of her Sex. It is probable, that two Persons of such Penetration wou'd have soon discover'd, what they were so much concern'd to know; had it not been for an Accident which broke all their Measures, by removing *Don Carlos* from Court, and which cannot be well understood without taking Things pretty far backwards.

AMONG

D O N C A R L O

AMONG the Reports that were spread about the Emperor's (a) Retreat, the most su that the continual Intercourse he had with *Germany* had given him an Inclination for their and that he hid himself in a Solitude, in order Liberty to end his Days in Exercises of Piety confor to his secret Dispositions. It was said, that he cou'd forgive himself the ill Treatment he had shewn the brave Princes of that Party, whom the Fortune of War had put into his Power. Their Virtue, which in the midst of their Calamities cast a Shame on his Prosperity, had insensibly produced in his Mind a certain Esteem for their Opinions. He durst no longer condemn a Religion, to which such illustrious Persons made a Glory of sacrificing all that is most precious among Men. This Esteem appear'd by his chusing for his spiritual Guidance, a Set of Men who were every one suspected of Heresy; as Dr. *Cacalla* his Preacher, the Arch-Bishop of *Toledo*, and especially *Constantine Ponce*, Bishop of *Drossa*, his Director. It was also known afterwards, that the Cell in which he dy'd at the Monastery of St. *Justus*, was fill'd all round on the Side of the Wall with Sentences written with his own Hand, concerning *Justification* and *Grace*, not very different from the Doctrine of the Innovators. But nothing confirm'd this Opinion so much as his Will: There were no pious Legacies in it, no Religious Foundations; and the Manner of it was so different from those of hearty Catholicks, that the *Spanish* Inquisition thought they had a Right to take notice of it. Yet they did not dare to make a Noise about it, till after the King's Arrival. But this Prince having signaliz'd himself at his coming into *Spain*, by punishing all the Partizans of the new Opinions, the Inquisition grew bolder by his Example, and first attack'd the Arch-Bishop of *Toledo*, next the Emperor's Preacher, and lastly *Constantine Ponce*.

(a) *Monsieur de Thou*, *D'Aubigné*, &c.

N CARLOS.

suffer'd them all three to be imprison'd, upon his Patience as the Master-piece of true Religion: But the rest of *Europe* cou'd not but Horror the Emperor *Charles's* Confessor, that Prince expir'd, and who had as it were so great a Soul in his Bosom, deliver'd over to the cruel and infamous Torments by the Hands of the Inquisition his Son. In effect, as the Process went on, the Inquisition thought proper to accuse these three Men of having a Hand in the Emperor's Will, and had the Daring to condemn them with the Will it self to the Fire. The King was awaken'd at this Sentence, as by a Clap of Thunder. At first the Jealousy he had of his Father's Glory, made him take a Pleasure in seeing his Memory insulted by this Affront; but having afterwards consider'd the Consequences of such an Attempt, he hinder'd the Execution of it by the softest and most private Methods he cou'd chuse; at once to save the Honour of the Holy Office, and to preserve the Authority of their Tribunal unhurt. As for *Don Carlos*, upon the first News he heard of it, he treated the Affair with Raillery; but seeing the Inquisition pursue the Blow, he conceiv'd an Indignation becoming what he ow'd the Emperor's Memory. To understand the Reason of the particular Interest he took in this Matter, it must be remember'd, that the Emperor, who, among other heroick Qualities, possess'd in a supreme Degree that of knowing Men, had form'd extraordinary Hopes of his Grand-Son. When he retir'd into *Spain*, he wou'd have him near his Person: And it was in this excellent School of Wisdom and Magnanimity, that *Don Carlos* became confirm'd in his natural Love of Glory and heroick Virtue. The Desire he had of worthily answering the Pains of his august Preceptor, had in some sort ripen'd his Understanding beyond his Years, and made it produce Fruits not to be expected in such a Season. The Emperor knew how to manage the eager and fiery Disposition of the Prince with so much Art and Gentleness, that he had visibly corrected it in a very

ry small Time. But as it was to be fear'd, this extraordinary Ardor of Mind might take some unhappy Bent, if he attempted to suppress it entirely; he gave it all the Spring that was necessary, by turning it on the Side of Glory, all the Charms of which this judicious Tutor may be said to have resign'd to the Violence of his Pupil's Desires.

IT is easy to judge, that this Education had inspir'd in to *Don Carlos* a wonderful Affection for the Emperor, his Grandfather; and that it was attacking the Prince in the most sensible Place, to endeavour to blemish his Memory. *Don John* and the Prince of *Parma*, who were also interested in the Honour of the illustrious Dead, were not less provok'd. All three blam'd the King's Weakness, who had not resisted the Insolence of the Inquisitors as fiercely as they cou'd have wish'd; and entertain'd such a Contempt for him on this Account, as ended not but with their Lives. As they were too young to comprehend, that even the most absolute Kings have no Rights which are so sacred in the Eyes of the People, as those of Religion, they spoke publicly of this Act of the Inquisition, with all the Passion that Persons of their Quality cou'd have on so just an Occasion, and menaced to exterminate the Holy Office with its Supports. The People, who came to the Knowledge of these Threatnings by the Artifice of the Inquisitors, and who, since their Establishment, had never seen any thing like this, shew'd the utmost Resentment. The King saw at first the Consequences of their Indignation: But as he was inform'd the Princes forgot themselves so far as to censure his own Conduct, he wou'd not speak of this Matter to them himself, lest he shou'd receive some disrespectful Answer. *Rui Gomez*, whom he charg'd with this Commission, acquitted himself of it with all the Vigor that the Importance of the Affair requir'd. *Don John* and the Prince of *Parma*, who were naturally more Masters of themselves than *Don Carlos* was, yielded to his Remonstrances. As Ambition was their predominant Pas-

sion

+ DON CARLOS.

on, they shew'd all the Grief imaginable for having put a considerable an Obstacle to their Fortunes, as drawing upon themselves the Odium of the Inquisitors, and of the people who were led by them. The Prince, on the contrary, whose natural Temper was irritated by Difficulties, could never conceive that he was in the Wrong. In the same Time Dr. *Cacalla* was burnt alive, together with an image representing *Constantine Ponce*, who dy'd some Days before in the Prison. The King was forced to suffer this Execution, to oblige the Holy Office to consent that the Archbishop of *Toledo* might appeal to *Rome*, and not to speak any more of the Emperor's Will.

THIS Accommodation pleas'd *Don Carlos*, but did not appease the Inquisitors. As this Set of Men never forgive, they excited such loud Murmurs among the Populace, that what Care soever the King took to the contrary, he could not quiet the Noise, but by sending the Princes for some Time out of the Way. The University of *Alcala* was then in its greatest Splendor, and all the considerable Persons who went to *Spain* visited it. The King pretended that the Princes had the same Curiosity, and hasten'd their Journey thither under Pretext, that the Prince of *Parma* was shortly to depart, under the Conduct of Count *Egmond*, in order to be marry'd in *Flanders*. When *Don Carlos* understood this Resolution, and saw he must quit the Queen, he begun to perceive the Abyss which was before him; and the Interest of his Love drew that Repentance for his Conduct from his Soul, which the Regard of his Safety and his Grandeur cou'd never have done. The King who cou'd not live without *Rui Gomez*, oblig'd the Count of *Egmond* to supply the Place of this Favourite with the Princes during the Journey to *Alcala*. This Count was one of the most accomplish'd Captains of the Age. He was cover'd with the Laurels he had acquir'd in the last War, at the Battles of St. *Quintin* and *Gravelines*; and of all the great Men, which the School of *Charles* the Fifth had form'd, none had a greater Share in the Emperor's

ror's Esteem. The Dutcheſs of *Parma* foreſaw the Storm, that was ſince rais'd in the Provinces which the King her Brother had entrusted to her Government. She thought it proper to repreſent to him the Inconveniences that were to be apprehended from the Innovations he was deſirous to introduce there. His Commiſſion requir'd a Man of the Quality and Profeſſion of Count *Edmond*, who was accuſtom'd to ſpeak to Princes with that noble Liberty which is ſo uſeful to them, and of which ſo few are capable. *Don Carlos*, who naturally lov'd extraordinary Men, prevail'd on the Prince during their Journey to give a Relation of the laſt Battel where he had commanded. The Count being charm'd with his Curioſity, ſatisfy'd it fully: And *Don Carlos* ſhew'd an extreme Impatience to ſee himſelf in a Condition of acting things like thoſe he had heard. He aſſur'd the Count, that if the Troubles of *Flanders* came to an open War, as the Governante ſeem'd to apprehend, nothing ſhou'd hinder him from going to thoſe Provinces, that he might learn the Art of War under him.

THE Journey of the Princes was not long. The City of *Alcala* preſented to *Don Carlos* a Horſe of great Price, but as furious as he was fine. The Prince wanted to ſee him manag'd, but was not pleas'd with any of thoſe that went about it, and wou'd needs mount him himſelf. This Horſe, who was already in a Chafe, flew into a Rage after the Prince had exercis'd him a little, and ran away ſo violently, that *Don Carlos* thought it beſt to throw himſelf off; but he did it ſo unhappily, that he remain'd for Dead on the Place: And tho' he came to himſelf ſome Hours after, yet when the Surgeons examin'd a Wound he had receiv'd in his Head, they deſpair'd of his Life. In this Extremity he ſent the Marqueſs of *Poſa*, his Favourite, to carry his laſt Farewell to the Queen. The Princeſs of *Eboli* waited on her Maſteſty at the firſt Noiſe of this Accident, to obſerve in what Manner ſhe receiv'd it. The Queen's Diſſimulation, who was not prepar'd for

so severe a Tryal, fail'd her on these News: And tho' her Mouth, accusom'd to speak little, did not permit her Grief to declare itself by Complaints, yet her Silence and her Amazement declar'd it more than all the Words in the World cou'd have done. Nevertheless, as great as her Affliction might appear to be, there had always been observ'd so much Friendship between her and *Don Carlos*, that no Body was surpriz'd at it: But the Princess of *Eboli*, who understood nothing but Love, cou'd not conceive that the Queen's Despair was an Effect of Friendship alone. The People in the mean while, being inspir'd by the Inquisitors, shew'd no Concern for this Misfortune. They consider'd it, on the contrary, as a manifest Punishment from Heaven of *Don Carlos's* Impiety. The Queen, who thought she had nothing further to manage, cou'd not deny herself the sad Consolation of letting the Prince know, in what a wretched Condition he left her. She wrote to him therefore all the tender and moving Things which Friendship and Despair cou'd suggest, and sent back the Marquess of *Posa* with Orders to bring the Letter to her again immediately, if *Don Carlos* shou'd happen to be dead, before he reach'd *Alcala*.

THIS Letter fill'd the Prince's Soul with such an extraordinary Joy, that it restor'd him to Life. As soon as he was out of Danger, the King caus'd him to be brought to *Madrid*, supposing the Animosity of the People might be appeas'd by this cruel Adventure. The first time the Queen saw *Don Carlos*, she ask'd him for her Letter; but whatever Endeavours she us'd to get it again, the Prince, to whom this Mark of Affection was dearer than the Life it gave him, wou'd never part with it; little thinking that this very Letter shou'd one Day dispose of his Life.

HE found the Queen with Child at his return. This incens'd him to such a Degree, and his Complaints about it were so extravagant and unreasonable, that any other but herself wou'd have thought him distracted. While he was under Cure, she was brought to Bed of the illustrious Arch-

Dutchess

Dutchess of *Flanders*, who inherited her Beauty and her Wit, no less than her Name. Not long after, she fell dangerously Ill of the Small-Pox; but the Prayers of her Subjects were so prevailing, that she recover'd not only with more Health, but even with more Beauty than (a) before. *Don Carlos* had scarcely time to wish her Joy of it, when she was oblig'd to depart for *Bayonne*, whither the Court of *France* was advanced to receive her; and where the Charms of her Conversation, and the Wisdom of her Conduct produced no less Admiration in all Mens Minds, than her Beauty caus'd Disorder in their Hearts. *Don Carlos* saw with all the Vexation imaginable these various Obstacles, which Fortune produced one after another, to interrupt his Intimacy with the Queen; since this last Journey, after which he thought he had nothing to fear, involv'd them in an Affair, which disturb'd the Pleasure of their Lives, by Impediments which never ceas'd.

(b) THE Queen of *Navarre*, *Jane d'Albret*, Widow to King *Anthony*, had some time before declar'd herself of the new Religion; and govern'd her Subjects with a Piety which was an Example to all of her Sect, and with such Justice, that perhaps the like was never known in the Court of any King. Her Son, whom she educated in the same Persuasion, was from that time look'd upon by the Protestants of *France* as their Protector. The Spaniards in the mean while considering the Pretensions of this House upon the higher *Navarre* were fallen into the Hands of this Youth, who was brought up in an hereditary Aversion to them, imbitter'd also by the Difference of Religions, and supported by so formidable a Party as the *Hugonots* then were, in order to rid themselves of all those Fears, resolv'd to seize upon this young Prince, the Queen his Mother, and the Princess his Sister, in the Midst of their Territories,

(a) Brantome, in his *Discourse upon this Queen*,

(b) *Monsieur de Thou*.

and transport them to *Spain*, and deliver them into the Hands of the Inquisition. The Heads of the Catholick Party in *France*, who had an Understanding with the Duke of *Alba*, that they might deprive the *Hugonot* Party of so strong a Support as that of this Family, gladly engag'd to contribute whatever was in their Power, to make this Enterprize succeed.

A famous Ruffian, call'd Captain *Dominic*, a Native of *Bearn*, was commission'd to execute this Project, on account of the perfect Knowledge he had of the Country. A Detachment of the Troops, which were then waiting at *Barcelona* for a fair Wind to pass over to *Barbary*, were to advance as far as *Tarragona*, from which City it was easy for a considerable Body of Horse to march secretly through the Mountains, and surprize the Queen with her Children at *Pau* in *Bearn*, where they made their Residence, and where they had scarcely any other Guard than the Hearts of their Subjects. But the great Things which Destiny ordain'd for this young (a) Prince, render'd vain so well-concerted an Attempt. He was reserv'd to be one Day the Restorer of *France*, and the Terror of *Spain*. A little while before the Journey to *Bayonne* Captain *Dominic* assisted by some *French* Governors on the Frontiers, who depended on those by whom he was employ'd, had dispos'd every thing necessary for executing his Design; after which he went into *Spain* to receive Orders from the Duke of *Alba* for causing the Troops that were appointed to effect it, to advance. The Duke, who was then at *Alba*, having conferr'd with him, sent him to the King who held an Assembly of the States at *Mousson*. In going thither the Captain fell dangerously ill, and was forced to stop at *Madrid*, through he was oblig'd to pass. During his Sickness he was supply'd with every Thing by a *French* Man of the same Country with himself, and who was one of the

(a) Afterwards Henry the Fourth.

Queen's Domesticks. Not knowing how to shew his Gratitude sufficiently, it escap'd him one Day to say, that his Life was of greater Importance than it seem'd, and that the Care he had taken about him shou'd be one Day magnificently rewarded. These Words were pronounced with such an Air, as made it judg'd that they had some extraordinary Foundation; and they rais'd a Curiosity in his Friend, to penetrate into the Mystery they might contain. The Captain cou'd refuse nothing to a Man, to whom he believ'd he ow'd his Life; and whether it were, that the Fear of Death had inspir'd him with some Remorse for his Crime, or his Destemper had disorder'd his Head, he paid him for the Services he had done him, with this invaluable Secret. That very same Day his Friend gave an Account of the Matter to the Queen his Mistress, who was at *Madrid*, and who liv'd in the strictest Friendship with the Queen of *Navarre*. At the Recital of this horrible Conspiracy, she cou'd not refrain from Tears; and while the Captain was under Cure, or busy in regulating his Measures with the King, she sent Notice of it to *Bearn*, and to *Bourdeaux*, where the Queen her Mother then was. The Business being thus disconcerted, the Queen, who was conducted by the Duke of *Alba*, went to join the Court of *France* at *Bayonne*. That Court was divided into two Factions, who hated each other almost as much as both of them did the *Hugonots* their common Enemies. Tho' they were both Catholics, yet one of them wou'd particularly engross that Title to it self. It was that of which the Duke of *Alba's* Friends, the first Contrivers of the Conspiracy of *Bearn*, were the Chiefs. As they were already laying the Foundations of the League, which appear'd ten Years afterwards, they were closely united with the *Spaniards*. But it was not so with the other Faction, which was that of the King, and of which the Queen Mother, *Katharine de Medicis*, was the Head. Independance was the sole End of this Woman's Conduct. She knew that all

strict Ties between the *French* and the *Spaniards*, were so many Links of Slavery; and therefore she placed no more Confidence in the King her Son-in-law, or his Ministers, than what *Decorum* oblig'd her to do. Yet as reserv'd as she was, the Duke of *Alba's* Accomplices, who had a familiar Intelligence with her on account of other Intrigues, employ'd so many Machines at this Interview of *Bayonne*, and planted so many Spies about her, that at last they discover'd it was the Queen of *Spain* who had ruin'd their Design. But they cou'd never conceive how this Thing came to her Knowledge. The Duke of *Alba* cou'd not be persuaded, that a young Woman was capable of so bold and artful a Step. He had always suspected the Intimacy between her and *Don Carlos*, because he knew the Prince hated him naturally. He concluded that she had done nothing but in concert with him: And as there is hardly any Pain so sensible, as that of having committed a great Crime in vain, he took so strong a Resolution of being reveng'd on them, that he at last accomplish'd it. *Don Carlos* however knew nothing of this Conspiracy before the Journey to *Bayonne*; but, after the Thing came to be divulg'd, the Queen own'd the Truth of it to him. The Prince being struck with the Horror of such an Undertaking, cou'd not forbear saying in the Presence of *Don John* and the Princess of *Eboli*, that he wou'd one Day severely punish those, who gave the King such infamous (a) Counsels. The Duke of *Alba* was known by all the World for the Author of the Plot, and the King did nothing without the Advice of *Rui Gomez*, so that these Menaces cou'd only regard these two Ministers; and the Princess of *Eboli* having told the Matter to her Husband, this Favourite thought it high time to fortify himself against the Authority, which the Prince's Age began to give him.

(a) Mayenne Turquet, in his *History of Spain*.

THESE two Ministers shar'd the Favour of the Court equally; only with this Difference, that one might say the Duke of *Alba* was Favourite to the King, and *Rui Gomez* Favourite to *Phillip*. This Concurrence had sometimes set them at odds, but their common Interest united them on this Occasion. The Duke of *Alba*, who govern'd all that concern'd the Army absolutely, knowing the Prince's martial Inclination, was afraid he might diminish his Authority at the first Opportunity which happen'd for a War, and might desire to have the Management of it himself. He was persuaded also that *Don Carlos* wou'd never forgive him a thing which pass'd between them some Years before.

THE King had (a) assembled the States of *Arragon*, to have his Son acknowledg'd there in the Quality of lawful Successor of *Spain*, with all its Dependencies. In this Ceremony the Turn being come for the Duke of *Alba* to swear Fealty, the Herald call'd upon him three times to no Purpose. The Moment after, he presented himself out of his Rank to discharge his Duty, and *Don Carlos* push'd him back with Resentment: But the Duke having excus'd himself by-reason of the extraordinary Occupations which his Employment of Great Master of the Household had of Necessity occasion'd him that Day, the King oblig'd the Prince to receive his Submission. As for *Rui Gomez*, since he absolutely dispos'd of all Affairs relating to Justice and the Finances, he was afraid, that the Prince, who naturally lov'd to give, shou'd affect for the future to bestow Favours himself, and thereby leave others only the Merit of executing his Commands. He had been Governor to *Don Carlos*, and cou'd not satisfy the King, to whom he was wholly devoted, but by treating the Prince with the same Rigor with which the King treated him himself. As this austere Conduct was the true Origine of the Antipathy *Don*

(a) *Cabrera, in his History of Philip II.*

Carlos had for his Father, it is necessary to relate some Examples of it, tho' somewhat low perhaps and childish. *Don Carlos* (a) having scarcely attain'd the Age of Reason, the Queen of *Bohemia* his Aunt, who liv'd then in *Spain*, made one of his Pages, whom he best lov'd, to be chastis'd for a very trivial Faule. As the Prince was even then violent in his Passions, he complain'd of this Matter to her with a good deal of Sharpness; and this Princess having threatned him with a Whipping if he did not hold his Tongue; *Don Carlos*, who cou'd not be more sensibly affronted than in being treated as a Child, was so inrag'd at this Menace that he gave her a Box on the Ear. As soon as she left him he reflected on what he had done, and was extremely disturb'd about it, when the Steward of his Household came to him all in Tears. *Don Carlos*, who, even at that Age, suspected all extraordinary Objects, demanded the occasion of his Tears; and was answer'd, that his Father had been inform'd of his Crime, and had condemn'd him to die. They who were present remark'd, that he receiv'd this News with Surprise, yet without any other Mark of Fear than only asking whether he could not have a Pardon. Some went to beg it, and came back immediately to tell him it was obtain'd; but on condition he shou'd lose the Hand with which he struck the Queen. Upon which he bluntly cry'd out, *It will be a fine sight to see a Left-handed King*. They remonstrated to him, that he ought to think himself happy in coming off so; but one of the Company having represented to him in private, that if he submitted to some Punishment, his Father might be touch'd with Compassion, he was pleas'd with this Advice; and sent to beg of Cardinal *Spinosa* to come and whip him, which he wou'd never have otherwise agreed to.

(a) Hugo Bloisius, a Flemish Lawyer, in his *Acroma*.

SOME Years after, upon recovering from a Sickness under which he labour'd, the King taking him aside to give him a severe Reprimand; *Don Carlos*, who thought himself blam'd unjustly, was so violently (a) concern'd at what his Father said to him, that he relaps'd into his Fever that very Moment. So harsh an Education had accustom'd the Prince to see all his Sentiments and Inclinations contradicted. As he was of a Humour quite different from that of his Father, he did not commonly behave himself in such a manner as the King cou'd have wish'd, which was the Reason that *Rui Gomez* had often apply'd to have him taken from under his Care. He was afraid lest the King, after the general Custom of Fathers, shou'd at last come to lay to his Charge the small Satisfaction he had in his Son. But this Favourite was not aware, that Persons of his Master's Temper, who have a high Opinion of their own Penetration, and value themselves on their Constancy, wou'd sooner condemn their Children a thousand times, than blame a Tutor of their own chusing; and are less afraid of appearing unhappy in their Family, than mistaken in their Judgment. *Rui Gomez* perceiving the King's Obstinacy to continue him in this Charge, had treated *Don Carlos* with all the Rigour imaginable, as if this were the way to justify himself in relation to the ill Conduct of the young Prince. And therefore he judg'd very rightly, that he had every thing to apprehend from the Resentments of his Disciple; and being also solicited by his Wife, who, under Pretence of consulting her Husband's Security, reveng'd her slighted Favours, he made all possible Advances to oblige the Duke of *Alba* to enter into a strict Combination with him against *Don Carlos*; and inform'd the Duke of his Menaces. How hearty soever the Princess of *Eboli* appear'd in this Affair, yet her Husband, who suspected all her Application, did not think fit to commit the Secret of it to

(a) Dichos. y. Echos de Philippe II.

her. Neither did she on her part acquaint him with all that she imagin'd she knew of the Intimacy between *Don Carlos* and the Queen. But *Rui Gomez*, who had a piercing Genius, reflecting by himself on what she had told him of it, quickly divin'd the rest. Under what Idea soever he represented this Intimacy to himself, he cou'd form no Notion of it, in which Love had not a Part. A thousand things which he had not heeded when they were transacted, occur'd to his Memory. He then remember'd to have remark'd, that whenever the Queen was spoken of in *Don Carlos's* Presence, the Prince look'd at those who spoke, as if he fear'd they had been observing him all the time, and that what they said of her was only to try him. On other Occasions, when the whole Company seem'd to outvie each other who shou'd praise the Queen most, *Don Carlos* did not praise her equally in his turn. Yet whenever he was under a Necessity to speak of her, he was always afraid to say too little: And his Mouth, which was not accusom'd to disguise the Sentiments of his Heart, very ill perform'd an Office to which it was not us'd. *Rui Gomez* consider'd farther, that tho' the Prince shew'd no regard for any Women, he appear'd before the Queen with a Sweetness and Complaisance that never fail'd him at such a time, and made him perfectly another Man to such as understood his Temper. In a word, it was no difficult thing to believe, that the surprising Beauty of this Princess, from which the most Insensible were forced to turn away their Eyes, and against which the wisest of the old Courtiers had much to do to defend their Reason, shou'd make upon a young Prince's Heart, who saw her familiarly every Day, the same Impressions she had made on all others. *Rui Gomez* was confirm'd in this Opinion, by communicating it to the Duke of *Alba*, from whom he fancy'd he ought not to conceal it. As it commonly happens, that when one has discover'd some part of a secret Affair, the Desire of knowing the rest instigates a Man to guess at it, they both begun to suspect that the Queen answer'd the Passion of

of *Don Carlos*, and for some Moments they had the Joy of having in their Hands the infallible Means of being aveng'd on the Prince, by discovering his Amour to his Father. But coming afterwards to reflect on the jealous Humour of the King, they consider'd the strange Extremities to which he wou'd be probably carry'd, and which struck them with Horror. How formidable an Enemy soever they had in the Person of *Don Carlos*, they did not dream of attacking his Life, nor did they think themselves capable of ever doing so. No one becomes wicked at once. It does not belong to all sorts of Minds to resolve upon a great Villany the first time it enters their Thoughts; nor do Men arrive at Vice, no more than at Virtue, but by Degrees.

THESE two Ministers were afraid, above all things, the Queen shou'd so prepossess the King's Mind about the Affair of *Bearn*; that he wou'd not afterwards believe the Truth. They judg'd that in the Uneasiness the King was under, to know how this Enterprize was discover'd, he wou'd embrace the first Account that shou'd be given him of it. This Prince being irritated at the ill Success, look'd no longer on the Duke of *Alba* with so favourable an Eye as before; and perhaps was meditating in his Heart how to disown him openly, in order to clear himself from the Blame of this Conspiracy. To ward off this Stroke, they were under a Necessity of discovering the Truth to him. But since the Design of this Discovery was to let the King see it was not the Duke of *Alba's* Fault that the Affair had miscarry'd, the Duke thought it was not proper for himself to speak to him. *Rui Gomez* was little less suspected on the same score; for he had almost as great a Share in it as the other. They were of Opinion therefore that some third Person must be found to render them this good Office; and none seeming so fit as the Secretary of State *Antonio Perez*, they resolv'd to ingage him in their Confidence. This Man, who had no particular Interest to hurt the Prince or the Queen, seem'd difficult to
be

be gain'd. *Rui Gomez* however, presuming on his own Address, undertook to bring the matter about; and the thing was much easier for him than he imagin'd. *Perez* was passionately in Love with the Princess of *Eboli*, and 'till that time cou'd obtain nothing of her. He immediately ask'd, whether she was in the Secret? And having understood that she was not, he engag'd in all the Forms that were necessary to do every thing that was requir'd of him. This dextrous Lover knew the Princess's Curiosity. He made no doubt but she wou'd be intrag'd, that a Cabal of this Consequence was conceal'd from her; and that she wou'd be capable of every thing, to shew her Gratitude to the Person who shou'd let her into it. *Rui Gomez* went directly to the Duke of *Alba*, to give him an Account of his Negotiation; being very proud to have succeeded in it, and the most satisfy'd Man in the World to have given his Wife's Lover the infallible Means of corrupting her; and *Perez* knew so well to raise the Value of his Secret to this Beauty, that he made her purchase it at as dear a Price as he pleas'd.

IN the mean time the Queen, who prov'd with Child at her Return from *Bayonne*, was brought to Bed of the Infanta *Catherine-Michael* her Second Daughter, who was afterwards Dutchess of *Savoy*. The Ministers, who knew the Power that the Beauty of the Queen gave her over the Mind of her Husband, thought it proper to take this time of her Lying-in to justify the Duke of *Alba*; that the King might have leisure to form a Resolution upon what they were going to discover to him, before he cou'd see the Queen in private. The Care of foreign Affairs, which was entrusted to *Perez*, gave him frequent Occasion of discoursing with the King alone. Two Days after, he contriv'd an Occasion to speak of the Conspiracy of *Bearn*, it being known that the Queen of *France* express'd the highest Resentment at it, and that in Revenge she favour'd the Seditious in *Flanders*, who were in favour with the People. At the very first he confess'd to the
King.

King, that he had long hesitated to discover to him what he knew concerning the ill Success of that Enterprize, under what Obligation soever he lay to reveal it: But that after having well consider'd it, he was convinced he cou'd not continue silent, without a Crime; He then made an exact Relation of what the Duke of *Alba* had learnt at *Bayonne*, concerning the way in which it had been unravel'd; to which he added *Don Carlos's* Discourse on the same Affair, in the Presence of *Don John* and the Princess of *Eboli*, against such as had born any Share in it: And concluded with begging the King to pardon him, for having made a Secret 'till then of those things which cou'd not be told him, without offending in some sort the two Persons in the World, who, next to his Majesty, ought to be the most sacred to his Subjects.

THIS Discourse threw the King's Mind into the utmost Uneasiness. Tho' he had hitherto suspected the Queen of nothing, his Love made him think it strange, there shou'd be such an Union of Sentiments about this Affair between her and *Don Carlos*; and being wholly possess'd with this first Emotion of Jealousy, he regarded with Indifference the Attempt they made on his Authority; and the Care of his Grandeur, which on other Occasions was so natural to him, yielded for this once to a Consideration more sensible and delicate. He then first took Notice of his Son's Assiduity about his Wife, and reflected that they had been long design'd for each other. But he quickly came to himself, and considering the Queen's Virtue and Courage, entirely condemn'd such weak Suspicions. She had already given other Marks of the Love she retain'd for her Country. For some time before, the Difference of Precedence between the two Crowns having been decided at *Rome* in favour of *France*, she cou'd not so well dissemble her Joy, but some Signs of it escap'd her. Her chief Lady of Honour endeavour'd to persuade her, that she ought to be concern'd rather at the Displeasure her Husband must receive on this Occasion: But the

Queen.

Queen made Answer, that as she did not think strange of the King's Displeasure, he ought not to think strange of her Joy; and that for her Part, she was (a) glad all the World shou'd know, that the Family of which she was descended, was better than that into which she enter'd. Having weigh'd this Discourse, the King became fully persuaded that what she had done against the Enterprize of *Bearn*, proceeded from the same Principle of Affection for her Relations; and consider'd the Horror *Don Carlos* had shewn at it, even beyond the Queen, as the Generosity of a young Man. However, tho' he resolv'd to be very easy concerning this Point, he resolv'd likewise to have their Intimacies more narrowly observ'd for the future: And imagin'd no other Jealousy was mix'd in this Resolution, but the Jealousy he ought to have of his Authority. He made great Changes in the most considerable Posts of the Court, in order that the principal in the Queen's Family might fall to the Share of the Princess of *Eboli*, without his seeming to design this Choice. The Familiarity which this Woman had kept up with *Don Carlos*, ever since her Husband was his Governor, render'd her more proper than any other to penetrate into his Secrets. This Consideration, join'd to the Circumstance of her having already told the Menaces he us'd in her Presence, contributed as much as the Favour of *Rui Gomez*, to make the King pitch on her for this Employment. *Don Carlos*, who still believ'd himself belov'd by her after what had pass'd between them, took no Umbrage at this new Regulation; but the Queen, who knew her Husband had too many Friends in *France*, to be ignorant of what she had done, was not blinded by these Alterations. She immediately guess'd at the Reason of them; and as *Don Carlos* strove to satisfy her, by answering for the Princess of *Eboli*, the Queen prest him to tell her whence proceeded the great Confidence he had in that Woman, and he cou'd never get the better of his Mo-

(a) *Father Hilari6n & Coste, in his Eloge of this Queen.*

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deſty, ſo far as to answer her that Queſtion. He was convinced he was deceiv'd in her, when he ſaw with what Diligence the Princeſs of *Eboli* obſerv'd them both. As he did not dare to ſhew the Uneaſineſs he was in at her Preſence, ſhe took an inexpressible Pleaſure in putting him to Pain. She pretended more Friendſhip for him than ever; and never fail'd to attend the Queen when he was there, and wou'd fain make it ſeem it was he that brought her thither. But tho' this Woman's Vigilance was extreme, the Queen and *Don Carlos* found in a little while an Opportunity of being alone together. The King, whoſe Heart was ſet upon finiſhing his Eſcurial, as may eaſily be imagin'd by the extravagant Expence he laid out upon it, invited the Queen to go and ſee the ſtately Fabrick he was erecting there, as an eternal Monument of the Victory of St. *Quintin*. Whatever renew'd in the Soul of this Princeſs the Remembrance of a Battel which had been the original Cauſe of the Miſfortunes of her Life, cou'd pleaſe her very little; nevertheleſs ſhe look'd on the Preparations which were making to immortalize the Memory of that fatal Day, with all the Gayety and Attention the King cou'd deſire of her, or that he had himſelf. It was in this Place that the Princeſs of *Eboli* left the Queen and the Prince alone with the King, and that the King having left them to give Orders to his Architects, *Don Carlos*, who cou'd live no longer in ſuch Constraint, took this time to conjure the Queen to furniſh him with ſome certain means of diſcourſing with her in private, when their common Inter-eſt requir'd it. He preſt her about it in ſo tender a manner, that ſhe immediately agreed to it, being ſeduced by the Deſpair of this unhappy Prince. They apply'd themſelves then to contrive the Ways; But they appear'd all ſo dangerous to the Queen, that ſhe reſolv'd to make uſe of none of them, how eaſily ſoever *Don Carlos* endeavour'd to repreſent them.

THINGS were in this Condition when the Marqueſs of *Bergh* and the Baron of *Montigni*, the Deputies of *Flanders*,

ders, arriv'd at Court. As their Commission was of a very dangerous Nature, they ground'd their Hopes on the Fame of the Prince's Generosity, and the inborn Goodness of the Queen. It was enough to be Unhappy, to obtain the Protection of this Princess; and to be Virtuous, to merit the Friendship of *Don Carlos*. The Deputies represented to them the deplorable State of the Nobility of *Flanders*, since the ill Offices the Cardinal of *Granvelle*, Prime Minister to the Governante, had done them with the King. They magnify'd their Fidelity and Innocence during the past Commotions; and besought the Prince in particular not to abandon so many brave Servants of the Emperor his Grand-father, and the fittest Objects of his Compassion, to the violent and precipitate Counsels, with which a Jealousy of their Virtue and Envy at their Honour inspir'd the Duke of *Alba*: assuring him also, that the Renown of his Courage was the only Consolation they had in their Misfortune. *Don Carlos*, whose natural Inclination for War had been hitherto suspended by the Violence of his Love, was struck with a generous Shame by this Discourse, at not having exerted himself in any glorious Action. He was animated yet farther by the Letters of Count *Egmond*, which the Deputies deliver'd to him. This Count challeng'd the Prince to keep the Promise he had formerly given him, to come into *Flanders* as soon as the War shou'd be kindled there; and represented the Affairs of those Provinces in so favourable a Condition for *Don Carlos*, that the Prince resolv'd to get the Government of them granted him. He hop'd to put himself soon in a Condition there of undertaking all that his Valour and Ambition shou'd suggest, after he had appeas'd the Disorders by his Presence. He had scarcely form'd this Resolution, when the Idea of the Queen presented itself to his Imagination more beautiful and touching than ever, and made him question whether he shou'd have the Power to leave her. But reflecting seriously on the Situation of his Affairs, he found that all things ought to confirm him in his

his first Thought. At the beginning of their Intimacy, the extreme Youth of this Princess wou'd not let her conceal from *Don Carlos* the Esteem and Pity she had for him: But afterwards, Time having render'd her more knowing, she consider'd that the Marks of Affection she gave him, as innocent as they were, wou'd only serve to feed his Love. She represented to him on all Occasions the Consequences of this Passion, and the Misfortunes to which it expos'd them. As inflam'd with it as he was, he cou'd not help owning she was in the Right; and cou'd not dare to take it ill, that she behav'd with greater Reserve towards him every Day than before. In so cruel an Agitation of Mind, he imagin'd himself oblig'd to make a generous Effort to deliver the Queen from an unhappy Passion, which gave her so many just Uneasinesses; and that he cou'd not better free himself from it than by a long Absence and great Occupations. This was his Thought at first: But at the Sight of the Queen, he presently chang'd his Mind, and reflecting what Pleasure it was to see her, he found that he cou'd never resolve not to see her. Under these Sentiments, he related to her what had pass'd between the Deputies and himself, and the Project he had form'd; and begg'd Pardon of her a thousand times, for having imagin'd for some Moments he cou'd live at a Distance from her: But the Queen, whose only Concern was to cure him of his Passion, oblig'd him, notwithstanding his Reluctance, to pursue the Design of this Expedition to *Flanders*. To dispose him to it the more readily, she set before him that this Journey wou'd dissipate the Offence which the King might have taken at their Intimacy; and that as he wou'd be less watch'd at his Return, and be more considerable and more absolute by the Glory he was certain to acquire, they might live together with much less Uneasiness. *Don Carlos* being perswaded by these Reasons, but much more by the blind Complaisance he had for the Queen, loudly declar'd himself in Favour of the Nobility of the *Low-Countries*, to the great Scandal of the Inqui-

sitors,

sitors, who look'd almost upon all of them as Hereticks, and had not forgot the Affair of *Charles* the Fifth's Will. The Prince caus'd it to be told to the King, that if his Majesty wou'd be pleas'd to confer the Government of those Provinces on him, he wou'd answer for their Obedience with his Head. It is impossible to express, how highly *Rui Gomez* and the Duke of *Alba* were alarm'd at this Design. The Authority which an Employment of this Importance wou'd give to the Heir of the Crown, appear'd to them to be their apparent Ruin. They judg'd that on his Return from this Expedition, where he cou'd not fail of succeeding, the Prince wou'd be his Father's first Minister, and that they two must depend upon him. The Duke of *Alba* especially, who had the same Pretension to that Government, as *Don Carlos*, oblig'd *Rui Gomez*, who was more familiar with the King, to put him upon considering how much this Undertaking wou'd elevate his Son above him in the Minds of the *Flemish*: And *Perez*, without seeming to act in Concert with the others, made him apprehend the strict Conjunction into which *Don Carlos* wou'd infallibly enter with *France*, by the Queen's Means, shou'd he be once Master of the *Low-Countries*. These Counsels had their full Effect on the Mind of a Prince naturally jealous of his Authority, and alarm'd at the Ambition of his Son. The King thought therefore of nothing but how to refuse his Son with a good Grace, and that he might not take this Refusal as an Affront. He order'd him to be told, that he granted his Request, and was overjoy'd they had both fallen upon the same Thought, but that he wou'd go himself to settle him in *Flanders*, and that they shou'd set out together for this purpose very soon: That it wou'd be dishonourable for him to continue in Safety in *Spain*, while he expos'd his only Son to all the Accidents of so furious a Rebellion; and that he wou'd share the Danger with him, in order to leave him afterwards all the Glory.

THE Report of this Journey quickly took Air, by the Preparations the King made for it, to deceive *Don Carlos*; But no Body believ'd a Word of the matter. Yet as vain as the Rumour appear'd, it struck Terror into the Hearts of the Rebels, which had fluctuated 'till now. The King, to confirm it more and more, was at so considerable an Expence in Equipages, that even the Deputies, *Bergh* and *Montigni*, who had laugh'd at it 'till then, durst doubt of it no longer. The Queen also and *Don Carlos* were deluded by it for a time like the rest, but they were quickly undeceiv'd. After the Equipages were finished, the King, who saw he must be unmask'd if he did not depart, found no other way of excusing his Delay, but to feign being Sick. This Feint had almost the Effect he wish'd in foreign Countries; but what Care soever he took to have it believ'd at Court, and under whatever Constraint this unhappy Prince put himself, to live in a manner which shou'd confirm the Opinion he wanted to support, he cou'd not impose upon his Wife and his Son.

IN this Conjunction, when a world of Company who were one Day in the Queen's Apartment, and had reason'd a long while on the King's Journey to *Flanders*, were withdrawn, and *Don Carlos*, *Don John*, and the Princess of *Eboli* were left alone with her, they first remark'd how the Courtiers frequently torture themselves, to divine the Causes and Consequences of what shall never happen: And having laugh'd at those who spoke of the Journey, *Don Carlos* came insensibly to laugh at the Journey itself, and the Force the King put upon himself to counterfeit a Sickness. He said that *Charles* the Fifth had travell'd enough for himself and the King his Son, and that the King wou'd rest enough for his Father and himself. The Queen did not hear those Words, because she was oblig'd to speak in private to some Persons, who had Business with her. In the mean time, *Don John* and the Princess of *Eboli* discoursing softly together, the Prince in his Amusement made a little Book of some Paper he found

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in a Cabinet; and with his own Hand wrote these Words in great Letters on the first Leaf, (a) *The great and wonderful Journeys of King Philip*. In every Page of the rest of the Book he wrote one of the following Titles; *The Journey from Madrid to the Escorial: The Journey from the Escorial to Toledo: From Toledo to Madrid: From Madrid to Aranjuez: From Aranjuez to the Pardo: From the Pardo to the Escorial*: And in this manner he fill'd the whole Book with the King's Journies to his Pleasure-houses, and to the best Towns in *Spain*. The Queen cou'd not forbear laughing at this Imagination of the Prince, as dangerous as it appear'd to her: But as she was reading it, Word was brought her, that the King was seiz'd with a fainting Fit, and was very Ill. At this News she had only Time enough, to recommend the Book to *Don Carlos*. The Prince, who was following the Queen in an Instant, contented himself with throwing it into a little Closet, and shutting the Door of it after him; not knowing that the Princess of *Eboli* had false Keys for every Door belonging to the Queen. He was scarcely gone out, but she took up his Paper. When she saw what it was, she was transported to have in her Hands so considerable a Power of injuring him with the King. The first thing she thought on was, how to keep that Paper, without its being discover'd that she had it. She doubted not but the Queen saw the Consequence of it, and wou'd therefore look for it as soon as she return'd. For this Reason, without losing a Moment's Time, she got a little Book made exactly like to that of *Don Carlos*, and with the same Contents; she had the Prince's Hand counterfeited to Perfection, and put this false Book in the Place of the true one, which she gave to her Husband. The Queen on her Return finding this sham Writing, in the same Place where *Don Carlos* told her he had laid the other; she was in such

(a) Brantome, in *Philip II.*

haste to burn it, that she threw it into the Fire almost without reading any thing in it, and never distrusting the Cheat.

IN the mean Time the King's Feint was turn'd into Reality. On the return of the fainting which had seiz'd him, he found himself in a high Fever, which afterwards regularly chang'd into a Tertian Ague. But less Credit was given to his Illness since it became real, than when it was only feign'd. The Rebels of *Flanders* perceiving this Report to continue so long, did not doubt any more but it was one of this Prince's political Inventions; and full of this Opinion, pursu'd their Designs with greater Warmth than before. This News at once redoubled the King's Vexation and his Fever. *Don Carlos* finding that the Instances he made to be sent into *Flanders* wou'd only add to the King's Uneasiness, he resolv'd not to renew them: But his Father, who did not believe him so discreet, and who saw him incessantly near him, took his Assiduity for a dumb Sollicitation. But this Assiduity had other Reasons. The Queen never left her sick Husband, and *Don Carlos* cou'd not see her elsewhere. But as they behav'd themselves in his Presence with the utmost Circumspection, and durst scarcely speak to each other, *Don Carlos* suffer'd highly from this Constraint, and their Interest receiv'd thereby a considerable Prejudice. They had a great many Advices to impart to each other, and Measures to take in concert at so nice a Conjuncture; and there was no Ground to expect the King wou'd be soon well, for the Physicians affirm'd, his Ague wou'd continue a long time. The Queen and *Don Carlos* concluding it too dangerous to write, resolv'd to make choice of some faithful Person, whom they might trust with whatever they wanted to communicate to one another. The Prince, who believ'd his Uncle *Don Felm* devoted to them entirely, cast his Eyes upon him for the Honour of this Confidence. But the Queen fancy'd she had often perceiv'd something in his Uncle's Eyes, which look'd like Love: And had remark'd also a certain Complaisance

plaisance in the Princess of Eboli for *Don John*, which shew'd there was an Understanding between them. These Considerations oblig'd her to hinder *Don Carlos's* Design, but she did not tell him the Reason. The Prince durst not propose to her his Favourite the Marquess of *Posa*, because she did not know him so well as *Don John*. This Favourite was the most accomplish'd of all the young Lords, who had been brought up Pages of Honour to the Princes. Tho' he had a world of Vivacity, he was of a Temper naturally regular, and equally capable of Force and Moderation. *Don Carlos*, who had an excellent Discernment, immediately observ'd in him a Disposition, which is so rarely seen in young Men. The Marquess was not less charm'd at the Ardor which *Don Carlos* shew'd for all things great and honourable; and there arose a strict Union between them, very uncommon between a Prince and a Courtier, as being founded only on a mutual Admiration. As there is no Character more dangerous to sustain at a Court, than of Favourite to the Heir of the Crown, the Marquess begg'd *Don Carlos* to make as little Shew as might be, of the Confidence with which he was pleas'd to honour him: Thus tho' they liv'd in the highest Intimacy, scarcely any thing more of it appear'd to the Public; but that the Prince found his Conversation far more agreeable than that of others, and every one else found the same. The Mystery they had made of their Friendship, render'd this Favourite the more fit to serve the Queen and *Don Carlos* upon this Occasion. Not being known to be so devoted to the Prince as he was, his Discourses with the Queen wou'd be the less suspected. But as she knew *Don Carlos* was easily impos'd on, she wou'd needs examine the Marquess herself, before she trusted him. Under the Pretence of giving some Order, the first time she met him in the King's Apartment, she found means to engage him in a private Conversation. He appear'd so discreet, that she was charm'd with him. He was no less so with the Queen's Wit, and his natural Moderation was never more serviceable

serviceable to him than now. The Manner in which this Princess open'd her Mind to him in this Conversation, accompany'd with the Lustre of her Beauty, and the Charms of her Sweetness, wou'd have inflam'd any other Man, who had not been so much Master of himself, with Love: But tho' the Marquess was not, they cou'd not help, in the Continuance of their Intimacy, to have for each other all the Esteem and Friendship which they both deserv'd.

WE always believe that People guess our secret Thoughts, but we never fear that they suspect us of those we have not. The Queen, who thought of nothing, but to conceal those *Don Carlos* had for her; and who had no wrong Sentiments towards the Marquess of *Posa*, took not so much care as she ought, to dissemble them. She was not apprehensive of being suspected to have any criminal Thoughts for this Favourite. The Marquess, to answer her Goodness, as became him, was often engag'd to express more Zeal for her than was proper. As both of them had Enemies, this Proceeding soon made a Noise; but as they judg'd there was no ground for it, because they knew their own Innocence, they took little Notice of it.

IN the mean time the King was cur'd, and the Queen was with Child. At first he was overjoy'd at it, whether it were in hopes of having another Son besides *Don Carlos*; or that still doubting the entire Re-establishment of his Heath, this seem'd a certain Sign of it to him. But his Joy did not continue long. The Ministers, who were afraid of the secret Favour of the Marquess of *Posa*, order'd it so, that his Intimacy with the Queen soon came to the King's Knowledge. This suspicious Prince had his Head immediately fill'd with Jealousy, and not finding his Account in a certain (a) Computation he thought fit to make about the time of his Wife's Pregnancy, he presently imagin'd the

(a) Mayerne Turquet, in his *History of Spain*.

Marquess was guilty of a Crime, which wou'd have drawn more Envy on him than all his Virtues. This Notion produced a strange Disorder in his Soul. All the Graces of Mind and Body, which Nature had so liberally bestow'd on this unfortunate Favourite, and which wou'd have soften'd the most barbarous Heart, render'd him so much the more odious to the King, who now consider'd them as the criminal Charms which had seduced his Wife's Affection. Nevertheless, as dangerous as this Disposition of the King's Mind was, his Reason wou'd have return'd to him, had it not been for a thing which happen'd about this time, and which made him believe what as yet he only suspected.

AMONG the (a) Rejoycings which were made for his Recovery, there was a magnificent Tournament, where every Gentleman was oblig'd to declare himself for some Lady of the Court, and to bear her Colours. The Night before this Festival, the Marquess of *Posa* happening to be in the Queen's Apartment, where there was a numerous Assembly, she made him name over to her all the Ladies who had Knights. The Prince and *Don John* were the only Persons that might declare themselves to be hers. As neither of them had done it, fearing perhaps to discover something of what they had in their Hearts, it happen'd when the Names were all recited, that the Queen alone had no body to run for her. She remark'd it herself, and complaining of it in Jest, the Marquess who had the Liberty of sporting with her, said, with an admirable Gravity, that she must blame Nature; for if she had been as handsom as the rest, she wou'd have found a Knight as they had done. All the Company applauded the Rallery, and the Queen reply'd no less gravely than he; that to punish him for his Insolence, she commanded him to be her Knight, that he might have the Mortification of serving the least beautiful of the Company. This Gallantry was

(a) Mezeray, in his large History.

publick, and all those of the first Quality were Witnesses of it; yet the King cou'd not persuade himself but there was some Mystery in it, and that this Conversation was merely an Artifice of the Queen, to give her Lover the means of declaring himself her Champion with Impunity. However, he was not absolutely fix'd in this Opinion at first; but on the Morrow, when he saw the Marquess enter the Lists, bearing for a Device on his Shield, the Sun in its highest Elevation, with this Motto, *Nothing can look on me without burning*, he was confirm'd in the fatal Thought which had troubled his Breast. The unhappy Knight carry'd the Prize of the first Course; and tho' this was a common thing with him, the King took his Skill at this time for an Effect of his Love; and this Imagination touch'd him so sensibly, that he cou'd not let the Jufts proceed to an End. He feign'd himself sick, to have a Pretence to break them off, and to conceal the Fury into which this Innocent Spectacle had thrown him.

AT first he resolv'd to have the Marquess of *Posa* put to Death in such a manner, that neither he nor the Queen shou'd be ignorant of the Cause. But *Rui Gomez*, to whom he imparted his Design, made him consider the Consequences of such an Action. He acquainted him with the strict Friendship between *Don Carlos* and the Marquess; and convinced him there was nothing that might not be apprehended from the Resentments of the Prince, for the loss of a Person so dear to him, if he shou'd know the Authors of it. These Reflections made the King change his Design. He contented himself with having the Marquess poignarded in the Street, one Night as he went home from Court. To take away all Suspicion of the Truth, when the Assassins saw him dead, they pretended in the Presence of his Servants, to have taken him for another Person. The Queen was justly affected with the Loss of so perfect a Friend, and foresaw all the Consequences of it at first. As for *Don Carlos*, he did not presently guess the real Cause; but afterwards he consider'd how little likelihood there was,

that a Man so well known as the Deceas'd, shou'd betaken for another. He reflected farther, that none but his Father alone cou'd have dar'd to strike such a Blow. Wherefore he no longer hesitated, no more than the Queen, to suppose who was the Author. Yet neither of them mistrusted, that it was of the Marquess the King was jealous; and imagining rather what ought to have been, than what really was, they believ'd this Favourite had been kill'd as a Confident, and that they were discover'd. Thus persuaded, and considering the Greatness of the King's Passion for his Wife, his Averſion for the Prince, and his natural Inclination to shed Blood, they gave themselves over for lost. They believed that the King, being absolutely assur'd they cou'd not escape from his Vengeance, had chose to begin it by this Murder, in order to make them feel it the longer.

THERE is nothing so secret in Courts, which is not known by some of whom there is no Suspicion. Don Carlos about this time sitting down one Day at Table, found a Paper under his Plate, with these Words in it: *There are very just Counsels which are never given; but 'tis impossible to get clear out of desperate Affairs, unless by extraordinary Resolutions. They, whom Heaven has blest with Qualities, which ought to render many others happy, are under an Obligation to fulfill their Destiny, which is superior to all Obligations besides. Generous Souls perish not, but for want of thinking ill enough of the wicked. That Patience, which abandons the Days of an honest Man to the Violence of his Enemies, is Weakness, Meanness of Soul, and a Crime, and no Virtue. Humanity for one who has none, is the most dangerous kind of Folly.*

NOTWITHSTANDING this, the Prince resolv'd to attempt innocent Means, before he had recourse to Extremities. Accordingly he renew'd very warmly the Instances he had made to be sent to Flanders, where the present State of Affairs requir'd a more speedy and effectual Remedy than ever. He did it in such Terms as shew'd

he

he was fix'd to carry it, and that it was not safe to refuse him. He thought it proper to declare himself openly upon this Matter, as being of Opinion, that if he was already discover'd, he had nothing to manage; and that if he were not, he might induce the King, who was push'd on by his Jealousie, and frighten'd at this imperious Proceeding, to grant all to send him to Distance.

THIS unhappy Father, whose Mind was now in a freer Situation to view the Consequences of his Designs, relaps'd into his natural Timidity. He saw that an Army must be necessarily sent into *Flanders*, and was afraid to provoke the Resentment of *Don Carlos*, which was still fresh for his murder'd Friend, if he shou'd refuse him the Command of this Army, which he demanded with so much Haughtiness. *Rui Gomez*, who had found the King so firm in the Marquess's Affair, was astonish'd to see him so irresolute upon a far more important Occasion. The Interest this Minister had in his Master's Safety, made him behold with Consternation the Weakness of this Prince, who was going to put Arms into his Son's Hands, by which himself wou'd be first sacrific'd. As there is no Reason so powerful as Fear, to oblige the most wavering Minds to determine themselves, the King was on the Point of resolving in Favour of *Don Carlos*. *Rui Gomez*, who well perceiv'd it, knew not how to prevent him. But as he was of a most ready Presence of Mind, he bethought himself of the little Book of the King's Journies, which his Wife found in the Queen's Apartment written with *Don Carlos's* own Hand; and which he had look'd upon ever since as a Trifle, which might produce some great Effect, if rightly employ'd. He judg'd the Occasion was now offer'd. He told the King, that he esteem'd himself oblig'd to inform him of a small Matter, which he had not hitherto thought worth his Notice; but which, in the present Conjuncture, wou'd serve better than any thing to discover to him the Disposition and Sentiments of his Son. The King, to whom this Affair seem'd of greater Conse-

quence than *Rui Gomez* appear'd to believe, wou'd examine the Book himself; and knowing his Son's Hand, he fell into a most profound Thoughtfulness, in which this Minister judg'd it best to leave him.

AFTER he had recover'd himself out of the first Vexation of Mind, into which so outrageous a Raillery, proceeding from Persons so dear to him, had thrown him; his old Suspicions of *Don Carlos's* Love for the Queen awaken'd with greater Violence than ever. He cou'd not conceive, that a Wife and a Son wou'd have diverted themselves in this manner, at the Expence of a Father and a Husband, who was also their King, if they did not live in the most criminal Familiarity. But the Marquess of *Pesca* coming at the same time into his Mind, he cou'd not believe that the Queen was in Love with both of them; especially since *Don Carlos* and the Marquess were so intimate; from whence he concluded, that one of them was certainly the Lover, and the other the Confident; tho' with all the Discernment he was Master of, he cou'd not determine with himself which was the Lover: Yet which ever o' the two it were, he judg'd the Marquess had dy'd but too justly, and that *Don Carlos* was equally culpable. However it was, he had no mind to authorize the Railleries of his Son upon his manner of living, by giving him the Means of leading so different a Life in *Flanders*. If the Prince, who had done nothing yet, had the Boldness to treat his Father with so much Contempt; what wou'd he not dare to do, if Fortune favour'd his Ambition? The King therefore order'd him to be told, that, considering the terrible Disorders in *Flanders*, he thought he cou'd not send him thither, without exposing his Life to inevitable Dangers; but that the Duke of *Alba* shou'd shortly set forward with a powerful Army, and as soon as this Army had made his Party superior, he shou'd be at Liberty to follow his Inclinations.

THIS Refusal confirm'd the Prince in the Opinion he had, that his Destruction was resolv'd. He yielded to the Instances

Instances which the Rebels of *Holland* had for a long time made to him by Count *Egmond* and the Deputies, to put himself at their Head. They promis'd him, that if he wou'd grant them a few Things which were very reasonable, they wou'd obey him with more Fidelity than the Catholicks did the King. *Don Carlos* did not doubt, but, if he were once Master of the Revolvers, the King wou'd abandon the rest of *Flanders* to him, tho' it were only for fear of his seizing upon it by Force, as it was easy for him to do. The Marquess of *Bergh* and the Baron of *Montigni* had many Conferences with him on this Subject; and they took together such just and solid Measures, as cou'd not fail of succeeding, if the Prince kept himself at Liberty for acting, which was what they chiefly exhorted him to do; and had he taken their Advice, he wou'd have departed at that very time. But *Don Carlos* judg'd it wou'd favour of Rashness to declare himself in this manner, before he had settled the necessary Correspondences. He promis'd that, while this was doing, he wou'd take such powerful Precautions for the Safety of his Person, as shou'd make them easy. Beside (a) a Chest fill'd with Fire-arms, which he order'd to be placed under the Side of his Bed; he also got little Pistols made of a new Invention, to carry always about him, without being seen; and, that he might not be surpriz'd a-sleep, he commanded a famous *French* Lock-Smith, who work'd at the *Escorial*, to make a sort of Lock for his Chamber, that cou'd not be open'd but on the Inside; and every Night he put two Swords and two Pistols under his Bolster.

W H I L E this unhappy Prince hasten'd perhaps his own Destruction, from the meer Opinion that he was lost already, his Enemies forgot nothing to deprive him of all Means of becoming reconcil'd to his Father. The King had not seen the Queen in private, since the Death of the

(a) *Monsieur de Thou.*

Marquess of *Posa*. They were apprehensive their Labour wou'd be in vain, if ever he saw her again; and that she wou'd easily blot out of his Heart all that they had imprinted on it; and tho' it was possible, that what they fear'd might not happen, it was also possible it might; and in the Manner they were concern'd in the Consequence, they ought to leave nothing to Chance. Wherefore to take away from this Princess the Opportunity of undoing in one Night what had cost them so much Care and Time, they bethought themselves of an Expedient, which, had it not succeeded, wou'd appear ridiculous.

WHEN the Court of *France* made a Progress along the Banks of the *Loire*, in the Time of *Francis* the (a) Second, there ran a Rumour, that they look'd for little Children, to bathe the young King in their Blood, whom they feign'd to be seiz'd with a Distemper, which is not to be cur'd but by this strange Remedy. There were some Persons also who went several Days Journey before the Court, and carefully examin'd the Children in all Places where the Court was to come, to mark out those, which were proper for the Use the Physicians were to make of them. These unknown Persons spread so general a Terror on the Road, that every Body was busy in hiding, what they pretended to search after. The Queen-Mother having discover'd the Source of this monstrous Report, caus'd some of the Authors of it to be seiz'd. At their Deaths they discover'd who had employ'd them; but they, who receiv'd their Confession, did not judge it safe for them to divulge it. If the continual Infirmities of the King made so extravagant a Calumny to be so easily receiv'd among his own People; one may easily imagine, what Effect it had in foreign Countries, where such sort of News has always more Force, than in the Places where it is invented. The

(a) Mayerne Turquet Histoire de la Planche, *The Memoirs of La Place, Mezeray, Le Laboureur, Diogene, &c.*

King of *Spain* shew'd some Uneasiness at it, and was afraid lest his Wife might have a secret Disposition to this Malady, which is frequently hereditary in a Family. The Small-Pox, which she had after this, was accompany'd by certain ambiguous Accidents, which had some Resemblance with this Distemper. They resolv'd therefore to make the King believe, she had much more dangerous Symptoms during her last going with Child. As he had great Weakness of Mind in what regarded his Health, they thought if this Relation were supported by some unsuspected Witness, it wou'd be enough to keep him from ever seeing his Wife again alone. The Princess of *Eboli* was to give him the first Information, to which she was oblig'd by the Fidelity she had promis'd him when she accepted her Employment about the Queen; and the *French* Woman, for whom *Don John* had formerly discover'd an Inclination, was to confirm what the Princess shou'd say. This young Woman was one of those turbulent Spirits, which seem born for Intrigue; and she was inconsolable, that all the Favour she had with her Mistress, cou'd procure her no Confidence of any Importance. The Princess of *Eboli* order'd *Don John* to pretend Love to her a second time, in order to gain over this dangerous Creature wholly to their Side. This Prince, who found a certain Pleasure in disturbing the King's Happiness, obey'd her with Zeal. But the young Woman, being shock'd at the Coldness he had lately shewn for her, wou'd not believe him without extraordinary Assurances. *Don John*, who was in haste to conclude Matters, did not hesitate to make her a Promise of Marriage, on Condition she wou'd tell the King whatever was desir'd. The Thing succeeded even better than they hop'd. The King, whose Love was already chang'd into Indignation by what had past, fell blindly into the Net which they spread for him. The Duke of *Alba*, who had deferr'd his Journey to expect the Success of this Artifice, departed for *Flanders* the next Day. He took Leave of *Don Carlos* in Terms conformable to the Answer the

King gave to the Prince's last Application; and *Don Carlos* treated the Duke very ill, lest his Designs might be suspected if he appear'd easy upon an Occasion, which ought to touch him so sensibly.

IN the mean while, the Prince receiv'd from all Parts the best News he cou'd wish. The Prince of *Orange* and the Admiral *de Chatillon*, whom he was to consult with about every thing he had to do, encourag'd and press'd him by their Letters; whether it was from a Design to serve him, or to ruin him. The Revolted of the *Low-Countries*, relying on his Generosity, requir'd no Conditions from him. But that which made him finally resolve, was the Assurance of a considerable Fleet, which the Grand Seignior was to send to the Coast of *Flanders*, to favour all his Designs. As his chief Hopes were founded on this Assistance, it is necessary to trace this Negotiation from its Original.

WHEN *Mary*, Queen of *Hungary*, govern'd the *Low-Countries* for the Emperor her Brother, (a) a *Portuguese* Jew, nam'd *John Miquez*, who was particularly esteem'd by the Queen, ran away out of her Court with a young Lady of the first Quality, and of extraordinary Beauty. The King of *Spain*, under whose Protection the Parents of this fine Creature were, having driven the Ravisher out of all the Countries in Christendom where he sought for Refuge, he was forced to withdraw to *Constantinople*, and from thence to *Caramanica* to *Selim*, the eldest Son of *Solyman* the Great. This young Prince, being confin'd to that Country by his Father, according to the Custom of the *Ottoman* Family, had no other Business on his Hands, while he waited for the Empire, but to amuse himself with Pleasures. *Miquez*, among other Talents, had the Art of diversifying them a thousand Ways, each of which had some new and particular Charm. He knew how to give

(a) *Monsieur de Thou*, *Strada*, &c,

them that delicate Edge which makes them touching, and is so easily turn'd; and having by a long and curious Exercise cultivated the Genius he had for this Science, he had carry'd it to a Perfection far beyond vulgar Imagination. Being proud of these exquisite Accomplishments, he made no Doubt but in a little Time to hold the first Rank in the good Graces of a Prince like *Selim*, who perfectly understood the Value of Pleasure. He knew, that they are not always the most important Services which make the greatest Impressions on Princes. Those which are done them in publick seem sufficiently recompens'd by the Glory which attends them; while they can be grateful only for such as are known to themselves alone. *Miquez* succeeded beyond his Expectation; and *Solyman* dying in this Conjunction, the *Jew* by these glorious Means became the declar'd Favourite of the greatest Prince on Earth. This high Degree of Power quickly gave him an Occasion to satisfy the Desire of Revenge, which the Persecution he had suffer'd, had implanted in his Heart against the King of *Spain*. One Day, as he was in a Debauch with the *Sultan*, this Prince having admir'd the Excellence of *Cyprus* Wine, the *Jew* pretended to laugh at the Passion he shew'd for a Liquor which grew out of his Empire. He told him, he ought to be more sparing of it, since he bought it: *Selim*, being touch'd with this Raillery, swore he wou'd take *Cyprus* that Year; and added, clapping his Hand on the *Jew's* Shoulder, that since *Miquez* lov'd that glorious Wine no less than himself, he declar'd him from that Moment King of the Island, and that this was only a Part of the Reward he meant him. At the Time when every thing was getting ready for this Enterprize, the *Moors* of *Granada* were preparing that famous Revolt, which broke out soon after; they sent a Deputation to the Port, to beg Assistance, and *Miquez* preferring the Pleasure of Revenge to a Kingdom, took their Business in Hand with so much Warmth, that he made the Grand Seignior resolve to send to their Succour that formidable Armament, which was equipping for

the Conquest of the Kingdom which was design'd for him. He had continu'd a good Intelligence in *Flanders*, and gave immediate Notice of this important Diversion to the Consistory of *Antwerp*. This Consistory, which was the principal Council of the Rebels, having at the same Time receiv'd the News of *Don Carlos* engaging in their Favour, communicated the same to *Miquez*: And to shew the greater Confidence in the Prince, they sent him the Dispatches and Cypher of the *Jew*, that he might negotiate himself at *Constantinople*, if he judg'd it to be for their common Interest. *Don Carlos* was desirous, for his greater Safety, that this Fleet, which was to land on the Coasts of *Gtánada*, might come to those of *Flanders*. He wrote to the Port about it: And *Miquez* answer'd, that the Basha of the Sea had a secret Order to do whatever the Prince shou'd direct; whether it was true, or was only pretended, to engage the Prince at any Rate.

ABOUT this Time, as he play'd one Evening in the Queen's Apartment against his Uncle, they had some Dispute together; and *Don John*, being vex'd at his Loss, was carry'd into Terms beyond the Liberty which Play allow'd him against the Son of his King. *Don Carlos*, who well knew himself, answer'd him in few Words with Moderation enough; but yet in Expressions which seem'd to reproach him with the Blemish of his Birth, in order to mind him of his Duty. *Don John*, touch'd in so sensible a Place, flew into such a Passion as to tell the Prince, it was true he was a (a) Bastard; but his Comfort was, that he had a better Father than himself. This Insolence left *Don Carlos* no Patience: And he treated his Uncle so ill, that it was reported the next Day he had given him a Box on the Ear. The Queen and the Princess of *Eboli*, who were present, had much to do to keep them from using their Hands; the Queen especially, who was afraid of every

(a) Brantôme in. Philip II.

thing in this Conjunction; and as if she had some Presage of the Consequence of this Quarrel, made use of all her Authority to oblige them to be Friends upon the Spot, but the Reconciliation was not with equal Sincerity on both Sides.

THE King, to be truly inform'd of whatever happen'd about the Queen, had enter'd into a close Understanding with the Princess of *Eboli*: And this Woman had oblig'd *Don John* to observe the Actions of the Prince with more Care than ordinary, since the Marquess of *Posa*'s Death. It was easy for *Don John* to execute this Commission; for the Prince, who took him for his best Friend, had utter'd something of his Design to him in general Terms: And tho' *Don John* forgot no Means to dive into the Particulars, he had been able to discover nothing. But since this Quarrel, the Desire of Revenge render'd him so Eagle-sighted, that whatever Care *Don Carlos* took to furnish himself secretly with Arms, *Don John* (a) discover'd it at last, partly by his Cunning, and partly by the Force of Money. The King rightly concluded that the Prince did not take these Precautions, in order to continue them all his Life: And therefore was convinced, that either his Son had a Design to run away, or to do him some Violence. He knew not which of the two to believe; when *Don Raymund de Taxis*, Postmaster-General, came to acquaint him, that a *Frenchman* belonging to the Queen had bespoken very privately three Horses, to be ready for a Journey in the Close of the Evening. This Information drew the King out of the Doubt in which he was, by casting him into a greater, whether he shou'd only cause the Prince to be watch'd so that he cou'd not escape, or whether he shou'd have him immediately arrested. But *Perez* bringing him at the same Instant the News of the Insurrection of the *Moors*, which he had just receiv'd, the King, fright-

(a) *Historia de Don Juan d'Austria.*

en'd at so many unhappy Conjunctions, resolv'd to make sure of his Son's Person.

IT was true, that the Prince's Departure was fix'd for this very Night. A few Days before, he had receiv'd News from *Flanders* which wou'd not permit him to delay any longer. The Counts of *Egmond* and *Horn*, confiding in the Innocence of their Intentions in their past Behaviour, and on the Merit of their Services, deliver'd over themselves into the Hands of the Duke of *Alba*; who caus'd them to be arrested, and not long after to be beheaded. So manifest a Perfidy threw the Rebels into Despair: And their Chiefs, seeing there was no Safety left them but in their Arms, made *Don Carlos* easily conceive, by sending him these News, that in a little Time all Assistance wou'd be too late. He wrote immediately to *Don Garcia Alvarez Osorio*, who was to be the Companion of his Flight, to come to him without any Delay. The Prince had sent him to *Sevil*, to receive a considerable Sum; but not having Time enough for the necessary Dispatches, he brought only a hundred and fifty thousand Crowns. As *Don Carlos* was going home from the Queen, *Rui Gomez* join'd him, to give him an Account from the King, of the News they had receiv'd from *Granada*. This Minister held him in Discourse so long, that the Prince seeing he had not Night enough to get a sufficient Distance before his Flight might be discover'd, thought it best to put it off till the next Day. *Rui Gomez* left him, after he had seen him in Bed: But as he was ignorant of this Change of the Prince's Resolution, he placed a (a) Set of stout and trusty Fellows at all the Avenues of his Apartment. It concern'd the King for his Justification, that *Don Carlos* shou'd be taken in the Act of making his Escape. But when they had waited two or three Hours, and he made no Motions for going, the King resolv'd to proceed farther. He was of O-

(a) *Monsieur de Thou, Mayenne, &c.*

pinion, that he ought not to risque every thing for a Formality. *Don John* had remark'd which way the Chamber was made fast; and while *Don Carlos* was in the Evening with the Queen, the King commanded the (a) Workman, who made that extraordinary Lock, to find out a way to embarrass the Spring, so that it might be open'd on the Out-side. Notwithstanding all the Smith cou'd do, the Spring made a great Noise in opening; but the Count of *Lerma*, who, by the King's Order, enter'd first, found the unhappy Prince so fast a-sleep, that he was even able to take the Swords and the Pistols from under his Bolster, without waking him. After this the Count sat down upon a Trunk by the Bed-side, in which *Don John* thought the Arms were conceal'd. The King in the mean time judging by the Count *de Lerma's* Silence, that he had done what he went about, enter'd himself, preceded by *Rui Gomez*, the Duke of *Feria*, the Grand Commander, and *Don Diego de Cordova*, all arm'd with Swords and Pistols. The Prince being with difficulty awaken'd by *Rui Gomez*, as soon as he open'd his Eyes, cry'd out he was a dead Man. The King told him, that all that was done, was for his good. But *Don Carlos* seeing him seize upon a Cabinet of Papers which was under his Bed, fell into such a desperate Rage, that he went to throw himself, naked as he was, into a great Pan of Fire, which the extreme Cold of the Season had oblig'd his Servants to leave burning in his Chimney. They were forced to draw him away by Violence, and he appear'd inconsolable that he cou'd not choak himself in it. His Chamber was presently clear'd, and instead of all the magnificent Furniture which was taken away, there was only left a miserable Quilt on the Ground. None of the Prince's Officers ever after appear'd in his Presence. His Keepers were always in sight of him. They made him put on a mourning Habit, and he was serv'd by Peo-

(a) *Monsieur de Thou*,

ple clad in the same Weed, and who were all unknown to him; and this wretched Heir of so many Crowns, saw nothing any longer about him, which did not present to his Eyes the affrightful Image of Death.

IN the mean while the King discover'd the Designs and Correspondences of his Son by the Papers he had seiz'd. He was startled at the Danger he had run; but was still more sensibly touch'd, when, among many Letters of the Queen's writing, he found one that seem'd to him the most passionate and amorous in the World. It was that which the Marquess of *Pesca* had carried to *Alcala*, and which the Prince would never restore. As the Queen had written it in the first Transport of her Grief for the dangerous Accident of the Prince; she never thought that what she could write to one whose Life was despair'd of, would draw any Consequences with it, or could produce any other Effect, but that of making him die more contentedly; so that she gave way to all her Tendernefs in writing this Letter, and had express'd in it the dearest and most secret Sentiments of her Heart, with all the Violence that so fatal an Occasion was able to inspire. It was however without any such Transports as could affect her Honour, or in the least break in upon her Duty; but the King drew very different Consequences from it. The Fury into which it threw him was accompany'd by so extreme a Sorrow, that perhaps it wou'd have cost him his Life, if the Desire of Revenge, so natural on such Occasions, had not prevented it. But suddenly reflecting, that he was Master of those who had so cruelly offended him, this agreeable Thought caus'd the Rage he had in his Soul to be succeeded by a barbarous Joy, which chang'd his Despair into a Tranquility full of Horror. The same Day *Montigny* was arrested, to lose his Head a little while after on a Scaffold; and the Marquess of *Bergh*, by the Favour of *Rui Gomez*, his old Friend, was permitted to poison himself. The Intimacy of these two Lords with *Don Carlos* was known to every Body. They were, as well as he, declar'd Enemies

mies to Cardinal *Spinosa*, the Inquisitor-General; which Enmity, in *Spain*, was enough to make any one's Religion suspected. They accus'd this Prelate of being the Author of all the violent Counsels the King had taken against their Country; and the Cardinal accus'd them of having got from *France* several Bales of *Calvin's* Catechism, under the favour of a Passport from *Don Carlos*. The Prince's Indignation against the Inquisitors, on account of *Charles* the Fifth's Will, was not yet forgot. All these things join'd together, dispos'd the Minds of the common People very much to believe the innocent Prince engag'd in the new Opinions, which he had never heard mention'd. The King well saw, that nothing but a Pretence of Religion could make so strange an Action, as that which he had done, be endur'd; nor did he question but by means of these favourable Dispositions, and the Proofs he had of his Son's Correspondences, he might, if he pleas'd, securely sacrifice him to his Vengeance. In this Confidence he put into the Hands of Cardinal *Spinosa* all the Original Papers he found in *Don Carlos's* Chamber, except the Queen's Letters. He establish'd the Inquisitors Sovereign Judges between his Son and himself, protesting to stand to their Sentence. He knew that the Wrath of this sort of Men never dies, and that he should find their Resentments against the Prince as violent, after the Interval of several Years since their Quarrel, as if it had happen'd but eight Days before.

THO' the King had strictly (a) prohibited writing Advice to foreign Countries of *Don Carlos's* Imprisonment, the News of it were quickly spread abroad. Most of the Princes in Christendom interceded for his Pardon. The Empress especially wrote about it to the King her Brother, with all imaginable Earnestness. Her eldest Daughter had been long promis'd to the Prince of *Spain*. The King,

(a) *Cabrera's History of Philip II. History of Don John, &c.*
who.

who was afraid of every thing which might give more Liberty or Credit to his Son, had continually deferr'd the Accomplishment of this Marriage. Among other Pretences to delay it, he caus'd a Report to be spread, that since *Don Carlos's* Fall at *Alcala*, the Physicians were of Opinion he could never have any Children. But this Report pass'd for an Artifice, and the Empress herself did not give Credit to it. However it was the easier for the King to protract this Marriage, since *Don Carlos* did not press it very zealously. For as advantageous as it was for his Designs, he made a Scruple of marrying a Princess he could not love. The Empress, who knew not the Secret of his Heart, look'd upon no other to be worthy her eldest Daughter but him. As she did not think the Queen of *Spain's* Death to be so near, she did not foresee that this eldest Daughter should take the Place of that unhappy Queen; and that the King her Brother, as if it were by a Kind of Fatality, was to marry all the Princesses who had been promis'd to *Don Carlos*. The King, who saw farther than she did, took a very particular Care to manage her on this Occasion, and to justify himself in her Opinion. In the mean time these News threw the Rebels of *Flanders* and *Granada* into a Despair, which caus'd very bloody Effects; and would have produced worse, if the *Turks* had kept their Word: But *Miquez* thought it not safe, without the Prince of *Spain's* Aid and Countenance, to hazard the *Ottoman* Fleet in Places so far from all Succours, in case of any Disadvantage. He yielded to the Oppositions of the other Ministers against pursuing this Enterprise; and it was chang'd into that of *Cyprus*, where he demonstrated by his wonderful Services, that his (a) Genius was not wholly confin'd to the *Seraglio*; and that the Love of Pleasure does not always render those, who are possess'd with it, incapable of great Things.

(a) *Cabrera's History of Philip II.* *Thuanus*, *Strada*, &c.

THE Inquisitors in the mean while were drawing up with incredible Diligence and Zeal the Process of the unfortunate *Don Carlos*. Their old Animosities against him appear'd so openly, that nothing cou'd protect them but the Interest of Religion alone, which was artfully mingled in this Affair. (a) They sent to search in the Archives of *Barcelona* for the Criminal Process which *Don John II.* King of *Arragon*, had formerly order'd against the Prince of *Viana*, *Don Carlos*, his eldest Son. They got this Process translated from *Catalonian* into *Castilian*, to serve them at once for a Model and for an Authority. The Affair was propos'd to the Inquisition under the Names of the *Dauphin Lewis XI.* and *Charles XII.* his Father. As all their Opinions were alike, one may judge of them by that of the famous Doctor *Navarre*, which is related by the (b) Historian of *Philip* the Second. He decides, that a King, who discovers the presumptive Heir of the Crown is going to escape out of the Kingdom, ought to arrest him, if his Escape be likely to produce Division in the Kingdom, and that the Enemies of the State may draw from thence some considerable Advantage; especially if those Enemies are Hereticks, and there is the least Reason to fear or to suspect that the Prince favours them. The Sacrifice the King made of the Dictates of Nature to the Tranquility of the State, was preferr'd by the Inquisitors to the Obedience of (c) *Abraham*; and with one Voice they compar'd this Prince to the Father eternal, who spar'd not his only Son for the Salvation of Mankind.

THE Process could not be long before Judges so well dispos'd. The Letters alone of the Admiral *de Chastillon*, of the Prince of *Orange*, Count *Egmond*, the Consistory

(a) *Cabrera's History of Philip II. History of Don John.*

(b) *Cabrera.*

(c) *Monsieur Le Laboureur upon Castelleau, in the Chapter of Dom Charles,*

of *Antwerp*, and of *John Miquex*, sufficed to form the Sentence, and *Don Carlos* was condemn'd to remain in his Prison. The Resentment he express'd at this, made all those who had advis'd or approv'd it, tremble. They were perswaded they should not be able to escape his Vengeance, if ever he recover'd his Liberty; nor could they enjoy any Repose, 'till they had destroy'd him. (a) Cardinal *Spinosa* remonstrated to the King, there was no Cage strong enough to hold this Bird; and that he must either soon wring his Head off, or let him fly. The People, with whom to be unhappy is enough to be innocent, shew'd every Day a greater Desire of the Prince's Enlargement. The King, who fear'd some Sedition, durst no longer be absent from *Madrid*; and after mature Deliberation, he judg'd it cou'd not be safe either for himself or his Ministers to set the Prince at Liberty; and that he could not avoid all he had to fear from him, but by putting him to Death. For some time a slow (b) Poison, which shou'd speedily have thrown him into a mortal Languishing, was mixt with whatever he eat or drank; and was rubb'd, on his Cloaths, his Linnen, and generally upon every thing he might touch. But whether it were that his Youth and the Goodness of his Constitution were stronger than the Poison, or the Persons whose Interest it was he shou'd live, had oblig'd him to use Antidotes, this way did not succeed. More open Measures therefore were to be taken, and the unhappy (c) Prince was told he might chuse what Death he wou'd die. He receiv'd these strange News with the Indifference of a Man who lov'd Something more than Life, and fear'd the same Destiny for the Person he lov'd. Whatever the *Spanish* Historians have said of the passionate Deportment and Weaknesses of this Prince, to blacken his

(a) *Campana*, and *Cabrera* in their Histories of Philip II. &c.

(b) *Monsieur de Thou*, *Le Laboureur*, *Mayerne*, *Du Fleix*, &c.

(c) *Matthieu's History of France*.

Memory and to justify his Father; 'tis certain there fell only one thing from his Mouth, which look'd like a Complaint: which was, That the Queen having by force of Money found Means to acquaint him it was her Desire he shou'd ask to see the King, as one of those who guarded him told him his Father was coming; *Say my King, answer'd Don Carlos, and not my Father.* The Submission he had for the (a) Queen's Orders, made him resolve to throw himself on his Knees before the King, and beg him to consider, it was his own Blood he was going to shed. The King answer'd him coldly, that when he had ill Blood, he gave his Arm to the Chirurgeon to let it out. *Don Carlos*, in despair for having humbled himself to no Purpose, rose up suddenly at those Words, and ask'd his Keepers if the Bath was ready in which he was to die. The King, whether it was to feed his Eyes the longer with this barbarous Spectacle, or that perhaps he was touch'd with it, and sought an Occasion of relenting, ask'd him if that was all he had to say to him? The Prince, who wou'd have call'd back what he had already done at the Price of a thousand Lives, and who saw there was nothing more to manage either for himself or the Queen, cou'd not help answering for the last time with his natural Haughtiness: *If some, said he, for whom my Complaisance cannot end but with my Days, had not oblig'd me to see you, I shou'd not have been guilty of the Meanness to ask you Pardon, and shou'd have dy'd more gloriously, than you live.* The King, after this Answer, retir'd without any Emotion. *Don Carlos* went into the Bath (b) and having directed the Veins of his Legs and his Arms to be open'd, he commanded every Body to withdraw; and taking into his Hands the Queen's Picture in Miniature, which he carry'd always hung about his Neck, and which was the first Occasion of his Love, he kept

(a) Mezeray, in his great History.

(b) Du Pleix in his History of France,

his Eyes fixt on this fatal Picture, till the cold Shiverings of Death surpriz'd him in this Contemplation; and his generous and elevated Soul being already half departed with his Blood and Spirits, he insensibly lost his Sight, and then his Life.

THE precise time of his Death is not known: Only 'tis certain, that it happen'd long before it was publish'd. A large (a) Relation was printed of his Illness, which was said to be a malignant Dysentery, occasion'd by his Debauches. The Grief of the People, and the Despair of the Prince's Domesticks, spoke out so loudly, that the most partial (b) Historians have not dar'd to dissemble it. The Count of *Lerma*, whom the King entrusted with the Conduct of *Don Carlos* during his Imprisonment, had conceiv'd so extraordinary a Friendship for him, that he appear'd inconsolable in the Eyes of the whole Court. The King, to whom those Sorrows were so many Reproaches, took the way he thought the most certain to make them cease. He rewarded the Servants of *Don Carlos* magnificently, he gave a Commandery of *Caletrava* to the Duke of *Lerma*, and made him Gentleman of the Chamber. It was easily perceiv'd that these Liberalities did not proceed out of Gratitude for the Affection they shew'd to *Don Carlos*; However the Publick diminish'd nothing of its Zeal for honouring the Prince's Memory. As it was known that the King intended his Obsequies shou'd be perform'd with unusual Splendor, the City of *Madrid* begg'd they might be permitted to bear the Expence, and that the Care of the whole shou'd be left to them. Tho' the King foresaw this Funeral would be accompany'd with Elogies, which wou'd not prove very honourable to the Enemies of the Deceas'd, he did not dare to refuse them. His Histo-

(a) *At Madrid in Spanish, and afterwards at Venice in Italian.*

(b) *Campana and Cabrera in their Histories of Philip II, &c.*

rians commend him particularly (a) for the Tranquility of Mind he shew'd on the Day of the Solemnity, while beholding out of a Window of his Palace the Disposition and Procession of the Ceremony, he decided upon the Spect a Difference about Rank, which happen'd between the several Councils of State which attended. The Emperor's two Sons, who were then at the Court of Spain, were the chief Mourners. As they drew near to the Church, Cardinal *Spinosa*, (b) who led them immediately after the Corps, took leave of them, and retir'd, under pretence of a Head-ach that had seiz'd him. But as he was known for the most dangerous and the most irreconcilable Enemy *Don Carlos* had had, several Voices were heard (c) crying around him, that he cou'd not bear the Prince's Presence, either alive or dead. The first thing that was seen, was this celebrated Elogie of the Scripture upon a Person departed, in large golden Characters over the Door by which they went into the Church. (d) *He was ravish'd from us, lest the Wickedness of the Age should alter his Heart, and Flattery beguile his Soul.* All that ingenious Grief cou'd invent for its own Consolation, was express'd on the proud *Mausoleum*, in which the Prince was deposited. But as all the Ornaments had Relation to the *Latin* Inscription which serv'd for his Epitaph, it will be sufficient to give the Sense of that, in order to shew the Spirit and Design of the whole Pomp. To (e) *the Eternal Memory of Charles Prince of both Spains, of the two Sicilies, of the Belgick and Cisalpine Gauls, Heir of the Newfound World, incomparable for Greatness of Soul, for Liberality, and the Love of Truth.* Thus the elevated Genius, and the heroic Inclinations of

(a) *Cabrera in his History of Phillip II.*

(b) *Cabrera in his History of Don John.*

(c) *Cabrera, Ibid.*

(d) *Wisdom of Solomon, 4. 11.*

(e) *Relazion de la Muerte y Essequias del Principe Don Carloz,*

the unfortunate *Don Carlos*, were at last represented under their proper Names of Virtues, after having been so long disguis'd under that of Vices by his Enemies.

DURING the time that the King kept *Don Carlos's* Death secret, he was resolv'd to have it told to the Queen when she shou'd lye-in, in hope that such a sensible Sorrow, added to the Indisposition of Body in that Condition, wou'd finish his Revenge; but he soon found she was better inform'd than he wish'd. As she cou'd not be ignorant, that *Don Carlos* was sacrific'd to the Jealousy of his Father, she did not put any (a) Constraint on her self to conceal her Resentments of the Deed. Her just Indignation threw her Husband into new Disquietudes. He judg'd that he ought to fear every thing from her Sense and Courage: But still more from the extraordinary Esteem the Court of *France* had for her, and from the close Correspondence she kept with the Queen her Mother.

A few Months after the Prince's Death, the Dutchess of *Alba*, who bore one of the first Offices in the Queen's Family, came one Morning into her Bed-chamber, with some Physick in her Hand. The Queen told (b) her she was very well, and wou'd not take it. But the Dutchess urging it upon her, the King, who was not far off, enter'd at the Noise of their Contention. At first he blam'd the Dutchess for her Obstinacy: But she representing to him, that the Physicians thought that Potion necessary to procure the Queen a happy Delivery, he yielded to this Authority, and said very gently to the Queen, that since the Medicine was of such great Importance, she must by all means take it. Since 'tis your Pleasure, answer'd (c) she, I will do so. At this he went out of the Room,

(a) *Le Laboureur on Castelnau, in the Chapter of Don Carlos. Mayerne, &c.*

(b) *Le Laboureur, Mayerne, M. S. Pieresc,*

(c) *Mezeray, in his great History,*

and return'd a little while after dress'd in (a) deep Mourning, to see how she was : But whether there had been some Mistake in the Composition of the Draught, or the extraordinary Emotion in which the Queen was, and the Force she put upon herself to take it, might give it a Malignity it had not before, she expir'd the same Day, with violent Pains, and excessive Vomitings. Her Child was found dead, and its (b) Skull burnt up. She was just entering into her four and twentieth Year, as well as *Don Carlos*, and was in the highest Perfection of her Beauty.

FORTUNE punish'd the Death of these two illustrious Persons so exemplarily, that the Memory of it ought not to be conceal'd from Posterity. The Princess of *Eboli*'s Beauty soon chang'd the King's Confidence into violent Love. *Rui Gomez*, her Husband, growing as jealous of the Secrets the King imparted to his Wife, as of the Favours she granted the King, form'd a Design of making away with her : But the Princess having discover'd it, prevented it, and made away with him. After this she kept *Don John* always at a Distance from the Court, under the Pretence of several Employments : But, in effect, because he wou'd treat her with the Authority, which their long and familiar Intercourse had given him over her. She got the Government of *Flanders* for him, in Hopes he wou'd perish there ; as he wou'd certainly have done, if the Prince of *Parma*'s Courage and Fortune had not fav'd him. In this Conjunction she came to know, that he was apprisd of the ill Offices she did him. The Apprehension she was in, lest he might ruin her, by discovering to the King all that had pass'd between them, made her resolve upon shewing his Majesty the Prince of *Orange*'s Letters, which were of extraordinary Consequence. The Contents of them were, that a Marriage was concluded between *Don John* and the

(a) *Mayerne Turquet's History of Spain, Pieresc's M. S.*

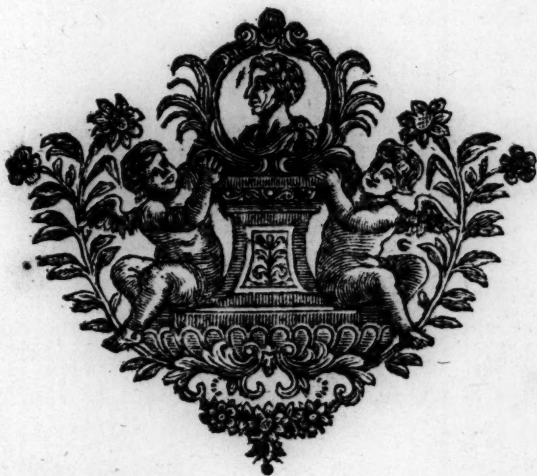
(b) *Le Laboureur, Mayerne, &c.*

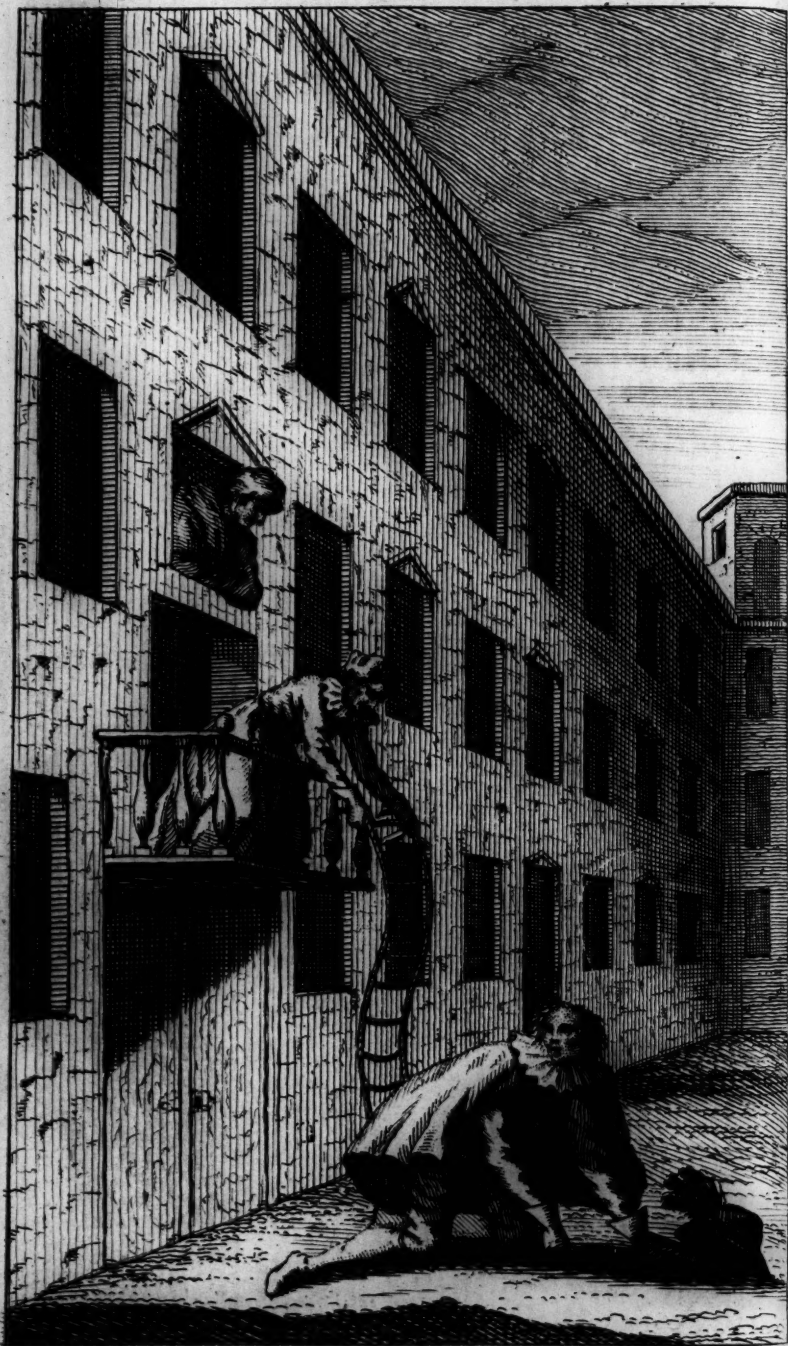
Queen of *England*; and that the Rebels of *Holland* had promis'd to acknowledge him for their Sovereign, as soon as this, Marriage shou'd be consummated, without any other Conditions, than that of Liberty of Conscience. These Letters were deliver'd by *Perez* to the King, who straight knew the Prince of *Orange's* Hand. As he abandon'd himself to his Fear in the Princess of *Eboli's* Presence, she took that Time to tell him the Answer *Don John* made formerly to *Don Carlos*, who call'd him Bastard. She put the King in Mind also of the Pride, with which the same *Don John* had receiv'd the Acclamations of the Army in *Granada*; where the Soldiers, charm'd with some noble Action of his, cry'd out in his Presence, *This is the true Son of the Emperor*. To this she added his obstinate Desire to be made King of *Tunis*; and the Loss of the (a) *Golletta*, which he suffer'd to be taken, in Revenge of the King's not having favour'd his Design. These several Reflections, join'd to the pressing Danger of the pretended Marriage of *England*, sunk so deeply into the King's Mind, that, believing he had no Time to lose, he found Means to send *Don John*, by a Way not suspected, a Pair of perfum'd Stockings, which cost him his Life. Some Time after it was discover'd, that the Princess of *Eboli* had procur'd those Letters, which were pretended to be intercepted, and had prov'd so fatal to *Don John*, to be written on purpose by the Prince of *Orange*. The King conceiv'd such Horror at this Wickedness, that it extinguish'd his Love. The Princess and *Perez* were confin'd to a Prison, there to end their Days. *Perez*, having afterwards made his Escape, wander'd miserably, the rest of his Days, thro' all the Courts of *Europe*. Finally, *Philip* the Second himself, after having grown old amidst the Grievs of so many Calamities, was seiz'd with a loathsome Ulcer, which bred

(a) *A Fort in the Kingdom of Tunis in Barbary, built by the Emperor Charles V.*

a prodigious Quantity of Lice which devour'd him alive, and choak'd him when they found no farther Nourishment on his Body.

THUS were expiated the lamented Deaths of a brave Heroick Prince, and of the most beautiful and virtuous Princess that ever was. Thus were their unfortunate Shades at length fully appeas'd, by the fatal Period which attended all the Accomplices of their Ruin.





Ab. Tardarone del.

J. J. de Guise Sculp.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
COUNT *de Belflor*
AND
Leonora de Cespedes.

Written Originally in *French.*



L O N D O N : M D C C X X I X .





THE
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HE Count *de Belflor* was one of the Principal Noblemen in the Court of *Spain*; he fell desperately in Love with *Leonora de Cespedes*, a young Lady of extraordinary Beauty, but had no Intention of marrying her; the Daughter of a common Gentleman not seeming a proportionable Match, and therefore he design'd only to make her a Mistress. In this View he follow'd her continually, and omitted no Opportunity of expressing his Love by his Looks and Actions; but to

Speak or write to her was impossible, because she was perpetually in Custody to a vigilant austere *Duenna*, call'd the Lady *Marcella*. He was at his Wits End, and finding his *Detres* enrag'd by the Difficulties which oppos'd them, was always contriving Means to deceive the *She-Argus* who watch'd his *Io*. *Leonora*, on the other hand, observing the Inclination the Count had for her, was not able to avoid having the same for him; and this insensibly improv'd it self, in her unwary Breast, into a Passion which became at length very violent.

THINGS were in this Situation, when *Leonora* and her unsleeping Governante, going out one Morning to Church, met an old Woman in the Street with the largest Rope of Beads on her Hand, that Hypocrisy ever wore. She came up to them with a very smooth and smiling Air, and addressing herself to the *Duenna*; God save! crys she, Holy Peace be with you! Suffer me to ask, if you are not the Lady *Marcella*, the chaste Widow of the late Signior *Martin Rozette*? The Governante answering, Yes, I have met you then, said the Devotion in Years, very luckily, for my Business was to let you know I have an old Relation at my Lodging, who wants mightily to speak with you. He arriv'd a few Days ago from *Flanders*; he knew your Husband, Madam, particularly well, and has Matters to acquaint you with of the highest Importance. He wou'd have waited on you at your House, but the poor Man is really taken ill, and lyes now at the Point of Death. I live not above two Yards off; will you be so kind as to follow me?

THE Governante, who had Sense and Prudence enough, being afraid of taking a wrong Step, was at a Loss what to resolve: When the Beads-Bearer, imagining the Reason of her Embarrassment, immediately added, My dear Lady *Marcella*, you may trust me with all the Safety in the World, my Name is *la Chichona*. The Licentiate *Marcos de Figueros*, and the Batchelor *Mira de Mesqua*, will answer for me, as soon as for their own Grand-Mothers.

Tho'

Tho' I invite you to my House, it is only for your Good; my Cousin is willing to restore you a Sum of Mony he borrow'd formerly of your Husband. At the Sound of the Word Restitution, Madam *Marcella* yielded; Come, Child, said she to *Leonora*, let us go and see this good Woman's Kinsman; it is an Action of Charity to visit the Sick.

THEY were at *la Chickona's* Lodging in a Minute; she led them into a Ground-Room, where they found a Man in Bed with a venerable white Beard, and who, if he was not ill, seem'd at least to be so. Cousin, said the *Grandam*, presenting the Governante to him, here is the worthy Lady *Marcella*, whom you were wishing to speak with, the Widow of your Bosom-Friend Signior *Rozette*. The antient Gentleman, raising up his Head a little at these Words, saluted the *Duenna*, and having made Signs for her to draw near, when she was by the Bed-side, I thank Heaven, said he with a feeble Voice, my dear Madam *Marcella*, for sparing my Life till now; it was the only Thing I desir'd; I was afraid I shou'd have dy'd without the Satisfaction of seeing you, and putting into your own Hand the two hundred Ducats your late Husband, my intimate Friend, lent me, to bring me off in a certain Point of Honour I was embroil'd in some Time since at *Bruges*. Pray did you never hear him speak of this Adventure? Alas, Sir, answer'd *Marcella*, he never utter'd a Syllable about it to me. Heaven rest his Soul! He was so generous that he forgot the Services he did his Friends; and was so far from resembling those vain-glorious Coxcombs, who boast of the Good they never did, that he never let me know he had oblig'd any one. He had, certainly a noble Soul, reply'd the aged Gentleman, and I have more Cause to think so, than any Man; to convince you of it, I must relate to you the Affair, from which I was so happily rescued by his Assistance. But as I have several Things to say which are of the utmost Consequence to the Memory of the Deceas'd, I shou'd be glad to mention them only to this discreet Lady his Widow.

WHY then, said *Obichona*, you may tell the Story to her in private; and in the mean Time this young Lady and myself will step into my Closet. Thus saying, she left the *Duenna* with the sick Person, and carry'd *Leonora* into another Chamber, where, without any Preamble, she thus begun; Lovely *Leonora*, the Moments are too precious to be trifled with; you know the Count *de Belflor* by Sight; he has lov'd you long, and almost dy'd with Impatience to tell you so; but the Vigilance and Strictness of your Governante wou'd never allow him so great a Pleasure. In this Despair, he had Recourse to my Industry, and I have exerted it in his Behalf. The old Man you saw, is a young Valet of the Count's, and the whole Affair is a Fiction we have invented, to deceive your Governante, and draw you hither.

AS she ended these Words, the Count, who was conceal'd behind the Tapestry, appear'd, and ran to throw himself at *Leonora's* Feet: Madam, said he, forgive the Stratagem of a Lover, who cou'd live no longer without speaking with you. If this kind-natur'd Gentlewoman had not found a Way to procure me this Opportunity, I shou'd have abandon'd myself to Despair. These Words, pronounced with a moving Air, by a Man who was not displeasing, troubled *Leonora*; she stood in Doubt a while what Answer she ought to make; but recovering at last from her Perplexity, and looking angrily on the Count, Perhaps you think yourself, said she, wonderfully oblig'd to this officious Lady, who has serv'd you so well; but know, you shall receive very little Advantage from the Service she has done you. Thus saying, she advanced several Paces to go back into the other Room. The Count stopp'd her; Stay, said he, adorable *Leonora*; vouchsafe to hear me a Moment: My Passion is so pure, that it ought not to alarm you. You have Reason, I confess, to disapprove the Artifice I have us'd to obtain your Company; but have I not till this very Day attempted it in vain? For six Months have I follow'd you to the Churches, to the Walks,

Walks, and to the Plays; and have ineffectually sought a lucky Hour to tell you, that you have charm'd me. Your cruel, your unrelenting Governante has always had the Cunning to defeat my Desires. Alas, instead of making the Stratagem I have been forced to employ, a Crime in me, Pity me, beautiful *Leonora*, for having suffer'd so tedious an Expectation, and judge by your Charms of the deadly Pains they must have made me endure.

BELFLOR was not wanting to animate his Speech with all the Arts of Persuasion, which graceful Men understand to practise so successfully: He let fall some Tears; *Leonora* was mov'd with them; and began, in spite of herself, to admit into her Breast Impressions of Tenderness and Pity; but far from giving Way to them, the more she felt them touch her, the more earnest she was to leave the Room. Count, said she, you spend your Breath in vain; I will not hear you. Do not hold me; let me be gone out of a House, where my Virtue is in Danger; or by my Outcry I will bring in the whole Neighbourhood, and make your Audaciousness publick. She spoke this with so big a Tone, that *la Chichona*, who had Reasons enow to avoid coming in the Magistrates Way, begg'd the Count to push the Thing no farther. At which he ceas'd to oppose *Leonora's* Will; she disengag'd herself from his Hands; and, which had never happen'd to any Virgin before, went the same out of the Closet, as she came in.

SHE made directly to her Governante, Come, Madam, said she, break off this impertinent Conversation: We are impos'd on; let us leave this dangerous House. What is the Matter, Child, answer'd *Marcella*, with Astonishment, what makes you want to be gone so in a Hurry? You shall know, reply'd *Leonora*: But first let us fly; for every Moment I stay here gives me fresh Pain. As eager as the *Dueña* was to know the Occasion of this hasty Parting, she cou'd not be inform'd upon the Spot. She was oblig'd to yield to *Leonora's* Instances; accordingly they flew out of Doors in an Instant, leaving *la Chichona*, the Count

and his Valet in the same Confusion as the Actors are in, when they have perform'd a Play which has been his'd by the Pit.

WHEN *Leonora* saw herself in the Street, she began in a mighty Agony to give her Governante an Account of what had pass'd in *la Chichona's* Closer. Madam *Marcella* heard her very attentively; and when they came home, I must confess, Child, said she, what you have told me mortifies me extremely. How, in the Name of Wonder, cou'd I be so over-reach'd by that doating old Woman? I made a Difficulty to follow her at first. I wish I had persisted in it. I ought to have distrusted the fair honest Face she set upon the Matter. I have committed a Folly not to be forgiven one of my Experience. Why did you not let me know the Cheat while we were in the House? I wou'd have belabour'd the Faces of them: I wou'd have given Count *Belflor* his own in both Ears, and pull'd off the Beard of the Counterfeit old Man in a trice. But I will step back this Moment, and return the Money I receiv'd there as the Restitution of a real Debt, and if I find them together, they shall lose nothing by waiting. At this away she rush'd full speed to *la Chichona's* Lodgings.

THE Count was still there: he was distracted at the bad Success of his Stratagem; and another, in his Place, wou'd have abandon'd the Design; but he was not at all dishearten'd. With a thousand good Qualities he had this ill one, that he resign'd himself too much to the strong Disposition he had to Love; and when he fancy'd a Woman, pursu'd her Favours too impetuously; and tho' he was naturally an honest Man, he was capable at such a Time of violating the most sacred Rights to accomplish his Desires. Reflecting therefore, that it was impossible for him to carry the Point he propos'd without Madam *Marcella's* Assistance, he resolv'd to spare no Cost to bring her into his Interest. This *Duenna*, as severe as she seem'd to be, wou'd not be Proof, he thought, to a considerable Present,

sent, and he was not mistaken in his Opinion; and if there are Governantes who are faithful, it is because the Gallants want either Generosity or Riches.

AS soon as Madam *Marcella* enter'd the Door, and perceiv'd the three Persons there she wish'd for, she burst into Scolding like a Fury; she call'd the Count a Million of scandalous Names, and sent the Restitution-Ducats in a Volley at the *Valet de Chambre's* Head. The Count sustain'd the Tempest with unparallel'd Patience, and falling on his Knees before the *Duenna* to make the Scene more affecting, press'd her to take the Purse again, and offer'd her a thousand Pistoles beside, conjuring her to pity him. As her Compassion had never been solicited so powerfully before, she was not inexorable. She presently hush'd her Invectives, and comparing in her Thoughts the Sum now tender'd her, with the slender Recompence she expected from *Don Lewis*, *Leonora's* Father, she saw she shou'd get more by mis-leading *Leonora* from her Duty, than by retaining her in it. Accordingly, after some slight Contention, she took the Purse again, accepted the Offer of the Pistoles, and promis'd to serve the Count in his Amour, and conscientiously set about the Execution of her Promise without Delay.

AS *Leonora*, she knew, was of a virtuous Principle, she was very cautious not to give her any Suspicion of her Intelligence with the Count; lest she shou'd acquaint her Father; and projecting to ruin her in an artful Manner, she thus began with her at her Return: I have satisfy'd my Indignation, *Leonora*; I catch'd the three Rascals on the Spot, who were all amaz'd at your couragious Retreat. I have threatned *la Chichona* with your Father's Resentment, and the Rigour of the Law, and heap'd upon Count *Belflor* all the ill Names my Passion cou'd suggest. I hope his Lordship will make no such Attempt again, and that his Gallantries will cease hereafter to exercise my Vigilance. I thank Heaven that by your Resolution you have escap'd the Snare which was laid for you. I weep for Joy, and am
in

in a Transport that he has reap'd no Advantage by his Artifice; for these great Lords take a Diversion in seducing young Women. The Generality even of those who value themselves upon their Honesty, make no Scruple of it; as if there was no Evil in blemishing a Family. I do not say absolutely the Count is one of this Character, nor that he means to delude you; we must not always judge ill of our Neighbour: Perhaps his Designs towards you are lawful; for tho' by his Rank, he may pretend to the first Alliances in the Court, your Beauty may have made him resolve to marry you. I remember also that in the Answers he made to my Reproaches, he intimated something of it to me. What do ye say, good Governante? interrupted *Leonora*; if he had such a Design, he wou'd have ask'd me of my Father before now, who wou'd not refuse me to a Person of his Figure.

WHAT you say, reply'd the Governess, is very just, and I am of the same Opinion; this irregular Step of the Count looks suspiciously, or rather his Intentions cannot be good. I cou'd afford to run back once more, and give him another Lecture. No, Madam, said *Leonora*, it is better to forget what is past, and revenge our selves by slighting it. Very true, answer'd Madam *Marcella*, I believe that is the best Way; you have more Discretion than I. But on the other Hand, don't we mis-judge the Count's Sentiments? How do we know he did not contrive this in order to declare his Passion in a more delicate Manner? Perhaps he is willing, before he obtains your Father's Consent, to pay you long Services, in order to deserve your Favour, and assure himself of your Heart, that your Union may be the more fix'd and charming. If it were so, Daughter, wou'd it be a mighty Crime to hearken to him? Open your Mind to me; you know my Tenderness for you; tell me plainly, do you perceive an Inclination in yourself to the Count, or have you an Aversion to marry him?

AT this malicious Question, the too sincere *Leonora* cast down her Eyes, and blushing own'd, she had no Dislike to him ; but as her Modesty wou'd not suffer her to declare herself more fully, the *Duenna* press'd her again to conceal nothing ; and the Governante's affectionate Declarations vanquishing her, Since you will have me speak freely, Madam, says she, know I esteem Count *Belflor* deserving to be lov'd. He looks so handsome, and I have heard him spoken of so advantageously, that I cou'd not help being mov'd by his Gallantries. The indefatigable Application you have us'd to disappoint them has often made me very uneasy, and I confess I have lamented it sometimes, and by my Sighs recompenced the Trouble your Vigilance has made him suffer. I will acknowledge also that instead of hating him after this rash Action of his, my Heart, in Spite of me, excuses him, and charges the Fault upon your Severity. Child, said the Governante, since you give me Ground to believe his Addresses will be agreeable to you, I wou'd have you manage this Lover. The Service you offer to do me, reply'd *Leonora* tenderly, wins my Heart. Tho' the Count were not of the first Rank in the Court, tho' he were only a Gentleman, I shou'd prefer him to all other Men ; but let us not flatter ourselves ; *Belflor* is a great Lord, and is undoubtedly destin'd for one of the richest Heiresses of the Kingdom. Never let us fancy he will stoop to the Daughter of *Don Lewis*, who has only a moderate Fortune to offer him. No, no, added she, he has no such favourable Sentiments for me. He does not look on me as one who deserves to bear his Name ; he only designs to injure me.

WHAT ! cry'd the *Duenna*, do you think he does not love you enough to marry you ? Love works the greatest Miracles every Day. It seems, according to your Opinion, there is an infinite Distance between the Count and you. Do yourself Justice, my good Child ; it will be no Abasement to him to marry you : You are of an ancient Family of Quality, and he need not be asham'd of your Alliance.

Since

Since you have an Inclination for him, continu'd she, I must talk with him: I will know the Bottom of his Designs; and if they are such as they ought to be, I will flatter him with some Degree of Hope. By no means, cry'd *Leonora*; I am against your going to him; for if he shou'd suspect my having any Part in that Step, he wou'd value me no longer. O, I have more Discretion than you imagine, reply'd the Lady *Marcella*; I shall begin with reproaching him for having a Design to corrupt you; upon which he will not fail to be eager to justify himself; I will mind what he says, and shall discover what he means. In short, Child, leave it to me, I will be as careful of your Honour as of my own.

THE *Duenna* put on her Cloak, and went out at the Beginning of the Evening. She found *Belflor* lingering about *Don Lewis's* House, and gave him an Account of the Conversation she had with her Mistress, and did not forget to boast how artfully she had discover'd that she lov'd him. Nothing cou'd be more grateful to the Count than this Discovery; he thank'd the good Lady *Marcella* for it, in the strongest Terms, that is, he promis'd to pay her the thousand Pistoles the next Day, and presum'd upon the good Success of his Enterprize, because he knew a young Girl whose Affections are engag'd, is half conquer'd. They parted then wonderfully satisfy'd on each Side, and the Reverend *Duenna* return'd to her Lodging.

LEONORA, who waited for her with much Uneasiness, ask'd her what News she brought; The best in the World, answer'd the Governante. I have seen the Count. I tell you, Child, his Intention is not criminal; he has no other Aim than to marry you. He has sworn so to me by every Thing that is most sacred among Men. I was not wheedled away by this, as you may think I was. If this is your Purpose, said I to him, why do not you make the usual Advances to *Don Lewis*? Ah! my dear *Marcella*, answer'd he, without seeming embarrass'd at the Question, wou'd you have approv'd it, that before I knew what *Le-*

mona thought of me, and following the Transports of a blind Passion, I shou'd have tyrannically obtain'd her of her Father? No; her Repose is dearer to me than my own Desires, and I am too much a Man of Honour to venture to make her unhappy.

WHILE he was talking after this Manner, continu'd the *Duenna*, I observ'd him with the strictest Attention, and exerted all my Experience to discover by his Eyes whether he was really so heartily in Love as he represented. He seem'd to me to be seiz'd with a sincere Passion; which made me so glad, that I had much to do to hide it from him. However when I was convinced of his Sincerity, in order to secure you so important a Lover, I judg'd it proper to let him understand your Sentiments. My Lord, said I, *Leonora* has no Aversion to you. I know she esteems you, and as far as I can judge, her Heart will not fly from your Pursuit. What do I hear? cry'd he in a Transport of Joy! Is it possible the charming *Leonora* shou'd be dispos'd in my Favour? How infinitely am I oblig'd to you, good *Marcella*, for having rescu'd me from such a tedious Uncertainty? I am the more ravish'd with this News, as it comes from you. You who were always so prejudiced against me, and have made me suffer so much. But compleat my Happiness, my dear *Marcella*, introduce me to speak with the Divine *Leonora*. I will plight my Faith to her, and swear before you to marry no other. To all this, pursu'd the Governante, he added other Things even more moving. In short, my Daughter, he begg'd me in so pressing a Manner to promise him a private Interview with you, that I cou'd not refuse him. Ah! why did you make him such a Promise? cry'd *Leonora* with some Emotion. A discreet young Woman, you have told me a thousand times, ought absolutely to avoid those Conversations, which are always dangerous. I agree, said the *Duenna*, that I have told you so, and it is a very good Maxim. But you may dispense with it upon this Occasion, since you may look upon the Count as your Husband.

band. He is not so yet, reply'd *Leonora*, and I ought not to see him till my Father has allow'd of his Application.

THE Lady *Marcella* at this repented she had brought up the Girl so well, since there was so much Difficulty to overcome her Modesty. However resolving to carry her Point whatever it cost her, My dear *Leonora*, said she, I am rejoiced to see you so reserv'd. Happy Effect of my honest Care! You have profited by the Lessons I have given you. I am charm'd with my Labour! But you go beyond what I taught you, and carry my Instruction too far. Your Virtue, I find, is too rigid. As much as I am for Encouraging Severity, I cannot approve of a four Discretion which is prejudiced against Guilt and Innocence without Distinction. A young Woman does not cease to be virtuous by giving a Lover a Hearing, when she knows the Chastity of his Desires; and it is not more criminal to answer his Passion, than to be sensible of it. Rely upon me, *Leonora*; I have too much Experience, and am too much in your Interest, to put you upon a Thing which may injure you.

ALAS, where wou'd you have me see the Count? said *Leonora*. In your own Apartment, answer'd the *Duenna*; that is the safest Place. I will introduce him there Tomorrow in the Evening. You cannot have such a Thought, reply'd *Leonora*; shall I suffer a Man-----Yes, you shall suffer him, interrupted the Governante; it is no such extraordinary Thing as you imagine. It is done every Day, and wou'd to Heaven all the Ladies who receive such sort of Visits had such good Intentions as yours. Besides; what shou'd you fear? Shall not I be with you? If my Father shou'd surprize us? reply'd *Leonora*. Make yourself easy as to that, answer'd the Lady *Marcella*; your Father is very well satisfy'd in your Conduct: He knows my Fidelity; and has an entire Confidence in me. *Leonora* being so strongly urg'd by the *Duenna*, and secretly incited by her Love, cou'd resist no longer, but consented to what was propos'd.

THE Count was soon inform'd of it, and was so overjoy'd, that he gave his Agent five hundred Pistoles upon the Spot, with a Ring of the same Value. The Lady *Marcella* seeing he kept his Promise so well, scorn'd to be less punctual in keeping hers. Accordingly the next Night, when she thought the House was all settled, she fasten'd a Ladder of Silk, which the Count had given her, to the Balcony, and thereby introduced him into her Mistress's Apartment.

THE young Lady in the mean time was full of restless Reflections. As much inclin'd as she was to the Count, and in spite of all her Governante cou'd say to her, she reproach'd herself for having had the Weakness to admit a Visit which wou'd blemish her Duty; to receive into her Chamber by Night a Man who had not her Father's Approbation, and of whose real Sentiments she herself was ignorant, seem'd an Action not only criminal, but what even her Lover must condemn. This last Thought gave her most Pain, and she was taken up with it, when the Count came in.

HE immediately threw himself at her Knees, to thank her for the Favour she had done him. He seem'd to be wholly possess'd with Love and Gratitude, and assur'd her it was his Design to marry her; yet as he did not enlarge upon that so much as she cou'd have wish'd, Count, said she, I am very willing to believe you have no other Intention than what you mention; but whatever Assurances you are able to give me of it, I shall always suspect 'em, till they are authoriz'd by my Father's Consent. Madam, answer'd *Belflor*, I shou'd have ask'd it long ago, if I had not been afraid of obtaining it at the Expence of your Repose. I do not blame you for not having done it as yet, reply'd *Leonora*; nay, I approve your Nicety; but nothing restrains you now, and you must either speak to *Don Lewis* out of hand, or resolve to see me no more.

AND why shou'd I not see you, beautiful *Leonora*; said he. I wish you were more sensible of the Sweets of Love.

If

If you understood how to love as well I, you would find a Pleasure in receiving my Addresses in private, and in concealing them, at least for a Time, from your Father's Knowledge. How charming is such a secret Intelligence to two Hearts closely united! It may be such to you, said *Leonora*, but it would only give me Trouble. This Delicacy of Affection does not suit with a young Woman who is virtuous. Extol no more to me the Pleasure of such a blameable Commerce. If you have any Esteem for me, you will not propose it; and if your Intentions are such as you would persuade me they are, you ought in your Heart to censure me for not being offended at it. But alas! added she, letting fall some Tears, I must impute this Affront only to my own Weakness; I have deserved it, by doing for you what I have done.

ADORABLE *Leonora*, cry'd the Count, you do me the highest Injury. Your Virtue is too scrupulous, and takes a false Alarm. What, because I have been happy enough to prevail on you to be favourable to my Love, are you afraid I should cease to honour you? How unjust is this! No, Madam, I know the inestimable Value of your Kindness. It can never lessen my Esteem of you, and I am ready to do what you require of me. I will speak to *Don Lewis* To-morrow. I will use all my Power to get him to consent to my Happiness; but I will not conceal from you that I see little Appearance of it. What do you say? reply'd *Leonora*; can my Father refuse the Application of a Man of your Rank in the Court? It is my Rank, return'd *Belflor*, which makes me fear his Refusal. You are surpris'd at my Words; but you will soon forbear to wonder. Some Days ago the King declar'd he would marry me; he has not nam'd the Lady he designs for me; he has only given me to understand she is one of the first Quality, and that he has this Marriage very much at Heart. As I was ignorant what your Sentiments might be towards me, for your Severity, you know, has not suffer'd me to discover them, I did not express any Repugnance to his Will. Af-

ter this, judge, Madam, whether *Don Lewis* will be willing to run the Risque of drawing the King's Anger upon him by accepting me for his Son-in-Law.

NO, undoubtedly, said *Leonora*; I know my Father, how advantageous soever your Alliance may be to him, will sooner renounce it, than expose himself to the King's Displeasure. But tho' my Father shou'd not oppose our Union, we shou'd not be the better for it; for how can you give a Hand which the King intends dispose of elsewhere? Madam, answer'd *Belflor*, I will freely own to you, that this Circumstance embarrasses me extremely. However I hope, by observing a very nice Conduct with the King, I shall manage his Mind so well and the Friendship he has for me, that I shall find a Way to avoid the Misfortune which threatens me. You will be able to assist me in it, beautiful *Leonora*, if you think me worthy your Alliance. In what Manner, said she, can I contribute to break off the Marriage the King has propos'd to you? Ah! Madam, reply'd he with a passionate Air, if you will receive my Vow, I can easily reserve myself for you without offending my Prince. Permit me, lovely *Leonora*, added he, casting himself at her Feet, permit me to marry you in the Presence of the Lady *Marcella*, who will be a responsible Witness for the Sacredness of our Ingagement. I shall thereby deliver myself without Trouble from the cruel Bands which are preparing for me: For after this, when the King presses me to take the Lady he designs, I will throw myself at his Feet, and tell him I have lov'd you long since, and have espous'd you privately. As eager as he may be to marry me with the other, he is too gracious to tear me from her I love, and too just to put such an Affront upon your Family. What do you think, prudent *Marcella*, continu'd he turning toward the Governante, what do you think of this Invention with which Love inspires me? I am charm'd with it, said the Lady *Marcella*; it must be own'd Love is very ingenious. And you, fair *Leonora*, said the Count, what do you say to it? Will your Mind,

Mind, prejudiced with Distrust, refuse to approve it? No, answer'd *Leonora*, provided you will fetch my Father hither; I do not doubt but he will subscribe to what you mention.

WE must by no Means acquaint him with it, interrupted the *Duenna*; you do not know *Don Lewis*; he is too delicate in Points of Honour, to agree to private Amours. The Proposal of a secret Marriage will offend him. Beside, his Prudence will not fail to make him fear the Consequences of an Union which will seem to clash with the King's Designs. By this indiscreet Proceeding you will give him a Suspicion, his Eyes will be always watching our Actions, and he will deprive you of the Means of seeing one another. Ah! I shou'd die with Grief at that, said our Courtier. But, Madam *Marcella*, pursu'd he affecting a troubled Air, do you really think *Don Lewis* wou'd reject the Proposal of a conceal'd Marriage? Never doubt it, answer'd the Governante; tho' I should be glad if he wou'd like it. But regular and scrupulous as he is, he will never agree that the Ceremonies of the Church shou'd be omitted, and if they are perform'd at your Marriage, the Thing will soon be divulg'd.

AH! my dear *Leonora*, said the Count then, tenderly pressing her Hand between his own, must we, to humour an idle Notion of Decency, expose ourselves to the dreadful Danger of being separated for ever? You need no one beside yourself to give yourself to me. Your Father's Consent perhaps may make you less uneasy; but since the Lady *Marcella* has shewn us the Impossibility of obtaining it, yield to my innocent Desires; receive my Heart and my Hand; and when it shall be a fit Time to inform *Don Lewis* of our Contract, we will acquaint him with the Reasons we had to hide it from him. Well, Count, said *Leonora*, I consent to your not speaking of it to my Father so soon. But sound the King's Mind, and before I receive your Hand in private, talk with him, and tell him if there is Occasion, that you have espous'd me secretly.

Try

Try by this false Declaration----- O, no, Madam, reply'd *Belflor*, I am too great an Enemy of Lying, to dare to undertake such a Fiction; I cannot betray myself so far. Beside, I know the King; if he shou'd happen to find out that I deceiv'd him, he wou'd not forgive me while he liv'd.

IT wou'd be endless to repeat Word for Word all that *Belflor* said to seduce this innocent Lady. But tho' he swore he wou'd as soon as possible publickly confirm the Faith he gave her in private, and call'd Heaven to witness to his Oaths, he cou'd not triumph over *Leonora's* Virtue; and the Day beginning to appear, oblig'd him in spite of him to withdraw.

THE next Day, the Governante believing it concern'd her Honour, or rather her Interest, not to abandon her Enterprize; *Leonora*, cry'd she, I am at a Loss what to say to you. I see you are set against the Count's Passion, as if it were intended only for a Gallantry. Have you observ'd any thing in his Person that offends you? No, Madam, answer'd *Leonora*; on the contrary, he never seem'd more amiable; and his Conversation has made me discover new Charms in him. If it is so, reply'd the Governante, I do not comprehend you. You are prejudiced for him with a violent Inclination, and you refuse to agree to a Thing, the Necessity of which has been shewn you. Mother, return'd the Daughter of *Don Lewis*, you have more Prudence and more Experience than I. But have you well consider'd the Consequences of a Marriage contracted without my Father's Leave? Yes, yes, said the *Duenna*, I have made all the Reflections upon it necessary; and am sorry to see you so obstinately oppose the shining Advancement Fortune offers you. Take care your Stubbornness does not weary out and baffle your Lover. Be afraid lest he shou'd turn his Eyes upon the Promotion of his Fortune, which the Violence of his Passion now makes him neglect. Since he is willing to give you his Faith, accept it without hesitating. His Word binds him; nothing

thing is more sacred to a Man of Honour. Beside, I am Witness that he owns you for his Wife. Do not you know that such an Evidence as mine is sufficient to cast at Law a Lover who shou'd presume to perjure himself?

IT was by such Discourses as these that the perfidious *Marcella* stagger'd *Leonora*, who in a few Days after resign'd herself very innocently to the evil Intentions of the Count; whom the *Duenna* introduced every Night into her Mistress's Chamber by the Balcony, and let him out before Day.

ONE Night, when she had summon'd him away something later than ordinary, and the Morning already began to peep, he started up in haste to get down into the Street, but had the Misfortune to take his Measures so wrong, that he fell to the Ground. *Don Lewis de Cespedes*, who lay in the Chamber over his Daughter's, and was up early that Morning about some very urgent Affairs, heard the Noise of the Fall; he open'd his Window to see what it was, and perceiv'd a Man endeavouring to rise with much Difficulty, and the Lady *Marcella* in his Daughter's Balcony, who was pulling up the Silk-Ladder, which the Count had not made such good use of in descending as in mounting. He rubb'd his Eyes, and took this Spectacle at first for an Illusion; but having thoroughly consider'd it, he concluded it was real, and that the Day-light, as weak as it was, discover'd his Dishonour too clearly. Being vex'd at this fatal Sight, and transported by a just Fury, he went down in his Gown to *Leonora's* Room, with his Sword in one Hand, and a Candle in the other, in order to sacrifice her and the Governante to his Resentment. He knock'd at the Chamber Door, and order'd them to open it: They knew his Voice, and obey'd him trembling. He enter'd with a furious Air, and shewing his naked Sword to their astonish'd Eyes; I come, said he, to wash out with the Blood of an infamous Child, the Affront she has done to her Father, and to punish at the same the lewd Governante who has betray'd my Trust.

THEY

THEY both threw themselves on their Knees before him; and the *Duenna* beginning, Sir, said she, before we receive the Chastisement you prepare for us, vouchsafe to hear me a Moment. Well, base Wretch, reply'd the old Man, I consent to suspend my Vengeance for an Instant. Speak, let me know all the Circumstances of my Misfortune; but why do I say all the Circumstances? I am ignorant but of one, and that is, the Name of the audacious Villain who dishonours my Family. Sir, answer'd the Lady *Marcella*, the Count *de Belflor* is the Gentleman concern'd. The Count *de Belflor*! cry'd *Don Lewis*; where has he seen my Daughter? By what Means has he seduced her, hide nothing from me. Sir, return'd the Governante, I will relate you the Story with all the Sincerity I can.

SHE repeated to him then very artfully all the Discourses she had made *Leonora* believe the Count had held with her; and painted him in the brightest Colours of a Lover, tender, nice and true. As she cou'd not escape discovering the Truth, she was oblig'd to speak it: but enlarg'd on the Reasons which they had to make that private Marriage without his Knowledge, and gave them so happy a Turn, that she appeas'd the Passion of *Don Lewis*. She discern'd it, and in order to bring him perfectly into Temper, This Sir, said she, is what you desir'd to know. Punish us now, plunge your Sword in *Leonora's* Bosom. But what do I say? *Leonora* is innocent, and has only follow'd the Counsels of her to whom you committed her Conduct. It is myself alone upon whom the Stroke ought to fall. It is I who have introduced the Count into your Daughter's Apartment. It is I who have made the Knot which binds them. I shut my Eyes to all the Irregularities of a Contract, which was not authorized by you, in order to secure to you a Son-in-Law, thro' whose Hands all the Favours of the Court at present are dispens'd. I had no other View than *Leonora's* Happiness, and the Advantage your Family might derive from such an Alliance, and the Excess of my Zeal has made me betray my Duty.

WHILE the crafty *Marcella* was pleading in this Manner, her Mistress wept without ceasing, and shew'd so deep a Sorrow, that the good old Man cou'd not resist it. He was soften'd by it, and his Anger chang'd to Compassion. He dropp'd his Sword, and putting off the Air of an incens'd Father, Ah! my Daughter, cry'd he with Tears in his Eyes, how fatal a Passion is Love! Alas, you know not all the Reasons you have to afflict yourself. The Shame alone which arises from the Presence of a Father who has surpriz'd you, now excites your Tears. You do not yet foresee all the Occasions of Grief, which your Lover perhaps is preparing for you. And upon what a Rock, imprudent *Marcella*, has your indiscreet Zeal for my Family thrown us? The Alliance of such a Man as the Count, was enough, I confess, to dazzle you; and it is that alone which saves you in my Opinion; but Wretch as you are, shou'd you not have distrust'd a Lover of his Character? The more Interest and Favour he has, the more ought you to be on your Guard against him. If he shou'd make no Scruple to violate his Faith to *Leonora*, what must I do? Shall I ask the Relief of the Laws? A Person of his Rank will easily protect himself from their Rigour. I wish he may be true to his Oaths, and have a Mind to keep his Promise to my Daughter; but if the King, as he told you, designs to have him marry another Lady, it is to be fear'd he will oblige him to it by his Authority.

AS for obliging him to it, Sir, interrupted *Leonora*, we have no Cause to be alarm'd at that. The Count has very well assured us, the King will not offer so great a Violence to his Inclination. I am persuaded of it, said the Lady *Marcella*; the King loves his Favourite too much, to use him so tyrannically, and is too generous to be willing to bring such a mortal Affliction on the brave *Don Lewis de Cespedes*, who has spent his best Days in serving the State. Heaven grant, reply'd the old Man sighing, that my Fears may be vain! I will go to the Count, and demand him to explain himself on this Subject. A Father's Eyes are quick-

sighted.

fought. I shall see to the Bottom of his Soul. If I find him in the Disposition I wish, I shall forgive what is pass'd : but, added he in a bigger Tone, if in his Discourse I discern a perfidious Heart, you shall both away to Retirement, there to lament your Imprudence the rest of your Days. At these Words he took up his Sword, and leaving them to recover from the Fright in which he had put them, he return'd to his Chamber to dress.

EARLY in the Morning *Don Lewis* went to the Count, who not imagining that he was discover'd, was surpriz'd at his Visit. He came out to meet the old Gentleman, and having smother'd him almost with Embraces ; *Don Lewis*, said he, I am over-joy'd to see you here. Is there any Opportunity for me to serve you? My Lord, answer'd *Don Lewis*, give Orders, if you please, that we may be alone. *Belfor* obey'd ; and being both seated, *Don Lewis* thus began : My Lord, said he, my Honour and my Repose require the Explanation from you which I came to ask. I saw you this Morning go out of *Leonora's* Apartment. She has confess'd the whole to me, and has told me---- She has told you that I love her, (interrupted the Count, in order to turn off a Discourse he was unwilling to understand,) but she has very faintly express'd to you all I feel for her. I am charm'd with her, she is beyond Description. Wit, Beauty, Virtue, and all other Accomplishments are in her to Perfection. I have heard you have a Son also, who follows his Studies at *Alcala*; pray, is he like his Sister? If he has her Beauty, and resembles you in other Respects, he must be a compleat Gentleman. I die with Desire to see him, and offer you what Interest I have to serve him.

I am greatly indebted to you for this Offer, return'd *Don Lewis* gravely; but let us come to that which---- He must be put into the Service out of Hand, interrupted the Count. I undertake for his Fortune, and can assure you, he shall not grow old among the Crowd of inferior Officers. Answer me, Count, reply'd the old Gentleman roughly,

and cease to divert the Discourse. Do yo design, or not, to keep the Promise----- Yes undoubtedly, interrupted *Belflor* a third time, I will keep the Promise I make you to support your Son with all my Interest. Depend upon me; I am a Man of Integrity. This is too much, Count, cry'd *Cespedes* rising; after having seduced my Daughter, you have the Boldness also to insult me. But I am a Gentleman, and the Affront you offer me shall not go unpunish'd. Having said these Words, he went away with a Heart full of Resentment, and revolving a thousand Projects of Revenge in his Mind.

WHEN he came home, says he to *Leonora* and the Lady *Marcella* with the highest Agitation, It was not without Reason that I suspected the Count; he is a Traytor, and I will be reveng'd on him. As for you, To-morrow you shall both go into a Convent. You have nothing to do, but to prepare for it, and thank Heaven that my Anger is contented with this Chastisement. Thus saying he shut himself up in his Closet, to consider soberly what Measures to take in so curious a Conjunction.

WHAT was *Leonora's* Grief, when she heard that *Belflor* was false! she stood some time without Motion. A dead y Paleness overspread her Countenance; her Spirits forsook her, and she fell down in the Arms of her Governante, who thought she was going to expire. The *Duenna* try'd every way to bring her out of her Swoon; she succeeded, and *Leonora* came to her Senses; she open'd her Eyes, and seeing the Governante busy'd in helping her, How barbarous are you, said she, fetching a profound Sigh! why have you brought me from the happy Condition in which I was? I was not then sensible of the Horror of my Destiny. Why did you not let me die? you who know the Sorrows which must disturb the Quiet of my Life, why have you sav'd me?

MARCELLA endeavour'd to comfort her, which only made her grieve the more. All your Words, cry'd the Daughter of *Don Lewis*, are superfluous. I will hear nothing.

and Leonora de Cespedes. For

thing. Do not lose time in opposing my Despair, you ought rather to promote it; you who have plung'd me in this Abyss. It was you who answer'd for the Count's Sincerity; and without you I shou'd not have yielded to the Inclination I had for him. I shou'd have vanquish'd it by Degrees; at least he wou'd have receiv'd no Advantage from it. But I will not, pursu'd she, impute my Misfortune to you; I charge it on myself. I shou'd not have follow'd your Counsels, in accepting the Vow of a Man without my Father's Knowledge. As glorious as the Courtship of the Count *de Belflor* might be to me, I shou'd have despis'd it, rather than encourag'd it at the Expence of my Reputation. In short, I ought to have distrusted him, and you, and myself, after having been so weak as to resign myself to his perfidious Oaths; after the Affliction I have caus'd to the unhappy *Don Lewis*, and the Dishonour I have done my Family, I abhor myself; and, far from fearing the Retreat with which I am threaten'd, I cou'd willingly hide my Head in the most hideous Obscurity. As she spoke thus, she was not content to weep plentifully, but rent her Garments, and tore her beautiful Hair for the Injustice of her Lover.

THE *Duenna*, in order to conform herself to her Mistress's Sorrow, did not spare her Grimaces. She dropp'd some Tears which she had at Command, and made a thousand Imprecations against Men in general, and against *Belflor* in particular. Is it possible, cry'd she, that the Count, who appear'd to me so full of Truth and Probity, shou'd be wicked enough to deceive us both? I cannot recover from my Surprise, or rather I cannot persuade myself of it.

INDEED, said *Leonora*, when I represent him to myself at my Knees, what Virgin wou'd not have trusted his tender Air, and his Oaths to which he so boldly call'd Heav'n to witness, and the Transports he constantly express'd? His Eyes also shew'd even more Love, than his Tongue utter'd: In short, he seem'd to be enchanted with

the Sight of me. No, he did not deceive me: I cannot think so. My Father perhaps has not talk'd to him with sufficient Discretion: They were both angry, and the Count has answer'd him more like a Lord than a Lover. Yet perhaps I flatter myself: I must get out of this Uncertainty. I will write to *Belflor*, and acquaint him, that I expect him To-night; I must have him come to satisfy my Heart, or confirm his Treachery himself. The Lady *Marcella* applauded the Design; and had even some Hope, that the Count, as ambitious as he was, wou'd be touch'd with the Tears which *Leonora* wou'd shed at the Interview, and resolve to marry her.

IN the mean time *Belflor* having rid himself of honest *Don Lewis*, began to reflect on the Consequences which might arise from the Reception he gave him. He rightly judg'd that the Family of the *Cespedes*, being provok'd at the Injury, wou'd meditate Revenge. But this troubled him very little. The Interest of his Love affected him much more: *Leonora* he thought wou'd be sent to Monastery, or at least that she wou'd be kept up; and that in all Appearance he shoud see her no more. This Apprehension afflicted him; and he was studying some means to prevent this Misfortune, when his Servant brought him a Letter, which the Lady *Marcella* had just put into his Hands. It was from *Leonora*, and these were the Contents: *To-morrow I must leave the World, and go and bury myself in a Retreat. To see myself dishonour'd, and become odious to my Family and myself, is the deplorable Condition to which I am reduced by having listen'd to you. I expect you To-night. In my Despair I seek for new Torments. Come and own to me that your Heart had no Part in the Oaths your Tongue pronounced; or justify them by a Behaviour which alone can soften the Rigour of my Destiny. As there may be some Danger in this Meeting, after what has pass'd between you and my Father, bring some Friend with you. Tho' you make all the Unhappiness of my Life, I feel myself yet concern'd for yours.*

THE Count read the Letter two or three times, and representing to himself *Leonora* in the Situation she describ'd, he was mov'd. He turn'd his Thoughts inward; Reason, Probity and Honour, all the Laws of which his Passion had made him violate, began to resume their Empire over him. He felt his Blindness break away at once; and as a Man coming out of a violent Fit of a Fever blushes at the extravagant Words and Actions which escap'd him, he was asham'd of all the base Artifices he had employ'd to accomplish his Desires. Wretch, said he, what have I done? What Demon has possess'd me? I have promis'd *Leonora* Marriage; and have taken Heaven to Witness. I have feign'd that the King had propos'd a Match to me. Lying, Perfidiousness and Sacrilege, all I have made use of to corrupt the Innocent. What a Madness was it! Would it not have been better to have exerted my Endeavours to subdue my Love, than to have satisfy'd it by such criminal Ways? In the mean while here is a Virgin of Rank seduced. I abandon her to the Rage of her Relations whom I dishonour with her, and I make her miserable for having made me happy. What Ingratitude is this! Ought I not rather to repair her Honour, and the Outrage I have done her? Yes, I ought; and I will, by marrying her, fulfill the Promise I have given. Who can oppose so just a Design? Shou'd her Favours prejudice me against her Virtue? No; I am sensible how much it cost me to overcome her Resistance. She surrender'd not so much to my Transports, as to the Faith I swore — But on the other Hand, if I acquiesce in this Choice, I do myself a considerable Injury. I, who may aspire to the most noble and the richest Heiress of the Kingdom, shall I content myself with the Daughter of a common Gentleman, who has only a moderate Estate? What will they think of me at Court? They will say I have marry'd very foolishly.

BELFLOR, divided thus between Love and Ambition, knew not what to resolve; but tho' he was uncertain

whether he shou'd marry *Leonora*, or not, he yet determin'd to go to her the next Night.

DON LEWIS, on his Part, spent the Day in considering how to restore his Honour. He thought it was a very tender Conjunction. To have Recourse to the Laws, wou'd render his Disgrace more publick; besides, he fear'd Justice wou'd be on one Side, and the Judges on the other; and he dar'd as little to go and fling himself at the King's Feet. As he believ'd the King had a Design to marry *Belflor*, he was afraid his Application wou'd be in vain. There remain'd no Remedy therefore but that of Arms, and this was what he fix'd on. In the Heat of his Resentment, he was tempted to send the Count a Challenge; but reflecting that he was too old and too feeble to venture to trust his Arm, he chose rather to commit it to his Son, whose Thrusts, he thought, wou'd be more sure than his own. Accordingly he sent his Servant to *Alcala* with a Letter for his Son, in which he charg'd him to come to *Madrid* immediately, to revenge an Affront offer'd to the Family of the *Céspedes*.

HIS Son, whose Name was *Don Pedro*, was a Gentleman of eighteen Years old, perfectly well-made; and so brave, that in the Town of *Alcala* he pass'd for the greatest Hero among the Scholars in the University. He was not then at *Alcala*, as his Father imagin'd; for a Desire of seeing a Lady whom he lov'd, had drawn him to *Madrid*: The last time he had been there to visit his Family, he had made this Conquest at the (a) *Pardo*. He did not know her Name; and was injoin'd not to enquire after it; and he submitted, tho' with a great deal of Difficulty, to this cruel Necessity. It was a young Lady of Quality, who had conceiv'd a Kindness for him, and thinking she ought to distrust the Discretion and Constancy of a

(a) A large Forest with a Pleasure-House near *Madrid*, belonging to the Kings of Spain.

Scholar, she judg'd it proper to prove him well, before she discover'd herself to him. *Don Pedro's* Head ran more upon his unknown Mistress, than upon *Aristotle's* Philosophy; and the Shortness of the Way from *Madrid* to *Alcala* invited him frequently to play the Truant to see her. To conceal these amorous Journies from his Father, he us'd to lodge in a Publick House at the End of the Town, where he took Care to hide himself under a borrow'd Name. He never went out but in the Morning, at a certain Hour, when he repair'd to a House where this Lady, who spoil'd his Studies, was so kind as to meet him, accompany'd with her Chamber-Maid. After which he kept close in his Quarters the rest of the Day; but to make Amends, when Night came he rambled over the whole Town.

IT happen'd one Night, as he was walking thro' a By-Street, he heard some Voices and Instruments which seem'd to deserve his Attention. He stopp'd to listen: It was a Serenade. The Cavalier who gave it was fuddled, and naturally brutal. He no sooner discern'd our Scholar, than he went up to him hastily; and without other Compliments, Friend, said he in a surly Tone, go your Way, I love no impertinent Harkners. I might have withdrawn, answer'd *Don Pedro* shock'd at these Words, if you had desir'd me with a better Grace, but now I mean to stay to teach you how to speak. Let us see then, reply'd the Master of the Consort drawing his Sword, which of us shall give Place to the other. *Don Pedro* laid his Hand also on his Sword; and they began to fight. Tho' the Serenade-Gentleman acquitted himself with Skill enough, he cou'd not parry a mortal Push, which laid him flat on the Ground. All the Partners in the Musick, who had thrown by their Instruments, and drawn their Swords to run in to his Assistance, came up to revenge him. They attack'd *Don Pedro* in a Body, who on this Occasion shew'd what he was able to do. Beside his parrying all their Passes with a surprizing Agility, he made home Thrusts, and held them all in Play at a time. However they were so flesh'd,

and so many in Number, that as good a Swords-man as he was, he cou'd not have sav'd himself, if the Count *de Belflor*, who was then going along, had not taken his Part.

THE Count had Courage, and was very generous. He cou'd not see so many upon a single Man without interposing on his Side. He drew, and planting himself by *Don Pedro*, press'd the Serenaders so warmly, that they all took to their Heels, some being wounded, and others fearing to be so. After their Retreat, the Scholar wou'd have thank'd the Count for the Succour he had given him, but *Belflor* interrupted him; Let us leave this Discourse, said he; are you not wounded? No, answer'd *Don Pedro*. Let us make off then, reply'd the Count; I see you have kill'd a Man; It is dangerous for you to stay longer in this Street; the Officers of Justice may surprize you. They posted away, and turn'd into another Street, and being got to some Distance from that where the Combat happen'd, they stopp'd.

DON PEDRO, urg'd by the Motions of a just Gratitude, begg'd the Count not to conceal from him the Name of a Cavalier, to whom he was so highly oblig'd. *Belflor* told it him very readily, and also ask'd him his. The Scholar, not caring to discover himself, answer'd he was call'd *Don Juan de Matos*, and assur'd him he shou'd always remember what he had done for him. I will give you an Opportunity, said the Count, this Night of getting out of my Debt. I have a Meeting upon my Hands, which may be dangerous; and was going to look for a Friend to bear me Company. I know your Bravery; may I ask you, *Don Juan*, to go with me? To doubt it, return'd the Scholar, is to affront me; I cannot make a better Use of the Life you have sav'd, than to risk it for you. Come on; I am ready to follow you. *Belflor* then carry'd *Don Pedro* to *Don Lewis's* House, and both of them got up by the Balcony to *Leonora's* Apartment. As *Don Lewis* had remov'd some Days before to another Quarter of the Town,

his

his Son did not know it was his Father's House into which the Count introduced him, neither did he perceive it was the good Lady *Marcella* who usher'd them in, because she receiv'd them without Light in an Anti-chamber, where *Belflor* desir'd his Companion to stay while he was in his Lady's Room. The Scholar obey'd, and sat down in a Chair, with his naked Sword in his Hand for fear of a Surprise. He began to think upon *Belflor*'s Success in his Amour, and wish'd to be as happy himself; for tho' he was not us'd ill by his unknown Mistress, yet she was not quite so gracious to him as *Leonora* was to the Count. As he was pursuing these Reflections, he heard some Body trying gently to open a Door which was not that of the Lover's Chamber, and he saw a Light thro' the Key-hole. He started up, and advanced towards the Door, and hastily presented his Sword at his Father, who was coming to *Leonora*'s Apartment, to see whether the Count was not there. The good Man did not believe, that, after what had pass'd, his Daughter and *Marcella* wou'd dare to admit him again, and therefore he had not caus'd them to lie in another Apartment. However it came into his Mind, that before they went into the Monastery the next Day, perhaps they might be willing to see him for the last Time. Whoever thou art, said the Scholar, come not in here; if thou dost, it will cost thee thy Life. At these Words *Don Lewis* look'd on *Don Pedro*, who also look'd earnestly on him. They knew each other; Ah! my Son, cry'd the old Man, how impatiently have I expected you? Why did not you let me know you were come? Were you afraid of disturbing my Rest? Alas! I can take none in the cruel Situation I am in. O my Father, said *Don Pedro* very much troubled, is it you I see? Are not my Eyes deceiv'd by some false Resemblance? Whence proceeds this Astonishment? reply'd *Don Lewis*; are you not in your Father's House? Did not I send you Word that I remov'd hither eight Days ago? Just Heaven! answer'd the Scholar, what is this I hear? I am then in my Sister's Apartment.

JUST

JUST as he ended these Words, the Count, who heard a Noise, and thought some Body was attacking his Friend, came with his Sword in his Hand out of *Leonora's* Chamber. When the old Man perceiv'd him, he flew into a Passion, and shewing him to his Son, There, cry'd he, is the audacious Wretch, who has robb'd me of my Repose, and fix'd a mortal Stain upon our Honour. Let us be reveng'd, and make Haste to punish the Traytor. Thus saying, he drew his Sword which he had under his Night-Gown, and wou'd have assaulted the Count, but *Don Pedro* held him. Hold, my Father, said he; moderate, I pray you, the Transports of your Anger. What do you design, Son, answer'd the old Man, by holding my Arm? You imagine, without Doubt, that it has not Strength enough to avenge me. Well, do you then take Satisfaction for the Insult which is done us; it was for this I sent for you home to *Madrid*. If you fall, I will take your Place; the Count must either perish by our Swords, or take both our Lives, after he has taken our Honour.

SIR, reply'd *Don Pedro*, I cannot grant what your Impatience expects of me. I am so far from attempting the Life of the Count, that I came hither only to defend it. My Word is engag'd, and my Honour requires it. Let us be gone, Count, pursu'd he addressing himself to *Belflor*. Ah! Cowardly Wretch, interrupted *Don Lewis*, looking on his Son with an angry Eye, dost thou thy self oppose a Revenge which ought to awaken all thy Soul? My Son, my own Son is in the Interest of the Villain, who has corrupted my Daughter. But do not imagine to elude my Resentment. I will call in all my Domesticks, and will make them revenge me on his Treachery and thy cowardly Baseness. Sir, reply'd *Don Pedro*, be more just to your Son: Call him not Coward; he does not deserve that odious Name. The Count has sav'd my Life To-night. He ask'd me, without knowing me, to bear him Company where he was going: And I offer'd to share the Dangers he might run, without knowing that my Gratitude wou'd imprudently

dently engage my Arm against the Honour of my Family. My Word obliges me therefore to defend his Life here. By this I acquit the Debt I owe him; but I shall not less strongly resent the Injury he has done us, and to-morrow you shall see me seek to shed his Blood with the same Zeal as you see me now defend it.

THE Count, who had not spoken yet, so amaz'd was he at this Adventure, now began; Perhaps, said he to the Scholar, you will not easily be able to revenge this Injury by Arms. I will offer you a more certain Way to restore your Honour. I confess, that till this Day I had no Design to marry *Leonora*; but this Morning I receiv'd a Letter from her, which has touch'd me, and her Tears have finish'd the Work: The Happiness of being her Husband is now my chief Ambition. If the King has design'd another Lady for you, said *Don Lewis*, how will you excuse yourself — The King has propos'd no one to me, interrupted *Belflor* blushing. Forgive that Fiction to a Man, whose Reason was disturb'd by Love. It is a Crime which the Violence of my Passion made me commit, and I atone for it by confessing it. My Lord, answer'd the old Man, after this Confession, which becomes a noble Mind, I do not doubt your Sincerity. I see you really mean to repair the Affront we have receiv'd: My Anger yields to the Assurances you give me; suffer me to forget my Resentment in your Arms. Thus saying, he went up to the Count, who step'd forward to prevent him. They embraced several times; when *Belflor* turning to *Don Pedro*, And you, Counterfeit *Don Juan*, said he, who has already gain'd my Esteem by your incomparable Valour, and your generous Sentiments, come hither, and let me Vow to you the Friendship of a Brother. At this, he embraced *Don Pedro*, who receiv'd his Embraces with an humble respectful Air; and answer'd, My Lord, in promising me so valuable a Friendship, you command mine. You may depend upon a Man, who will be devoted to you to the last Moment of his Life.

IN the mean while, *Leonora*, who was listening at her own Chamber-Door, did not lose one Word of all that was said. She was tempted at first to have shewn herself, and have run in between their Swords without knowing why, but *Marcella* hinder'd her; but when the skillful *Duenna* saw Matters were accommodated peaceably, she thought her Mistress's Presence and her own wou'd not hurt the new Agreement. They both appear'd therefore with a Handkerchief in their Hand, and weeping ran to prostrate themselves before *Don Lewis*. They were justly afraid that having been surpriz'd the last Night, the old Gentleman's Rage might flame out again. But he made *Leonora* rise, and said, My Daughter, dry your Tears: I will not reproach you again: Since your Lover will keep the Faith he swore to you, I consent to forget what is pass'd.

YES, *Don Lewis*, said the Count, I will marry *Leonora*; and the better to repair the Injury I have done you, and to give you a more compleat Satisfaction, and your Son a Pledge of the Friendship I have vow'd him, I offer him my Sister *Eugenia*. Ah! my Lord, cry'd *Don Lewis* with Transport, how am I overwhelm'd with the Honour you do my Son! What Father was ever more pleas'd! You now give me as much Joy, as you have caus'd me Grief.

IF the old Man seem'd charm'd with the Count's Offer, it was otherwise with *Don Pedro*. As he was strongly smitten with his unknown Lady, he stood so confus'd, that he cou'd not speak a Word. But *Belshor*, without observing his Perplexity, went away, saying, he was going to order the Preparations for this double Union, and that he thought it long till he was join'd with them by such intimate Bands.

AFTER his Departure, *Don Lewis* left *Leonora* in her Apartment, and return'd to his own with *Don Pedro*; who said to him with all the Frankness of a Scholar, Sir, pray excuse me from marrying the Count's Sister. It is enough that he marries *Leonora*; that Marriage is sufficient to secure the Honour of our Family. What! said the old Man,

Man, will you be against marrying the Count's Sister? Yes, Sir, reply'd *Don Pedro*; this Union, I own, wou'd be a cruel Punishment to me, and I will not conceal from you the Cause. Six Months ago I fell in Love with an admirable Lady. She receives me, and can alone make my Life happy. How wretched is the Condition of a Father, said *Don Lewis*, never to have his Children dispos'd to do what he desires! But who is this Lady who has made such a mighty Impression on you? I know her not, answer'd *Don Pedro*; she promis'd to inform me when she was convinced of my Prudence and Constancy; but I am persuaded her Family is one of the most considerable in the Court. And do you think, said his Father changing his Tone, I shall have the Complaisance to approve this Romantic Love of yours, and that I suffer you to renounce the most glorious Advancement, Fortune can offer you, in order to preserve your Fidelity to one of whom you know not so much as the Name? Expect it not from my Indulgence; suppress rather the Sentiments you have for one who perhaps does not deserve them, and think only of meriting the Honour the Count is willing to do you; All this Discourse, Sir, reply'd the Scholar, is to no Purpose; I feel I can never forget my unknown Mistress: Nothing can disengage me from her. Tho' an *Infanta* were propos'd to me — Hold, cry'd *Don Lewis* roughly, it is too much insolently to boast of a Constancy which provokes my Anger. Be gone, and never appear in my Presence more, till you are ready to obey me.

DON PEDRO durst not reply to these Words, for fear of drawing upon himself others more severe. He retir'd into a Chamber, where he pass'd the rest of the Night in a Train of Reflections, as afflicting as agreeable. He consider'd with Sorrow that he was going to embroil himself with his whole Family, by refusing to marry the Count's Sister. But he was perfectly comforted when he reflected, that his dear Unknown wou'd recompense him for so great a Sacrifice. He flatter'd himself, that upon so shining

shining a Proof of his Fidelity she wou'd not fail to discover to him her Condition, which he imagin'd was little inferior to that of *Eugenia*. In this Hope, he went out by break of Day, and walk'd at the *Pardo* till the Hour came for him to be at the Lodging of *Donna Juana*, which was the Name of the Lady, at whose House he us'd to meet his Mistress every Morning.

HE found there his unknown Fair, who resorted thither sooner than ordinary; but he found her dissolv'd in Tears with *Donna Juana*, and full of Sorrow. What a Spectacle was this for a Lover! he approach'd her with great Concern; and falling at her Knees, Madam, said he, what shall I think of the Condition in which I see you? What Misfortune is boded to me by these Tears, which pierce me to the Heart? You do not expect, answer'd she, the fatal Blow I have to give you. Our cruel Fortune is going to separate us for ever. We shall see one another no more.

SHE accompany'd these Words with so many Sighs, that it was dubious, whether *Don Pedro* was more affected with what she said, than with the Trouble she seem'd to feel as she spoke it. Just Heaven! cry'd he in a Transport of Passion which he cou'd not command, can you suffer an Union which you know is innocent and pure to be destroy'd? But, Madam, added he, perhaps you have taken a false Alarm. Is it certain you are to be torn from the most faithful Lover that ever liv'd? Am I indeed the most unfortunate of Men? Our Misfortune, answer'd the Lady unknown, is too sure. My Brother, who has the Disposal of me, marries me to-day: He has told me so himself. Ah! who is this happy Man? reply'd *Don Pedro* with Precipitation; name him to me, Madam! In my Despair I--- I don't know his Name, interrupted the Lady; my Brother did not care to tell me. He said, he wish'd I wou'd see the Gentleman first. But, Madam, said *Don Pedro*, will you submit without Resistance to a Brother's Will? Will you be dragg'd to the Altar without complain-
ing

ing of being made so cruel a Sacrifice? Did you do nothing in my Favour? Alas! I was not afraid to expose myself to my Father's Anger, to reserve myself for you. His Menaces cou'd not shake my Fidelity; and let him use me as rigorously as he can, I will not marry the Lady propos'd to me, tho' she be of a very considerable Rank. And who is this Lady? said his unknown Mistress. She is the Sister of the Count *de Belflor*, answer'd the Scholar. Ah! *Don Pedro*, reply'd the Lady seeming wonderfully surpriz'd, you certainly mistake; you are not sure of what you say. Is it in Truth *Eugenia* the Sister of *Belflor* that is propos'd to you? Yes, Madam, reply'd *Don Pedro*, the Count himself has offer'd me her Hand. What, said she, is it possible you shou'd be the Gentleman for whom my Brother has design'd me? What is it I hear? cry'd the Scholar in his Turn, Is *Eugenia de Belflor* my unknown Mistress? Yes, *Don Pedro*, reply'd she; but I can scarcely think myself so at present, I have so much Difficulty to believe the good Fortune of which you assure me.

AT these Words *Don Pedro* embraced her Knees; and afterwards took one of her Hands, which he kiss'd with all the Transport which a Lover can feel, who passes suddenly from an extreme Sorrow to an Excess of Joy. While he was abandoning himself to the Emotion of his Love, *Eugenia* on her Part gave him a thousand Caresses, which she accompany'd with very tender and soothing Expressions; What a world of Trouble, said she, wou'd my Brother have sav'd me, if he had nam'd the Husband he design'd me? What an Aversion had I conceiv'd for my Spouse? Ah, my dear *Don Pedro*! how have I hated you? Fair *Eugenia*, answer'd he, how charming is this Hatred to me! I will deserve it, by admiring you all my Life.

AFTER the two Lovers had given each other the most moving Tokens of mutual Affection, *Eugenia* desir'd to know how the Scholar had been able to gain her Brother's Friendship. *Don Pedro* did not hide from her the Amour of the Count and his Sister, and related all that had pass'd

pass'd the preceding Night. It was an additional Pleasure to her to understand that her Brother was to marry her Lover's Sister. *Donna Juana* was too much interested in the Fortune of her Friend not to be touch'd with this happy Event. She rejoiced at it; as well as *Don Pedro*, who at last parted from *Eugenia*, after they had both agreed not to appear to know one another when they came before the Count.

DON PEDRO return'd home, and his Father finding him dispos'd to obey him, was pleas'd with it the more, because he imputed his Compliance to the resolute Manner in which he had talk'd to him the Night before. They expected to hear from the Count, who sent them a Letter, and acquainted them, that he had obtain'd the King's Consent to his Marriage and that of his Sister, with a considerable Post for *Don Pedro*; that both the Marriages might be perform'd the next Day, because the Orders he had given about them were expedited so well, that the Preparations were already very far advanced. In the Afternoon he came himself to confirm what he had written, and to present *Eugenia* to them.

DON LEWIS receiv'd her with great Respect, and *Leonora* embraced her several Times. As for *Don Pedro*, agitated as he was with the Impulses of Love and Joy, he over-rul'd himself so far as not to give the Count any Suspicion of their Acquaintance. As *Belflor* was particularly careful to observe his Sister's Behaviour, he thought he perceiv'd, in spite of the Constraint she impos'd on herself, that she was not displeas'd with *Don Pedro*. In order to be better assur'd of this, he took her aside for a Moment, and made her confess that she lik'd the Gentleman very well. He told her then his Name and his Family, which he had refus'd to inform her of before, lest the Disparity of their Rank shou'd prejudice her against him; and she pretended to hear it, as if she had been ignorant of it till then.

AT last, after a Variety of Compliments on both Sides, it was concluded that the Nuptials shou'd be held at the House

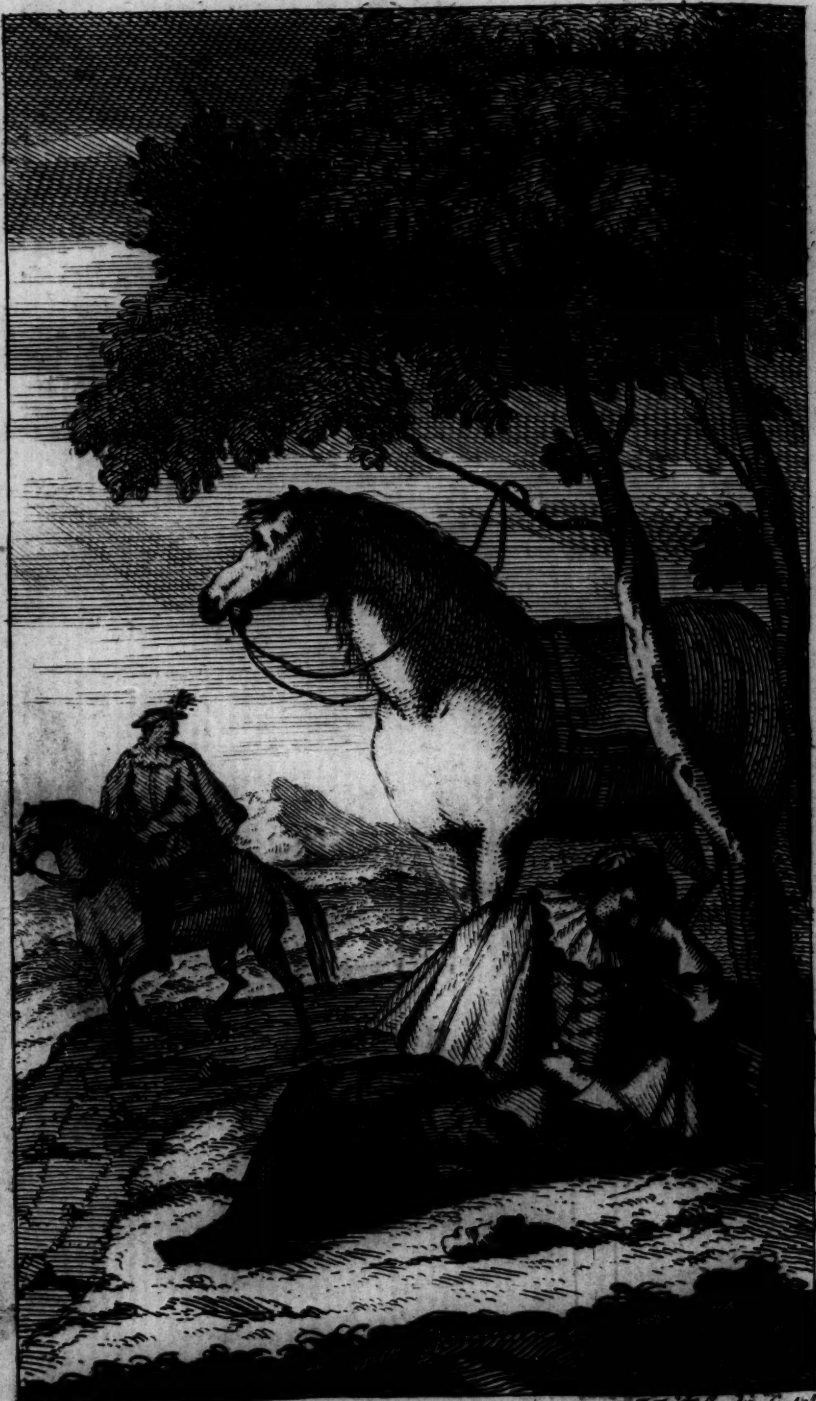
House of the Count *de Belflor*; where they were celebrated with universal Joy; only the Lady *Marcella* had no Share in the Mirth; she wept while the others were laughing; for after his Marriage the Count confess'd the whole Intrigue to *Don Lewis*, who dispatch'd the base *Duena* to the Monastery * *de Arrepentidas*, where the thousand Pistoles she had infamously receiv'd for seducing *Leonora*, serv'd to subsist her in her Course of Penance for the Remainder of her Days.

* Monasteries in the Popish Countries, in which Women of lewd Lives are confin'd, and kept to Penance,



THE





M. Vandenberg del.

J. J. M. Jacobs sculp.

THE
CURIOUS
IMPERTINENT.

Translated from the *Spanish* Original of

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.



LONDON: MDCCXXIX.

THE

CURIOUS

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Assigned to the



LONDON: MDCCLXXIX



THE

Curious Impertinent.

IN the rich and famous City of *Florence* there liv'd *Anselmo* and *Lothario*, two Gentlemen of great Birth and Fortune, and so remarkable for the perfect Friendship that was between them, that they went among those that knew them, by the Name of *The two Friends*. They were young, unmarried, and much of the same Age and Inclinations, all which serv'd to knit their Friendship the closer. However *Anselmo* was more addicted to Love and Gallantry than *Lothario*, tho' upon Occasion *Anselmo* wou'd quit his Pleasures to comply with *Lothario*, and *Lothario* wou'd do the same for him; and thus their Motions were as correspondent and regular as if they had both mov'd by Clock-work. *Anselmo* fell desperately in Love with a Lady of the same City, young and beautiful, and so illustrious for her Birth and Qualities, that he resolv'd, with the Approbation of his Friend *Lothario*, without whom he did nothing, to ask her of her Parents for his Wife; as in short he did, and *Lothario* was the Person employed to deliver the Message; wherein he succeeded so well, and manag'd the whole Affair so much to his Friend's

Satisfaction, that he was soon possess'd of what he desir'd, and *Camilla* so well pleas'd in having *Anselmo* to her Husband, that she thought she cou'd never sufficiently give Thanks to Heaven, and to *Lothario*, by whose Means she had obtain'd so great a Happiness. For some Days, whilst the Jollity that is customary upon those Occasions lasted, *Lothario* continu'd to frequent his Friend *Anselmo's* House, endeavouring to honour, divert and humour him in all Things. But the Wedding Liberty being over, and the Ceremony of Visits and Congratulations at an end, *Lothario* began industriously to abate in his Visits, being of Opinion, as all wise Men ought to be, That the Houses of Marry'd Friends are not to be haunted so much as when they were Batchelors. For tho' true Friendship neither can nor ought to suspect any Thing, yet the Honour of Marry'd Men is so nice, that it seems liable to be sully'd even by Brothers, much more by Friends.

ANSELMO took notice of his Friend's Remissness, and grievously complain'd of it, saying, That if he had known his marrying wou'd have occasion'd the Loss of his Friend's Company, he wou'd never have alter'd his Condition; and that since their loving Behaviour whilst he was a Bachelor had purchased them the pleasing Name of *The two Friends*, he pray'd him, he wou'd not, only to be thought cautious without any other Reason, suffer so famous and so charming a Title to be lost; and therefore beseech'd him, if such Language might be us'd between them, that he wou'd again command in his House, and be as free in it as before, assuring him, that *Camilla* was wholly devoted to his Will and Pleasure, and that she knowing the strict Friendship there was between them, was surpriz'd to see him on a sudden grown so much a Stranger. *Lothario* answer'd to all he cou'd say to him with so much Discretion and Judgment, that *Anselmo* was convinced his Design was honourable, and they agreed that *Lothario* shou'd dine at his House only twice a Week, besides Holy Days. And tho' this was so concluded between them,

them, *Lothario* resolv'd he wou'd do nothing but what he found was most for his Friend's Honour, of whose Reputation he was more tender than of his own. He us'd to say, and with good Reason, That the Man on whom Heaven had bestow'd a beautiful Wife, ought to be equally cautious what Friends he admitted to his House, and what Women to his Wife's Conversation, because very often Intrigues are carried on in the Houses of those Female Friends and Kindred, which cou'd never be contriv'd in the Church, and other publick Meetings, whither Husbands cannot at all times deny their Wives to go. He added, That every Marry'd Man ought to have a Friend to put him in mind of, what Oversights he committed in the Government of his Family, because it may happen from the Want of such a Friend, that a Husband thro' over-much Love to his Wife, or for fear of displeasing her, will not take notice of, or mind her of doing, or forbearing to do something, the doing or omitting of which may redound to her Honour or Discredit; which when advis'd of by his Friend may easily be amended. But where is there so real, faithful, and judicious a Friend as this *Lothario* speaks of! *Lothario* alone was he who most sedulously consulted his Friend's Honour, and endeavour'd to slip by some of the Days they had agreed he was to go to his House, that idle People and malicious Eyes might not have the Occasion to censure a rich young Gentleman, and one so well qualify'd, as he imagin'd himself to be, for being so frequent in the House of so beautiful a Woman as *Camilla*; for tho' her Virtue was Proof against all censorious Tongues, yet he wou'd not have her's or his Friend's Reputation call'd in Question, and therefore he diverted most of the Days they had agreed upon, to other Affairs which he pretended were unavoidable. So that much Time was spent betwixt them in complaining on the one side, and framing Excuses on the other. It happen'd that as they were one Day walking in a Meadow without the City, *Anselmo* spoke to *Lothario* to this Effect.

YOU cannot but think, *Lothario*, that I can never have too grateful a Sense of the Blessings I have receiv'd from Heaven, in being so well Born, and so plentifully endow'd with the Gifts both of Fortune and Nature, but above all in the Possession of a Friend like you, and of such a Wife as *Camilla*, two Jewels which I value, if not as they deserve, yet at least the best I am able. Yet notwithstanding all these Blessings, which generally are all that other Men require to make them happy, I am the most discontented and dissatisfy'd Man in the World. For of late I am perplex'd and haunted by so strong and unusual a Fancy, that I admire at myself, and blame, and chide, and endeavour to hide it from my own Thoughts, and can no more do it than if I made it my Business to tell it to all the World, and since it must at last break out, I am willing it shou'd be lodg'd in your Breast, not doubting, but when I have thus eas'd my Mind to you, who will bring the Assistance of a sincere Friend to my Relief, I shall soon be eas'd of the Trouble that oppresses me, and restor'd to as much Satisfaction, thro' your Assistance, as I lie under Discontent through my own Madness. *Lothario* was amaz'd at *Anselmo's* Words, and cou'd not imagine what such a long Preamble tended to; and tho' he guest at many Things his Friend might desire, yet he was far from hitting the right Mark. Therefore to get the sooner out of his Perplexity, he told him, That he wrong'd his Friendship in using any Circumlocutions, or going about the Bush in order to discover his most hidden Thoughts to him, since he might be sure either of his Advice, or Assistance. This was true, answer'd *Anselmo*; and upon that Confidence, I must tell you, Friend *Lothario*; That the Thing which destroys me is the Doubt I am in whether my Wife *Camilla* be so good and virtuous as I imagine; and I cannot be convinced of this Truth, but by putting her Virtue to such a Tryal as may demonstrate the Purity of it, as Fire does that of Gold. For I am of Opinion, dear Friend, That a Woman is no more virtuous than as far as she

she resists Temptation, and that she alone is perfectly good who does not yield to the Promises, Presents, Tears, and continual Importunities of vigilant Lovers. For what Thanks, said he, to a Woman, for being good, when no Body solicites, or tempts her to the contrary? Where is the Wonder if she shou'd be reserv'd and retir'd who has no Opportunity to break loose, and knows that she has a Husband that will kill her the first time he takes her tripping? So that she who is only good out of Fear, or for want of Opportunity, is not to be valu'd equally with her, who has been besieg'd, and attack'd, and comes off victorious. For these, and many other Reasons I cou'd urge in Defence of my Opinion, I wou'd have my Wife *Camilla* run thro' all these Difficulties, and be try'd and refin'd in the Fire of Courtship and Temptation, and that by one who has Worth enough to aspire to her; and if she comes off, as I expect, victorious from this Encounter, I shall then think my Fortune not to be equall'd. I shall in that Case be able to say, I have obtain'd the utmost of my Wishes. I will affirm, She is fallen to my Lot, of whom the wise Man asks, *Who has found her?* And if it shou'd happen contrary to my Expectation, the Satisfaction of finding I was in the right in my Sentiments, will make the Trouble of so costly an Experiment the more easy to me. And forasmuch as all you can say in Opposition to my Desire will be of no Effect, I wou'd have you, Friend *Lothario*, dispose yourself to be the Instrument for my obtaining what I desire: To which End I will furnish you with all proper Opportunities, and suffer you to want for nothing that may be requisite to tempt a modest, virtuous, retir'd and generous Woman. And the Thing that moves me sooner than any other to trust you with this difficult Undertaking is, that I am satisfy'd if *Camilla* shou'd yield to you you will not carry on your Victory to the utmost, but only look upon that as done which is assented to: And so I shall be only wrong'd in Thought, and my Wrong lye bury'd in a Secrecy, which, I know, in all that concerns

me will be as inviolable with you as that which is in the Breast of Death. So that if you will have me enjoy a Life worth living for, you must immediately enter upon this amorous Combat, not negligently, or coldly; but with that Zeal and Earnestness I desire, and with that Sincerity our Friendship promises.

THUS spoke *Anselmo* to *Lothario*, who all the while gave such Attention to what he was saying, that he never unclos'd his Lips till he had don't; and then seeing he was silent, after gazing on him a long while as if he look'd upon something that he had never seen before, which rais'd his Admiration, he said, I cannot imagine, Friend *Anselmo*, but that all you have said is a Jest; for if I had thought you were in earnest, I wou'd not have suffer'd you to run on so far; but wou'd have put a stop to your long Harangue, by shutting my Ears against it. I fancy either you don't know me, or I you. But that can't be, for I know you are *Anselmo*, and you know me to be *Lothario*. But here lies the Mischief, I fancy you are not the same *Anselmo* you us'd to be, and 'tis likely you have imagin'd that I am not that *Lothario* I ought to be; for what you have said is not like that *Anselmo* my Friend, nor is what you ask, fit to be ask'd of that *Lothario* you once knew. For good Friends are to be try'd, and made use of, as the Poet said, *Usque ad Atlas*, and no farther; meaning thereby, that they ought not to exercise their Friendship in any thing that is an Offence to God. Now if this was the Opinion of a Heathen, how much more is a Christian oblig'd to it, knowing that the Divine Friendship is not to be forfeited for any that is Human? And in case a Friend shou'd, to oblige his Friend, stretch so far as to lay aside the Consideration of Heaven, it ought not to be for Matters of little Moment; but for such as concern, at least, his Friend's Life and Honour. Now tell me, *Anselmo*, which of these is in Danger, that I may have some Reason for doing a thing so detestable as is that you ask of me? To say the truth, neither; but, as far as I can understand,

derstand, you desire me to rob you both of the one and the other, and to take away my own at the same time. For at the same time that I rob you of your Honour, I take away your Life; since a Man who has lost his Honour, is worse than dead; and if I am the Instrument, as you wou'd have me to be, of so much Mischief to you, shall not I at the same time be depriv'd of my Honour, and consequently of my Life? Hear me, Friend *Anselmo*, and forbear answering, till I have done; there will then be time enough for you to reply, and for me to listen to you. It shall be so, said *Anselmo*, say what you will. Then *Lothario* went on.

METHINKS, *Anselmo*, you are at this time just like the *Moors*, who are not to be convinced of the Error of their Sect by quoting Texts of Scripture, nor by speculative Reasons, or any thing grounded on Matters of Faith; but they must have Instances brought them that are palpable, easy, intelligible, undoubted, and like Mathematical Demonstrations not to be deny'd; such as, for Instance, *If from equal things we take equal things, the remainder will be equal*. And in case they do not conceive this by word of Mouth, as in truth they do not, it must be shewn them by Operation, and lay'd before their Eyes; and yet no Man can convince them of the Truth of our holy Religion. The same form and method will be proper for me to use with you; for your present Curiosity is so wild and remote from any thing reasonable, that it will be but loss of Time to shew you the Extravagancy of it; so that I have been half inclin'd to leave you to your Madness, as a Punishment of your wicked Inclination: But the Friendship I have for you will not suffer me to use you so severely, because it allows me not to leave you expos'd to utter Ruin.

BUT to proceed; tell me, *Anselmo*, do you not say I am to attempt a reserv'd Woman? To corrupt one that is Proof against Bribes? To court a discreet one? This you have told me. Then if you know you have a reserv'd, virtuous, uncorrupted, and discreet Wife, what is it you

aim at? And if you believe she will repulse all my Assaults; as doubtless she will, what better Names can you give her than what she has already? Or in what will she be more than she is at present? Either you do not believe her such as you say, or else you know not what you ask. If you do not think her such as you have reported her, to what End will you try her? But rather do by her as you wou'd by a base disloyal Wife. But if she is so good as you believe, it will be impertinent to make an Experiment of her Truth; for after it is made it must remain in the same Esteem as before. So that it is undeniable, That to make a Tryal of things, which upon the Tryal may rather turn to our Detriment than Advantage, especially when there is no Necessity for such Tryal, is the Part only of a Fool, or Madman; particularly when we attempt things which we are not necessitated or compell'd to, and which at a great Distance shew that the undertaking of them is mere Madness. Difficulties are to be undertaken either for the Sake of God, or out of some worldly view, or for both. Those that are undertaken for the Sake of God, are such as the Saints enter'd themselves into, when they endeavour'd to lead the Life of Angels, in Human Bodies. Those that are undertaken for the World, are such as they attempt who traverse vast Seas, various Climates, strange Nations, and all to obtain what they call the Goods of Fortune. And those that are undertaken for the Sake of God and of the World at once are what are embraced by the Magnanimous Soldiers, who no sooner see so much of the Enemy's Wall laid open as may be overthrown by a Canon-Bullet, but laying aside all Fear, without considering, or reflecting on the Danger that threatens them, carry'd away on the Wings of Zeal for their Religion, their Prince, or Country, they mount the Breach with a Constancy unshaken amidst a thousand several sorts of Death that threaten them. These are the things, that are usually attempted; and it is honourable, glorious, and profitable to attempt them, tho' attended with never so many Dangers
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and Inconveniences. But that which you propose to be attempted, and put in Execution, will neither purchase you Glory before God, nor the Goods of Fortune, nor Fame among Men; for shou'd you succeed according to your Desires, you will be no Greater, no Richer, nor Better than you are already; and shou'd you miscarry, you will fall into the greatest Misery imaginable. For it will not avail you then to think no one knows the Misfortune that has befallen you, since your own Knowledge of it will be sufficient to confound and destroy you. For a Confirmation of this Truth, I will repeat to you a Stanza made by the famous Poet *Luis Tansilo*, at the end of his first part of *St. Peter's Tears*, which is as follows.

*Phosphor no sooner usher'd in the Morn,
Than Peter felt his dire Remorse return.
In vain his Crime's conceal'd from Mortal Eyes,
His Guilt pursues him wheresoe'er he flies.
When generous Minds thro' human Frailty err,
There needs no Summons cite them to the Bar,
They do themselves in conscious Guilt pursue,
Are Judges, Fury, and Accusers too.*

SO that its being secret will not alleviate your Grief, but you will rather have continual cause to Weep, if not Tears at your Eyes, yet Tears of Blood in your Heart; like those the silly Doctor shed, who, our Poet tells us, made the Tryal of the Cup or Vessel, which afterwards the Wise *Reynald* more discreetly refus'd to do: For tho' it be a Poetical Fiction, yet it has a Moral worthy of our Notice and Imitation. But what I have next to offer will fully convince you of the great Error you are running yourself into. Tell me, *Anselmo*, if Heaven, or Fortune had made you Master of a rich Diamond, which in the Opinion of all the Lapidaries, to whom it had been shewn, was of as fine a Water, and Figure, and as free from Blemish, or Defect, as the Nature of the Stone cou'd bear, and you

yourself believ'd it to be so, and knew nothing to the contrary; wou'd it be reasonable in you to lay that Diamond on an Anvil, and try with a Hammer in your Hand whether it was really so firm and hard as it had been represented? If the Stone shou'd stand the Tryal, it wou'd not be of more Value or Esteem than it was before; and if it shou'd break, as probably it might, wou'd not the Owner be laugh'd at for a Fool, or a Madman? Imagine then, Friend *Anselmo*, that *Camilla* is a rich Diamond, both in your own and other Mens Opinions, and that it is not reasonable to expose her to the Danger of being broken; for tho' she remain whole she can be of no greater Value than she is; and if she shou'd fail and not stand the Tryal, consider with yourself what a Condition you wou'd then be in, and how justly you might blame yourself, for having been the Cause of hers and your own Ruin. Consider there is no Jewel in the World so valuable as a chaste and virtuous Wife, and that all the Honour of Women consists in the good Reputation they are held in; and since your Wife's is so unquestionable as you yourself know it to be, to what Purpose will you make a Doubt of a known Truth? Observe, Friend, that Woman is an imperfect Creature, and that no Rubs ought to be laid in her way at which she may stumble or fall, but they must be carefully remov'd, and the Way clear'd before her, that she may advance without any Hinderance to the Perfection she wants, which consists in being Virtuous. Naturalists tell us, the Ermin is a little Beast with a milk-white Skin, and when the Hunters wou'd catch it they use this Art; knowing the Way it will take they lay Dirt across, and drive the Ermin towards it, and as soon as it comes to the Mud it stands still, and suffers itself to be taken, rather than pass thro' the Mud, and lose or sully its Whiteness, which it values above Life or Liberty. A modest chaste Woman is like an Ermin, and the Virtue of Chastity is far whiter than Snow; and he that wou'd not have her lose, but preserve it unsully'd, must make use of other Methods than those

those us'd towards the Ermin; he must not defile the Path, wherein she is to tread, with the smooth delusive Allurements of importunate Lovers, since it is more than probable her natural Strength and Virtue will not be sufficient to enable her to surmount, and trample under her Feet the Obstacles that are thus laid in her Way; he ought rather to remove them, and to lay before her the Whiteness of her Virtue and the Beauty of a good Reputation. A Woman is also like a clear bright Chrystal Mirror, which is subject to be clouded and overcast with the least Breath that comes near it. Virtuous Women must be us'd like Holy Relicks, be worshipp'd, but not touch'd. A Virtuous Woman may be compar'd to a well-cultivated Garden full of Roses and other Flowers, whose Owner suffers no Body to trample upon, or handle them; 'tis enough they enjoy their Fragrancy at a Distance, and thro' the Iron Grates. To conclude, I will repeat to you some Verses that occur to my Memory upon this Occasion. I learnt them out of a Modern Play, and I think they are pat to the Purpose we are now upon. An experienced old Man caution'd a Friend of his, the Father of a young Maiden, to keep her in, secure, and observe her, and among other things gives him his Advice in the Words following:

I.

*Women like Venice Glasses are,
A very very brittle Ware;
Then do not, in a foolish Freak,
Try if that brittle Ware will break.*

II.

*When Woman once begins to stray,
And leave the Paths of Honour;
In full Career she hies away;
All Care is lost upon her.*

III.

*Be careful therefore, but not jealous;
And keep her from intreiguing Fellows;
Since wheresoe'er a Danae grows,
Bright Gold in fleecy Currents flows.*

WHAT I have hitherto said, *Anselmo*, has been with Regard to you ; it is fit I shou'd add something relating to myself. And if I am tedious, excuse me ; it is all little enough, considering the Labyrinth into which you have run yourself, and out of which you would have me fetch you. You count me your Friend, and yet you wou'd deprive me of my Honour, which is an unreasonable thing ; and this is not all, for you wou'd have me rob you of yours. That you will take away mine is plain ; for there is no doubt, but when *Camilla* observes me making Love to her, she will look upon me to be a base and disloyal Man, since I attempt and act so contrary to my own Duty and your Friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours, is not to be doubted ; because *Camilla* seeing me make Love to her, must imagine I have observ'd some Lightness in her, which embolden'd me to make known my wicked Desire to her, and she looking upon herself as dishonour'd therein, her Dishonour will redound upon you, as being the superior Part of her. And therefore it is, that generally the Husband of an Adulterous Wife, tho' he knows it not, nor has given her any Occasion to transgress, nor had it in his Power to prevent his Misfortune, as not proceeding from any Neglect, or Want of Care in him, yet he goes under a scandalous and reproachful Name, and they that know his Wife's Wickedness look upon him with some sort of Contempt, instead of regarding him with Compassion ; forasmuch as his wicked Companion has been the Cause of his Disgrace, and that it doth not proceed from any Fault of his own. But give me Leave to tell you the Reason, why the Husband of an ill Wife is dishonour'd, tho' he knows it not, nor is any way to blame, nor had any hand in it, or gave Occasion to be so ; and be not weary of hearing me, for it is all for your good. When God placed our first Father *Adam* in the terrestial Paradise, the Scripture says, he laid him in a deep Sleep, and that as he was sleeping he took a Rib out of his left Side, whereof he made our first Mother *Eve*, and as soon as *Adam* awak'd

wak'd and saw her, he said, This is Flesh of my Flesh and Bone of my Bones. And God said, For her shall a Man forsake his Father and Mother, and they shall be one Flesh. And then was instituted the divine Sacrament of Matrimony, and so knit that only Death can absolve it. And the Virtue of this wonderful Sacrament is such, that it makes two distinct Persons one and the same Flesh; nay it has a stronger Efficacy upon those who live happily together, for tho' they have two Souls, they have but one Will. This is the Reason that the Wife's Flesh being the same with that of her Husband, the Pollution of Her's infects His, tho' as has been said, he is innocent of the Sin from whence the Contagion arose. For as the whole Body is sensible of the Foot, or any other of its Members, because it is all the same Flesh, and the Head feels the Hurt that is done to the Ankle, tho' it be not Author of it; so the Husband partakes of the Wife's Dishonour, as being one and the same thing with her. And since the Honours and Dishonours of this World, are all of, and proceed from, Flesh and Blood, and those of a wicked Woman are of this sort, it follows of Consequence, that the Husband must partake of them, and be look'd upon as dishonour'd, tho' it be done without his Knowledge. Consider therefore, *Anselmo*, the Danger you expose yourself to, in going about to disturb the Quiet your Wife lives in. Consider how vain and impertinent a Curiosity it is to stir the Humours that now lye settled in your Wife's Breast. Remember that all you can gain is inconsiderable, and what you will lose is so great, that I must leave it there, because I want Words to express it. But if all I have said is not sufficient to divert you from your ill Resolution, you must seek some other Instrument of your Dishonour and Misfortune, for I must refuse the Office, tho' on that Account I should lose your Friendship, which is the greatest Loss I can imagine.

THIS said, the discreet and virtuous *Lothario* was silent, and *Anselmo* remain'd so full of Confusion, that for a long

a long while he could not answer a Word; but at last he said to him, I have given Ear, Friend *Lothario*, to all you thought fit to say, with the Attention you have seen, and by your Arguments, Examples, and Comparisons discover your great Wisdom, and the height of your perfect Friendship; I am also sensible, and confess, that if I do not follow your Opinion, but adhere to my own; I fly from Good, and run after Evil. This being allow'd, you must imagine I now labour under that Distemper some Women are subject to, when they eat Clay, Plaister, Coals, and other things worse than these, tho' they are loathsome to the Sight, and much more to the Taste; so that it is requisite to use some Artifice to cure me, which might easily be effected, if you would only begin, tho' in a cold and feign'd Love to *Camilla*, who cannot be so easy as to surrender at the first Attack, and this small beginning will satisfy me, and you will therein do what is due to our Friendship; not only in saving my Life, but in persuading me not to lose my Honour. And you are oblig'd to do this, for one only Reason, which is, That I being resolv'd to put this Tryal in Practice, you must not suffer me to discover my Madness to another, which would hazard that Honour you are endeavouring to preserve; and if yours be for a time under some Blemish in *Camilla's* Opinion, whilst you make Love to her, it signifies little or nothing; for you may soon, when we have discover'd in her that Virtue we look for, acquaint her with the whole Truth of our Contrivance; by which your Reputation will be restor'd to its Purity. And since the Hazard you run is so very small, and the Pleasure I shall receive so exceeding great, do not omit it, tho' you discover in it never so many Inconveniences; for, as I have said, if you will but only begin, I shall look upon the Business as done.

LOTHARIO perceiving *Anselmo* was positively resolv'd, and not knowing what further Examples to urge, or Arguments to use to dissuade him, and seeing he threatened that he would acquaint another with his unreasonable

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Request, to prevent further Harm. he resolv'd to comply with him, and do what he desir'd; being fully resolv'd so to manage that Business, that *Anselmo* shou'd be satisfy'd, without raising any Storm in *Camilla's* Thoughts; and therefore he answer'd him, That he need not acquaint any other with that Business, for he would take it upon him, and begin whensoever he thought fit. *Anselmo* embraced him, and thank'd him as heartily as if he had done him some signal Service. They both agreed the Tryal should begin the next Day; accordingly *Anselmo* was to give him Leisure and Opportunity to talk with *Camilla* alone, and furnish him with Money and Jewels to offer and present her. He advis'd him to serenade her, to write Verses in Praise of her, and if he would not take the Pains to make them himself, he would compose them for him. *Lothario* offer'd to do all he desir'd; but with a far different Intention than *Anselmo* imagin'd: And having thus settled this Affair, they return'd to *Anselmo's* House, where they found *Camilla* expecting her Husband with Impatience and Trouble of Mind, because he staid out that Day longer than usual. *Lothario* went home to his own House, and *Anselmo* staid in his, the one as well pleas'd, as the other was pensive, and deliberating what were the proper Steps to take, to get well off from such an impertinent Business. That Night he contriv'd how he might best deceive his Friend, without wronging *Camilla*, and the next Day came to dine with him, and was well receiv'd by *Camilla*; who always entertain'd and made very much of him, because of the Love she knew her Husband had for him. Dinner ended, the Cloth was taken away, when *Anselmo* desired *Lothario* to keep *Camilla* Company, whilst he went about some earnest Business, adding that he wou'd return within an Hour and a half. *Camilla* desir'd him not to go, and *Lothario* offer'd to bear him Company; but all was in vain, for he press'd *Lothario* to stay and expect him; for that at his Return he shou'd have something of Moment to communicate to him. He also bid *Camilla* not leave

Lothario alone 'till he return'd. In short, he so well counterfeited the Necessity or the Folly of his Absence, that no body could have guess'd it was feign'd. *Anselmo* went away, and left *Lothario* and *Camilla* alone at the Table, for all the Family was gone to Dinner. *Lothario* now found himself in the Lists where his Friend had wish'd him, facing an Enemy, who with only her Beauty might have overcome a whole Squadron of arm'd Men: Consider whether *Lothario* had not Cause to fear her: But resting his Elbow on the Arm of the Chair, and his Head on his Hand, he begg'd *Camilla*'s Pardon for his Rudeness, telling her he was dispos'd to take a little Rest 'till the Return of *Anselmo*. *Camilla* offer'd him a Couch that lay in the next Room, and advis'd him to go in, and sleep there. *Lothario* would not accept of it, but slept in his Chair 'till *Anselmo* return'd; who finding *Lothario* asleep, and *Camilla* in her Chamber, thought his Absence had given them both time enough to talk, and sleep too, and he long'd for *Lothario* to wake, that he might go out with him, and enquire after his Success. All fell out as he could have wish'd; *Lothario* wak'd; they both went out: He ask'd what he desir'd to know; and *Lothario* answer'd, That he had not thought fit to be too open the first time; and had therefore only commended *Camilla*'s Beauty, telling her that all the Talk of the Town run upon nothing else but her Beauty and Discretion; and that he had thought this a proper Introduction to gain her Good-will, and dispose her to hear him another time the more willingly; using the same Artifice the Devil does, when he would deceive one that is upon his Guard, for he then transforms himself into an Angel of Light, and laying plausible Things before him, at last discovers who he is, and compasses his Design if the Deceit be not discover'd at first. All this was highly acceptable to *Anselmo*, who said, he would give him the same Opportunity every Day, tho' he did not go abroad, for he would so employ his Time at home, that *Camilla* should not be sensible of the Artifice,

MANY

MANY Days pass'd in this manner, during which *Lothario* spoke not one Word to *Camilla*; tho' he told *Anselmo* the contrary, and that he cou'd not discover in her the least token of Compliance, or any glimpse of Hope for himself, but that she rather threatned to acquaint her Husband with his dishonourable Designs, if he persisted in them. That's well, quoth *Anselmo*, hitherto she has withstood Words; we must now try what Proof she will be against Actions; To-morrow I will give you two thousand Crowns in Gold, to present her, and as many more to buy Jewels to allure her; for Women, especially when they are handsome, tho' they be never so chaste, love to be richly cloath'd and fine: And if she resists this Temptation, I shall and will give you no further Trouble. *Lothario* answer'd, That since he had begun, he would pursue it, tho' he doubted not, but that he should come off with Shame and Disgrace. The next Day he receiv'd the four Thousand Crowns, and with them no less Confusion; for he knew not what to do to invent new Lyes; but in short, he resolv'd to tell him, That *Camilla* was as impregnable to Gifts and Promises, as she had been to Words, and that there was no Occasion to trouble himself any farther, for it was only losing time. But Fate, which ordain'd things after another manner, so dispos'd it, that *Anselmo* having left *Lothario* and *Camilla* alone, as he us'd to do at other times, he shut himself up in a Room, and through the Key-hole of the Door listen'd and observ'd what they did, and saw that in more than half an Hour *Lothario* spoke not one Word to *Camilla*, nor would he have done it, tho' he had been there an Age. - Then he perceiv'd, that all his Friend had told him concerning *Camilla*'s Answers was false, and mere Fiction; and to try whether it were so, he came out of his Chamber, and taking *Lothario* aside, ask'd him, What News he had, and what Temper *Camilla* was in? *Lothario* answer'd, That he never design'd to motion that Business any more, because she answer'd so harshly, that he could not find in
his

his Heart to say one Word more to her about it, Ah *Lothario*, *Lothario*, quoth *Anselmo*, how ill do you answer the Trust I repose in you, and the Kindness you owe me? I have been all this while looking thro' the Key-hole, and have from thence observ'd, that you spoke not a Word to *Camilla*: By which I imagine, you have never open'd your Lips to her; and if it be so, as I make no doubt but it is, why do you deceive me? and why do you by one Stratagem, that must end in my Confusion, frustrate another I had laid for my Repose and Quiet? *Anselmo* said no more; but this was enough to put *Lothario* out of Countenance, who almost looking upon it as a point of Dishonour to have been taken in a Lye, swore to *Anselmo*, That from thenceforwards he would so wholly take it upon him to do his Pleasure without any Prevarication, as he might himself observe, if he would watch him; but that it was needless to use any such Precaution, because he would take such care to give him Satisfaction, that he should have no Cause to suspect him. *Anselmo* believ'd him, and to give him the better Opportunity and greater Security, he resolv'd to absent himself from home for the space of eight Days, and go to a Country Seat of a Friend, not far from the City. He agreed with his Friend to send a very pressing Message to him, that he might have an Excuse to make to *Camilla* for leaving her. Unhappy and inconsiderate *Anselmo*, what are you doing? What do you contrive? What is it you aim at? Consider you act against yourself, contriving your own Disgrace, and laying a Plot for your own Ruin. Your Wife *Camilla* is virtuous, you enjoy her quietly and peaceably, no Body disturbs your Pleasure; her Thoughts do not exceed the Limits of her House, you are her Heaven upon Earth, the End of her Desires, the Complement of her Delight, and the Rule her Will is govern'd by, which she always fits to yours and the Will of Heaven. Now since the Mine of her Honour, Beauty, Virtue, and Retiredness yields up to you all its Riches, to what Purpose will you
sink

sink the Ground, and search after Veins of a new imaginary Treasure, exposing yourself to the Danger of having the whole fall in, as being supported on the weak Props of her frail Nature. Consider, it is but reasonable that he who seeks Impossibilities, shou'd fail of those things that are possible.

ANSELMO went the next Day, as he had determin'd, into the Country, telling *Camilla*, That whilst he was absent, *Lothario* wou'd charge himself with the Care of his Family, and dine with her, and that she shou'd use him as she wou'd himself. *Camilla*, like a discreet and virtuous Woman, was troubled at what her Husband order'd; and bid him reflect, That it did not look well that any Body in his Absence shou'd fill his Place at Table; that if he doubted of her Discretion in the Government of his Family, he might try for that Time, and wou'd find by Experience, that she cou'd undergo greater Burdens. *Anselmo* told her, it was his Pleasure, and there was no more to be said, but to submit and obey. *Camilla* said she wou'd, tho' against her Inclinations. *Anselmo* departed, and the next Day *Lothario* came to his House, where he was kindly receiv'd and modestly entertain'd by *Camilla*, who contriv'd never to be alone, but had always her Men and Women Servants about her, especially a Maid whose Name was *Leonela*, for whom she had a particular Kindness, because they had been bred together from their Childhood at her Father's, and when she marry'd *Anselmo*, she brought her with her. For the three first Days *Lothario* never spoke a Word to her, tho' he might have done it when the Cloth was taken away and the Family gone to dine in haste, for so *Camilla* had order'd it: And tho' *Leonela* was directed always to dine before *Camilla*, and never to stir from her; yet she, whose Head ran on other Things that were more to her Mind, and wanted some Time and Opportunity for her own Pleasure, did not always obey her Mistress's Commands; but left her alone with *Lothario*, as if she had been order'd so to do. However *Camilla's* modest Carriage,
her

her Gravity and Reservedness were such, as ty'd up *Lothario's* Tongue. But that Virtue which tied up his Tongue for some time, at last ended in the Ruin of them both. For tho' the Tongue was silent, Thought play'd its Part, and had Leisure particularly to contemplate the Perfections of *Camilla's* Goodness and Beauty, which might have overcome a marble Statue, much more a Heart of Flesh. The Opportunity *Lothario* had of talking to her was spent in gazing on her, and in considering how worthy she was to be belov'd. This Thought begun by degrees to weigh down the Respect he ow'd *Anselmo*, and he had it in his Head a thousand times to leave the City, and be gone where *Anselmo* might never see him more, nor he *Camilla*; but the Pleasure he took in gazing on her already, prevented him. He struggled with himself, and labour'd to reject and stifle the Pleasure he receiv'd in viewing *Camilla*. He condemn'd himself when alone for his Madness, and call'd himself false Friend, and ill Christian. He fram'd Dialogues, and made Comparisons betwixt himself and *Anselmo*, and still he concluded, saying, That *Anselmo's* Madness and Presumption exceeded his Breach of Faith, and that he shou'd fear no Punishment for his Crime, were it as excusable before God as it was before Man. In short, *Camilla's* Beauty and Perfection, together with the Opportunity the foolish Husband had given him, overthrew *Lothario's* Fidelity, and without regarding any Thing but his Passion, when *Anselmo* had been three Days absent, during which time he was in a continual Combat with himself to oppose his Affections, he began to discover his Love to *Camilla*, with much Confusion indeed, but in such amorous Terms, that *Camilla* was astonish'd, and rising from the Place where she sat, went hastily away into her Chamber without answering him a Word. However this Repulse did not cause *Lothario* to cast away all Hope, which always attends Love; but on the contrary he valued her the more for it. She having observ'd that in *Lothario* which she cou'd never have imagin'd, knew not what to do; and

and thinking it neither safe, nor convenient to give him another Opportunity of talking to her, she resolv'd to send a Servant of hers that very Night, as she did, with a Note to *Anselmo*, which was to this Effect.

AS an Army is not safe without its General, or a Castle without its Governor, so a young Marry'd Woman is not as she ought to be without her Husband, when most urgent Occasions do not call him from her. I find my self so uneasie without you, and so unable to endure your Absence, that if you don't return speedily, I shall be forced to go and divert my self at my Father's, tho' I leave your House without any Keeper: for I think the Keeper you left me, if he was left as such, minds his own Pleasure more than your Business; and since you are wise, I need say no more, nor is it fit I shou'd.

ANSELMO receiv'd this Letter, and by it understood that *Lothario* had enter'd upon the Business, and that *Camilla* had made a Return to his Wish. Being over-joy'd at this News, he return'd an Answer to *Camilla* by Word of Mouth, That she shou'd make no Alteration in her House upon any Account, for he wou'd be at Home very speedily. *Camilla* was surpriz'd at *Anselmo's* Answer, which put her into more Confusion than she was in before; because she durst neither stay at home, nor go to her Father's; for by staying she endanger'd her Honour, and in going disobey'd her Husband's Commands. At length she resolv'd upon what prov'd worst in the Event, which was to stay, designing not to shun *Lothario*, lest the Servants shou'd take Notice of it; and now she was sorry she had written to her Husband, fearing lest he shou'd think *Lothario* had discover'd some Lightness in her, which had mov'd him not to pay her the Respect that was her due. But being satisfy'd of her own Honour, she put her Confidence in God, and in her good Resolution, which was to oppose Silence against all that *Lothario* cou'd say to her, without acquaint-

acquainting her Husband with it any more, for fear of bringing him into some Quarrel or Danger; nay, she was contriving how to excuse *Lothario* to *Anselmo*, when he shou'd ask her what Reason she had for writing that Letter. With this rather honourable, than wise or advantageous Resolution, she the next Day heard *Lothario*, who press'd her so hard, that her Constancy began to stagger, and her Modesty had much ado to have recourse to her Eyes, that they might not discover some amorous Sentiments, which *Lothario's* Words and Tears had stir'd up in her Breast. All this *Lothario* observ'd, and it enflam'd him the more. In short, he was of Opinion, That he ought to push on the Siege he had laid to that Fortrefs with the utmost Vigour, whilst he had the Advantage of *Anselmo's* Absence; and so he attack'd her Pride with the Commendations of her Beauty, for nothing so soon conquers and subdues the trowning Vanity of beautiful Women, as Vanity it self convey'd on the Tongue of Flattery. In a Word, he so cunningly undermin'd the Rock of her Honour, that tho' *Camilla* had been made of Brass, she must have fallen. He wept, begg'd, offer'd, flatter'd, urg'd, and counterfeited so much to the Life, that *Camilla's* Modesty was overthrown, and he triumph'd where he least expected, and most coveted. *Camilla* yielded, *Camilla* surrender'd; what Wonder then if *Lothario's* Friendship cou'd not stand the Shock! From whence we may learn, That the Passion of Love is only to be overcome by flying from it, and that no Body must presume to encounter so powerful an Enemy; for it requires Divine Strength to overcome his, tho' Human. Only *Leonela* was privy to her Mistress's Frailty, which cou'd not be conceal'd from her by the false Friends and new Lovers. *Lothario* thought not fit to acquaint *Camilla* with what had been impos'd upon him by *Anselmo*, nor that he had given him the Opportunity of advancing so far; lest she shou'd value his Affection the less, and imagine that he had made Love to her at first merely out of Compliance to his Friend, and not designedly.

ANSELMO return'd home in a few Days, and did not miss what was wanting in his Wife, which was what he had most expos'd, and yet most valu'd. He went away immediately to see *Lothario*, and found him in his House, where they embraced each other, and *Anselmo* enquired after what he said so nearly concern'd him, that his Life or Death depended upon it. The News I have to tell you, Friend *Anselmo*, said *Lothario*, is, that you have such a Wife, as may justly be accounted the Honour and Glory of Women. The Words I have said to her vanish'd into Air, my Offers have been undervalu'd, Gifts refus'd, and some counterfeit Tears have been made a Jest of. In fine, as *Camilla* is the Perfection of Beauty, so is she the very Residence of Honour, Civility, Modesty, and all other Virtues that can make an honest Woman commendable and happy. Take back your Money, Friend, here it is, I have had no Opportunity of using it, for *Camilla's* Virtue is not to be subdu'd by such mean Things as Gifts or Promises. Be satisfy'd, *Anselmo*, and make no further Tryals than have been made already. And since without wetting your Feet you have over-pass'd an Ocean of Doubts and Jealousies which may be had of Women, do not launch again into the deep Sea of new Inconveniences, nor employ any other Pilot to make Tryal of the Goodness and Strength of the Ship, on Board which Heaven has embark'd you to sail thro' the Sea of this World: But reckon yourself in a safe Harbour, moor yourself with Anchors of solid Consideration, and stir not till that Debt is demanded of you, from the Payment of which no Consideration of Nobility or Privilege will exempt us. *Anselmo* was overjoy'd at *Lothario's* Words; and took them for an Oracle. However he desir'd him not to desist, tho' it were only for Curiosity and Pastime, but that he need not for the future use such pressing Instances as he had done heretofore; however he would have him write some Verses as it were occasionally in Praise of her under the Name of *Chloris*, for he would intimate to *Camilla*, that he was in Love with a
Lady

Lady to whom he had given that Name, under which he might celebrate her with the Respects due to her Honour; and that in case *Lothario* would not be at the Pains to compose the Verses himself, he would write them for him. There is no need of that, reply'd *Lothario*, for the Muses are not so much my Enemies, but that they sometimes condescend to visit me. Do you only take Care to inform *Camilla* of what you have said concerning my pretended Love, I'll make the Verses, if not so good as the Subject deserves, yet at least the best I can. This the impertinent and the false Friend concluded upon. *Anselmo* returning home, ask'd *Camilla*, what she admir'd he had not ask'd before, which was, to know what mov'd her to write the Note she sent him. *Camilla* answer'd, that when she wrote that Note, she fancy'd *Lothario* seem'd more confident than when *Anselmo* was at home, but that she was now undeceiv'd, and believ'd it to have been only a Fancy of her own; for *Lothario* now fled from her Sight, and avoided being alone with her. *Anselmo* told her she might be easy as to that Point, since to his Knowledge *Lothario* was in Love with a young Lady of Quality, whom he Celebrated under the Name of *Chloris*; and that tho' he were not, yet there was no Reason to suspect *Lothario's* Honour, or be jealous of their Friendship. Had not *Camilla* been forewarn'd by *Lothario*, that the Love of *Chloris* was counterfeit, and that he had told *Anselmo* he was in love that he might employ himself at times in the Commendation of *Camilla*, she would certainly have been intangled in the desperate Snares of Jealousy; but being prepar'd before-hand, it was no Surprize to her. The next Day, as they were all three sitting together after Dinner, *Anselmo* desired *Lothario* to repeat some of the Verses he had written upon his belov'd *Chloris*, which he might safely do, since the Person who was veil'd under that fictitious Name was unknown to *Camilla*. Tho' *Camilla* did know her, reply'd *Lothario*, I shou'd not make any Secret of it; for when a Lover commends his Mistress's Beauty, and reflects
upon

upon her Cruelty, he does no Wrong to her Reputation.
But be it as it will, Yesterday I made a Song upon *Chloris's* Unkindness, which is this:

S O N G.

I.

*At dead of Night, when Care gives Place
In other Breasts to soft Repose,
My throbbing Heart feels no Recess,
Since Love and Chloris are my Foes.*

II.

*At Morn, when Phœbus from the East
Repels the gloomy Shades of Night,
The Grief that racks my tortur'd Breast
Redoubles at th' Approach of Light.*

III.

*At Noon, when most intense he shines,
My Sorrows more intense are grown;
At Ev'ning, when the Sun declines,
They set not with the Setting Sun.*

IV.

*To my Relief then hasten, Death,
And ease me of my restless Woes:
Wish Joy I will resign my Breath,
Since Love and Chloris are my Foes!*

CAMILLA lik'd the Sonnet well, but *Anselmo* better; he commended it most extravagantly, and said the Lady was too cruel, since she did not make some Return to so much Sincerity. To which *Camilla* answer'd, What, must we take all that Poets say when they are in Love for Gospel? As Poets, reply'd *Lothario*, they do not always speak Truth, but as Lovers they never fall short of it. There is no Doubt of that, said *Anselmo*, still to gain *Lothario* Credit with *Camilla*, who was as regardless of *Anselmo's* Contrivance, as she was fond of *Lothario*. Thus being pleas'd with any thing that was his, and being persua-

ded that his Thoughts and Verses were addressed to her, and that she was the true *Chloris*, she desir'd him, if he could remember any other Verses, to repeat them. I have another Sonnet, answer'd *Lothario*, but I believe it is not so good as the First, or rather worse, which you may judge of, for it is this.

SONG.

I.

*See, cruel Fair ! I die to prove
The Truth and Fervour of my Love :
In Death I seek for that Relief,
Which you deny my living Grief.*

II.

*Nor in the Grave, where all Things lye
Forgotten, shall your Mem'ry die.
Not Lethe's Waters shall unbind
Your lov'd Idea from my Mind.*

III.

*That can admit of no Decay,
But shall for ever with me stay :
Ev'n after Death it shall survive,
And, like my Love, immortal live.*

IV.

*Oh ! let my Death at last suffice,
Since I must fall Love's Sacrifice ;
And let some piteous Tears be shed
To crown my Ashes, when I'm dead.*

ANSELMO was as extravagant in his Commendations of this Sonnet as he had been of the former, and so made himself an Instrument to his own Dishonour ; for when *Lothario* abus'd him most, it was when he told him his Honour was safest. Thus every step *Camilla* took to become contemptible, rais'd her in the Esteem of her Husband toward the highest pitch of Virtue and a good Name. *Camilla* being once alone, as she often was, with her Maid said,

said to her, I am asham'd, dear *Leonela*, when I think how little I have valu'd my self, in not making *Lothario* purchase his Enjoyment of me by length of Time, but surrendering to him of my own accord. I fear he will condemn my speedy Compliance, without reflecting on the Violence he us'd to take from me the Power of resisting. Be not troubled at that, Madam, answer'd *Leonela*, for the Value or Contempt of a thing does not consist in its being soon given, if the thing be good it self and worth esteeming: Nay it is a common Saying, *That he who gives immediately, gives Double*. But there is another Saying, answer'd *Camilla*, *That what is cheap is of no Value*. That does not at all concern you, said *Leonela*; for Love, as I have been told, sometimes creeps and sometimes flies; with some he runs, and with others he walks; some it warms and some it fires; some it wounds, others it kills. In one and the self-same Moment it sets out and reaches to the end of its Desires. It sometimes lays Siege to a Fortress in the Morning, and is in Possession of it by Night, because no Force is able to withstand it. And if so, what do you wonder at, or what do you fear? For 'tis likely the same has happen'd to *Lothario*, Love having laid hold of my Master's Absence, as the proper Means to reduce you both. And it was necessary that what Love had decreed, shou'd be concluded during that Absence, without loss of Time, lest *Anselmo's* Return might have left the Work imperfect. For Love has no better Officer to put his Designs in Execution than Opportunity, which it makes use of upon all Occasions, especially in the first Beginning of an Amour. All this I know rather by Experience, than by Hearsay; and some Day I will give you an Account of all, for I am young too, and made of Flesh and Blood like you. Besides, Madam, you did not yield before you had first seen all *Lothario's* Soul thro' his Eyes, his Sighs, his Words, Promises and Presents, and in that and his Virtues you saw how worthy *Lothario* was to be belov'd. Let not therefore such nice Reflections trouble you, but

be assur'd *Lothario* values you as you do him; and rejoice and be satisfy'd, that since it was your Fate to be taken in the Snare of Love, you are fallen into the Hands of one of so much Worth and Value, that he has not only the four S S of his Side, which they say belong to a true Lover, but the whole Alphabet may be apply'd to him. If you doubt of it observe what I say, and you shall find me run it all over by heart. He is, in my Opinion, Agreeable, Bountiful, Courteous, Discreet, Easy, Faithful, Gallant, Handsome, Ingenious, Kind, Loyal, Modish, Noble, Obliging, Prudent, Quick, Rich, Secret, Trusty, Valiant, Witty. X will not suit him, because it is a harsh Letter, Y is Young, Z, Zealous, for your Honour and Service.

CAMILLA laugh'd at her Maid's Alphabet, and concluded her better vers'd in the Affairs of Love, than she had yet express'd; which she soon own'd, declaring to *Camilla* that she had a Love-Intrigue with a Youth well born in the City, at which *Camilla* was not a little troubled, fearing her Honour might suffer by that Means. She examin'd her whether it had pass'd any further than Words. She freely and impudently enough own'd it did. For it is certain that the Mistress's Guilt makes the Maid confident; and when the one trips the other is not ashamed to tumble. *Camilla* finding her Error past Remedy, could only desire *Leonela* to disclose nothing of her Affairs to her Lover, and be cautious in her Own, so that neither *Anselmo* nor *Lothario* might discover any thing of it. *Leonela* answer'd she wou'd; but perform'd it so ill, that *Camilla* was in perpetual Fear, lest her Reputation shou'd be sacrificed to her Maid's Confidence and Inclination. For when once she saw her Mistress to be less reserv'd than before, she grew so bold as to admit her Lover into the House, being assur'd that tho' her Mistress saw him, she durst not discover him. For this is one of the many ill Consequences of tripping Dames, they become Slaves to their own Maids, and are oblig'd to conceal their lewd and base Practices, as
it

it now happen'd to *Camilla*. For tho' she several times perceiv'd that *Leonela* was with her Gallant in a Chamber in the House, she was so far from daring to chide, that she gave her the Opportunity of shutting him up; and us'd all possible Means that he might not be seen by her Husband. Yet she could not prevent *Lothario's* seeing him go out of the House one Morning at break of Day. At first Sight he took him for a Fantome; but when he saw him make away, muffle up and conceal himself carefully, he was convinced of that Error, but stumbled upon another, which must have been the Ruin of them all, had not *Camilla* prevented it.

LOTHARIO did not imagine that the Person he saw go out of *Anselmo's* House at that unseasonable Hour, had been entertain'd there by *Leonela*, nor did he so much as think of her, but concluded that as *Camilla* had been faulty with him, she had been so with another: For this is the Consequence of an unchaste Woman's Crime; that she loses her Reputation even with the Man whose Vows and Tears won her to abandon it. He believes she bestows herself upon others at a cheaper Rate, and improves the lightest Appearance into the most evident Matter of Fact. Thus *Lothario* having in a Moment forfeited all his Judgment, without allowing himself Time to consider, gave way to the Transports of Rage and Revenge, where he had not receiv'd the least Injury; for he went to him and said, Know, *Anselmo*, that I have long struggled with myself, labouring to conceal that from you, which I neither can nor ought in Justice longer to make a Secret of. Know then that *Camilla's* Fort is upon the Point of Surrender, and if I have delay'd discovering the Truth till now, it was to try whether it was any light Fancy of hers, or whether she did it to try me, and see if the Love I have by your leave pretended to her was Real. I also believ'd that she had been so good as she ought to be, and as we both believ'd, and that she wou'd have acquainted you with my Importunity; but finding she delays it, I perceive the Promises she has

made me are Real, to wit, that the next time you are from home she will meet me to my Satisfaction in the Wardrobe, (and that was the Place where *Camilla* us'd to meet him.) However, continu'd he, I wou'd not have you run rashly to Revenge, since as yet there is no Crime committed any further than in Thought, and perhaps betwixt this and the Time of Assignment, her Virtue may rally, and she repent of her Folly. Therefore as you have hitherto taken my Advice, follow it now, that you may have a sufficient Conviction before you put your Resolves in Execution. Pretend Absence for two or three Days, and convey your self privately behind the Hangings in the Wardrobe, from whence you may be an Eye-Witness of *Camilla's* Conduct. And if she prove as wicked as may be fear'd, tho' we hope the contrary, then may you privately with Discretion and Prudence be the Executioner of your Wrongs.

ANSELMO was amaz'd, surpriz'd, and stunn'd at *Lothario's* Words, because they took him at a Time when he least expected to hear them; for till now he look'd upon *Camilla* as victorious over the counterfeit Attempts of *Lothario*, and began to enjoy the Glory of her Victory. He stood silent a long while, looking down without moving his Eyes, and at last said, You have perform'd what I expected from your Friendship, *Lothario*, I will take your Advice in all Things; do as you think fit, and be as secret as you see is requisite in a Business of this Consequence. *Lothario* promis'd to do so, and as soon as he was gone from him repented of all he had said, and of the Folly he had committed, since he might have been reveng'd on *Camilla* without taking such a barbarous and dishonourable Method. He curs'd his Understanding, he condemn'd his hasty Resolution, and knew not which way to take to undo what was done, or find some tolerable Means to get out of it. At length he resolv'd to acquaint *Camilla* with the whole Matter; and there being no want of Opportunity to do it, that very Day he found her alone; and she, as soon as she saw she might speak her Mind, said, Know, Friend *Lothario*,

thario, there is one thing gives me so much trouble, that I am afraid it will break my Heart. *Leonela* is grown so impudent that every Night she shuts up a Gallant she has in the House, and is with him till Day, to the great Detriment of my Honour, as any Man will judge that sees him go out of the House at such unseasonable Hours; and what troubles me most is, that I cannot punish nor chide her; for her being privy to our Intrigues obliges me to conceal Hers, and I dread this will be the Cause of some Disaster.

AT first *Lothario* believ'd what *Camilla* said had been only a Contrivance to persuade him that the Man he saw go out was *Leonela's* Gallant, and not hers; but seeing her weep, afflict herself, and ask his Advice, he gave Credit to the Truth, was altogether confounded, and repented of what he had done. However he answer'd *Camilla*, That she should not trouble herself, for he would find out some Means to curb the Insolence of *Leonela*. At the same time he told her all he had said to *Anselmo*, to which he had been provok'd by the furious Rage of Jealousy, and how it was agreed, that *Anselmo* should hide himself in the Wardrobe, that he might there see how false she was to him. He begg'd her Pardon for this Extravagancy, and ask'd her Advice how to mend it, and to get out of that confus'd Labyrinth into which his jealous Rage and want of Sense had run him.

CAMILLA was astonish'd to hear what *Lothario* said, and chid him severely, condemning his rash Judgment, and the ill Course he had taken upon it. But as commonly Women have a readier Wit than Men, either for Good, or Mischief; she in a Moment contriv'd how to come off of a Business, that in Appearance bore so terrible an Aspect. She bid *Lothario* order *Anselmo* to hide himself next Day in the Place he had propos'd, assuring him that she did not question but she shou'd so manage the Matter, that for the future they shou'd have a more frequent and secure Opportunity of enjoying one another: And without discovering

her whole Design, she bid him, as soon as *Anselmo* was hid, to come away to her upon the first Call of *Leonela*, and that he should answer all she said, as he would answer if he did not know that *Anselmo* heard him. *Lothario* was importunate with her to know the whole Contrivance, that he might the more exactly observe all that was necessary in that Case. I tell you, said *Camilla*, there is no more to be observ'd, but to answer to what I shall ask. *Camilla* would not acquaint him with her Design beforehand, lest he shou'd refuse to follow the Method she so much approv'd of, and should seek some other that was not so good.

WITH this *Lothario* went away ; and *Anselmo* the next Day, upon pretence of going to the Village where his Friend liv'd, set out, and return'd to hide himself, which he did without any Difficulty ; for *Camilla* and *Leonela* gave him a fair Opportunity. He convey'd himself behind the Hangings, in such Disorder as may easily be imagin'd of one that expected with his own Eyes to see his Honour betray'd, and himself depriv'd of the greatest Bliss he thought he enjoy'd in his lov'd *Camilla*. So soon as *Camilla* and *Leonela* were sure *Anselmo* had conceal'd himself, they went into the Wardrobe ; where *Camilla* fetching a deep Sigh said, Alas, my dear *Leonela*, were it not better, before I put that in Practice, which you must not know lest you shou'd endeavour to hinder me in the Execution of it, that you take *Anselmo's* Dagger, and pierce my vile Breast ? But do it not ; for it is not reasonable, that I should suffer the Punishment due to another's Guilt. I will first know what the bold and lewd Eyes of *Lothario* have seen in mine, that should encourage him to discover to me so wicked an Inclination as he has presum'd to do, in contempt of his Friend, and to my Dishonour. Go to the Window, *Leonela*, and call him, for without doubt he is in the Street waiting for the Accomplishment of his wicked Design ; but mine, as Cruel as it is Honourable, shall first take effect. O Lord, Madam,

Madam, answer'd the cunning and well-instructed *Leonela*, and what is it you mean to do with that Dagger? Do you design to kill yourself, or *Lothario*? For if you do either, it will unavoidably end in the Loss of your Honour and Reputation. It will be wiser in you to put up this Wrong, and not give this base Man an Opportunity to come into the House, and find us two alone. Consider, Madam, we are weak Women, and he a Man desperate; and if he comes full of that wicked Design, perhaps, before you can put yours in Execution, he will do that which will be worse than Death to you. A Curse on my Master, who has made this impudent Varlet so free in his House. And in case, Madam, that you should kill him, as I suppose you design, what shall we do with him when he is Dead? What, dear Girl? we'll leave him to *Anselmo* to bury him; it cannot but be a grateful Office to him, who will thereby bury his own Shame. Make haste, and call him; for methinks all the while I delay taking the Revenge due to my Wrong, I injure the Faith I owe my Husband.

ANSELMO heard all this, and his Mind chang'd at every Word *Camilla* spoke. But when he understood she was resolv'd to kill *Lothario*, he was at first determin'd to come forth, and discover himself, and thereby prevent it; but was stopp'd by the Desire of seeing what would be the end of so much Bravery, and so honourable a Resolution, disposed to shew himself time enough to prevent Mischief. By this *Camilla* fell into a fainting Fit, and casting herself upon a Bed that was in the Room, *Leonela* began to weep bitterly, and to say, Wretched Creature that I am, shall I be so unhappy as to see the Flower of worldly Virtue, the Mirrour of modest Women, the Pattern of Chastity die here in my Arms! To these she added many other Expressions so well feign'd, that no body could have heard her, but would have thought her the most afflicted and most faithful Servant in the World, and her Mistress a second Persecuted *Penelope*. It was not before *Camilla* came to herself, and as soon as she did, she said, Why don't you go, *Leonela*, and call the falsest Friend

that ever the Sun shin'd upon, or the Night conceal'd! Haste away, let not the Fire of Indignation I have in my Breast cool by delay, and so the just Revenge I have promised myself, sink into Threats and Curses. I go to call him, Madam, said *Leonela*; but you must first give me that Dagger, that you may not do any thing in my Absence, which may give all that love you Cause to lament as long as they live. Let not that Fear detain you, answer'd *Camilla*; for tho' I may be bold and resolute in maintaining my Honour, yet I will not, like *Lucretia*, kill myself innocent as I am, without having first kill'd the principal Cause of my Dishonour; if I die, it shall not be 'till I have revenged myself on him that has tempted me to this guilty Assignation, and made him lament his Crime, without being guilty of any myself. *Leonela* cou'd hardly be prevail'd upon to leave *Camilla* alone, and call *Lothario*; but at last she withdrew, and then *Camilla* entertain'd herself, and her Husband, with the following Soliloquy. Good Heaven! had it not been better to have turn'd away *Lothario*, as I have done many times before, than to give him Cause to take me for an immodest lewd Woman, at least so long as till I shall undeceive him? It were better, without doubt; but then I should not be reveng'd, nor will my Husband's Honour be satisfy'd, if he should go off so easily from the Place to which his wicked Designs have brought him. Let the false Man's Life atone for his lascivious Intention. Let the World know, when my Story comes to be publish'd, that *Camilla* was not only true to her Husband; but she reveng'd him of the Man that would have dishonour'd him. Yet I believe, it had been better to have acquainted *Anselmo* with it. It has been already hinted to him in the Letter I sent him into the Country; and I believe, his not coming then to prevent the Mischiefe I there pointed out to him, was because he was so Good and Sincere, that he neither would nor could believe that so try'd a Friend could be guilty of the least Thought that might be to his Dishonour; nor did I believe it myself for a long time, nor indeed shou'd I ever have believ'd it, if his Inso-

lence had not gone so far, that his open Presents, large Promises, and continual Tears made it beyond all dispute. But to what purpose are these Considerations? Do's a gallant Resolution stand in need of any? No truly; away, fond Thoughts; Revenge is now my Task; let the Villain come, let him draw near, let him die and perish, let the fatal Consequence be what it will. Unspotted I came to Him Heaven has made mine, and unsully'd will I leave him; the worst that can befall me, is to have my chaste Blood mingled and polluted with that of the most treacherous of Friends. Whilst she was uttering these Words, she walk'd about the Room with the naked Dagger, stepping so wildly, and with such Disorder in her Motions and Actions, that she look'd more like a desperate Ruffian, than one of the softer Sex.

ANSELMO saw it all from behind the Hangings, and was struck with Admiration; he now thought what he had seen and heard was enough to have remov'd a stronger Cause of Suspicion than His was, and he began to wish *Lothario* wou'd not come, as dreading some disastrous Accident. He was just ready to discover himself, and undeceive his Wife, when he beheld *Leonela* leading in *Lothario*. As soon as *Camilla* saw him enter, she drew a Line on the Ground with the Dagger, and said, *Lothario*, take notice of what I say to you, if you dare to pass this Line you see, or so much as come near it, the Moment I see you attempt it I'll bury this Dagger in my Breast; and before you make any Answer to what I have said, I will have you give me your Attention; for when I have done, you shall answer as you think fit. The first thing I wou'd know of you, *Lothario*, is, whether you know my Husband *Anselmo*, and what Esteem the World has of him? And in the next place, I wou'd know whether you know me? Answer to this, and be not in Confusion, nor take much time to consider on the Answer; for there is no Difficulty in what I ask. *Lothario* was not so dull, but he had, from the Moment *Camilla* bid him cause *Anselmo* to hide himself, guess'd at what she design'd to do; so he

answer'd her Design with such Judgment, and so pat, that the Fiction was lost in the Appearance of Reality. I never did imagine, fair *Camilla*, said *Lothario*, that you would ask such Questions of me, so little pertinent to the Design I came upon; if you do it to delay the promis'd Favour, you shou'd have prepar'd me for the Disappointment; for the nearer the Hope of Possessing is, the greater is the Pain to have that Hope destroyed. But to answer your Demands, I must own, Madam, I do know your Husband *Anselmo*, and we have been acquainted from our Infancy, and I will not say what you so well know concerning our Friendship, that I may not be myself a Witness of the Wrong I do him, tho' forced to it by Love, which is an Excuse for greater Crimes than this. I know you, and make the same Account of you that he does; for did I not, I wou'd not for a Purchase of less Value so far wrong myself, and the Laws of true Friendship, all which I have been forced to break by the resistless Power of Love.

IF you own that, answer'd *Camilla*, you mortal Enemy of all that deserves to be belov'd, with what Face do you appear before her who is the Mirror in which he sees himself, and ought to be the same to you, that you might see how little Cause you have to wrong him? But alas! this points me to the Cause of your Transgression, some suspicious Action of mine, when I was least upon my Guard, and thought myself alone. But whatever it was, you may be assur'd that it proceeded not from any Levity of Principle, but a Negligence and Liberty we sometimes fall into when we think our selves unobserv'd. For tell me now, false Man, When did you see any Action, or hear a Word in Answer to your Courtship, that might give you the least Shadow of Hopes of compassing your infamous Design? When was it that your amorous Expressions were not repuls'd with Rigour and Disdain? When did your Presents and Promises find Credit, or Admittance with me? But since it is impossible for Love to subsist long without some Hopes, I will lay that Guilt upon some unhappy

happy Inadvertency of mine, and will therefore inflict the same Punishment on myself that your Crime deserves. And that you may see I cannot be compassionate to you, who am so cruel to myself, I have resolv'd to bring you to be a Witness to the Sacrifice I design to offer up to the Honour of my worthy Husband, who has been most deliberately wrong'd by you, and by me in not avoiding the Occasion, if I gave you any, to encourage and authorize your wicked Intention. I say again, That the Jealousy I have, lest some Oversight of mine may have bred in you such extravagant Thoughts, is the sharpest of my Afflictions, and what with my own Hands I resolve to punish with the utmost Severity. For shou'd I leave that Punishment to another, it wou'd but encrease my Guilt. But to satisfy my Revenge and impartial Justice, I will unmov'd and unrelenting, destroy the fatal Cause that has reduced me to this desperate Condition.

HAVING spoke these Words, she ran at *Lothario* with incredible Force and Activity, with the naked Dagger in her Hand, as if she wou'd stab him to the Heart; and counterfeited so well, that *Lothario* was almost in doubt whether her Actions were real, or feign'd, and was forced to use Art and Strength to avert the Blow. Whereupon to give more Life to the Fiction, as in a Rage at her being disappointed in her Revenge upon *Lothario*, she cry'd out, Since Fate will not gratify my Desire in all Points, it shall not hinder me from performing some Part of it; and struggling to get loose the Hand that held the Dagger, which *Lothario* had secur'd, she wrested it from him, and directing the Point where she cou'd receive the least Damage, she ran it in betwixt her Breast and left Shoulder, and then fell upon the Ground as if she had fainted.

LEONELA and *Lothario* were surpriz'd and astonish'd at this Accident, and still doubting whether what had been done were real or feign'd, seeing *Camilla* stretch'd out on the Ground, and wallowing in her Blood. *Lothario* ran presently in a Consternation to draw out the Dagger, and perceiving the Smallness of the Wound, was soon eas'd

of

of the Fright he had been in, and more than ever admir'd the beautiful *Camilla's* Cunning and Discretion. And that he might not be wanting in his Part, he began a long and sorrowful Lamentation over the Body of *Camilla*, as if she had been dead, cursing not only himself, but his Friend that had put him upon that fatal Experiment. And knowing that his Friend *Anselmo* heard him, he spoke such Words as might move any Body that heard him to have more Compassion for Him, than for *Camilla*, tho' he had believ'd her dead. *Leonela* took her up in her Arms and laid her on the Bed, desiring *Lothario* that he wou'd go and fetch a Surgeon that might cure her with Privacy. She also ask'd his Advice how to excuse it to her Master, in case he return'd before the Wound was healed. He reply'd, They might say what they wou'd, for he was in no Condition to give any Advice worth the taking; he only bid her endeavour to stop the Blood, for he was going where he might never be seen more. And thus, as if he had been full of Trouble, he left the House; and when he found himself alone, and that no Body saw him, he did nothing but bless himself, and admire *Camilla's* and her Woman's Conduct in the whole Affair. He consider'd how fully *Anselmo* wou'd be convinced, that he had to Wife a second *Porcia*; and he long'd to see him, that they might both together applaud the best disguis'd Falshood that ever was invented.

LEONELA, as has been said, stench'd her Mistress's bleeding, which was no more than serv'd to give Countenance to her Chear; and washing the Wound with a little Wine, bound it up the best she cou'd, uttering such Words whilst she dress'd her, that tho' nothing else had been done or said before, they were sufficient to make *Anselmo* believe he had in *Camilla* the very Goddess of Chastity. *Camilla* was not silent, but complain'd of her Cowardice and Baseness of Spirit, that deny'd her Time and Force to dispatch that Life which was now become a Burden to her. She ask'd her Maid's Advice, Whether she shou'd give her Husband an Account of that Affair or
not.

not. *Leonela* was for her concealing it, because it would lay an Obligation on him of Revenging himself on *Lothario*, which cou'd not be done without Hazard to himself; and that a good Wife ought to be so far from bringing her Husband into any Quarrel, that it was her Duty to use all possible Means to prevent it. *Camilla* yielded to her Reasons; but added, that they must by all means have something ready to say to her Husband concerning that Wound, which he cou'd not chuse but see: To which *Leonela* reply'd, That she knew not how to tell a Lye, tho' it were but in Jest. Then what can I know, dear Girl, said *Camilla*, who dare not invent and persist in a Lye, tho' it were to cost me my Life? And if we don't come off well, it is better to tell him the naked Truth, than to be taken in a Lye. Do not trouble yourself, Madam, answer'd *Leonela*, for betwixt this and To-morrow I will consider what we shall say to him, and perhaps the Wound being in that Place, you may conceal it from his Sight; leave therefore the whole Affair to Heaven, which always favours and assists the Innocent.

ANSELMO listen'd with great Attention to this formal Tragedy of his Honour, which was perform'd by the Actors so very passionately, and to the Life, that they seem'd to be real in all their Parts. He impatiently long'd for Night, and an Opportunity to slip out of the House, that he might go meet his good Friend *Lothario*, and congratulate with him upon this happy Discovery of his Wife's approv'd Virtue. The two Women took care to give him a fair Opportunity to get out, and he let it not slip; but went away immediately to seek *Lothario*, and having found him, it is not easy to tell how lovingly he embraced him, how much he was exalted at his good Fortune, and how extravagant he was in his Commendations of *Camilla*. All which *Lothario* gave Ear to without expressing the least Satisfaction, for he was conscious to himself how much his Friend was abused, and how unjustly he wrong'd him. Tho' *Anselmo* saw that *Lothario* was not touch'd, he believ'd it was because he had left *Camilla* wounded, and had

had himself been the Occasion of it; and therefore among other things, he bid him be of good Heart, because it was certain the Wound was but slight, since they had agreed to conceal it from him, and therefore there was nothing to fear, but that for the future he shou'd rejoice and be merry with him, since by his Means and good Management he was rais'd to the highest Pitch of Felicity he cou'd have wish'd himself; and therefore he would spend the rest of his Days in writing Verses in Commendation of *Camilla*, which might convey her Virtues down to Posterity. *Lothario* commended his Resolution, and said, he wou'd be assisting in Erecting so noble a Fabrick. Thus *Anselmo* remain'd the most delightfully deceiv'd of any Man alive, and himself led home by the Hand the utter Ruin of his Honour, tho' at the same time he believ'd he was carrying thither the Instrument of his Glory. *Camilla* receiv'd him to outward Appearance with Frowns, but with inward Joy. This Imposture lay conceal'd for some time, till a few Months after, and then the Wheel of Fortune turn'd, the Wickedness till then so artificially conceal'd was laid open, and *Anselmo* fell a Sacrifice to his impertinent Curiosity.

HE became so secure in *Camilla's* Virtue, that he liv'd with all the Content and Satisfaction in the World, whilst *Camilla* purposely shew'd *Lothario* an ill Countenance, that *Anselmo* might not guess at her Kindness for him; which made *Lothario* ask *Anselmo's* Leave to forbear coming to his House, since it plainly appear'd *Camilla* was disturb'd at his Presence; but this was a Request not to be granted by the deluded *Anselmo*, who seeking the Establishment of his Content, promoted his own Dishonour.

MEAN while *Leonela*, pleas'd to see herself thus enabled to follow her Love, ran so loosely after it, that without regarding any thing else, she wholly abandon'd herself to it, being satisfy'd her Mistress kept her Counsel, and even instructed her how she might carry on her Intrigue with most Freedom. So that one Night her Master heard some Body in her Chamber, and coming to the Door to dis-

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cover who it was, he found it held fast against him; however, he struggled so long till he got it open, and as he enter'd the Room he saw a Man leap out of the Window into the Street, and wou'd have pursu'd him; but *Leonela* laid fast hold of him, saying, Pray Sir be pacify'd, and do not disturb yourself, nor follow him that leap'd out here, for he belongs to me, and that in so near a Degree, that he is my Husband. *Anselmo* wou'd not believe it, but drawing his Dagger, he offer'd to stab *Leonela*, bidding her tell the Truth, or he wou'd kill her. She not knowing what she said, with the Fright, spoke to him thus; Do not kill me, Sir, and I'll you Things of greater Moment than you imagine. Tell me presently, quoth *Anselm*, or you are a dead Woman. It will be impossible to do it just now, I am in such a Confusion and Fright; but let me alone 'till To-morrow, and then I will tell you such Things as will amaze you; in the mean time you may be assur'd that he who leap'd out at this Window is a young Man that has promis'd me Marriage.

WITH this *Anselmo* was somewhat pleas'd, and willing to wait the Time she desir'd, not imagining to hear any thing against *Camilla*, of whose Virtue he was thoroughly satisfy'd. Wherefore leaving *Leonela* lock'd up, and telling her she shou'd not come out 'till she had done what she had promis'd, he went immediately to *Camilla*, and acquainted her with all that had pass'd betwixt him and her Maid, and how she had promis'd to discover great Matters to him. You may easily imagine the Fear this gave *Camilla*, who made no doubt but that the Discovery *Leonela* had promis'd was of her Disloyalty, so that she had not the Courage to stay 'till she was satisfy'd whether her Suspicion prov'd true or no. But that very Night, when *Anselmo* was asleep, she put up the best Jewels she had, and some Money, and without being discover'd left the House and went to *Lothario's*, whom she acquainted with all that had happen'd, and desir'd him to put her into some Place of Safety, or go with her where they might be safe
from

from *Anselmo*. *Camilla* put *Lothario* into such Confusion, that he knew not how to answer her a Word; much less could he resolve what to do. But at last, with *Camilla's* Consent, he put her into a Monastery where his Sister was Abbess; and immediately, without acquainting any Body with his Departure, he left the City.

AS soon as it was Day, *Anselmo* without ever missing *Camilla*, so eager was he to know what *Leonela* would say to him, got up, and went to the Place where he had confin'd her. He open'd the Door and went into the Room, but found not *Leonela* in it, but saw the Sheets ty'd together hanging at the Window; a plain Demonstration that she had made her Escape that way. He went back very much troubled to acquaint *Camilla* with it, and not finding her in the Bed, nor in the House, was amaz'd. He ask'd the Servants for her, but no Body could give him any Account of her. As he went about in Search of her, he found her Trunks open, and most of his Jewels wanting; he then no longer doubted of his Dishonour. Wherefore pensiv'e, and half drest as he was, he went to acquaint his Friend *Lothario* with his Disaster; but not finding him, and being told by his Servants, that he had left his House that very Night, he was like to have run mad; and to compleat his Misery, when he return'd home, he found not one of all his Servants; but the House solitary and desert. He knew not what to think, say, or do. He saw himself in one Moment depriv'd of his Wife, his Friend, and his Servants; forsaken, as he thought, by Heaven, and above all robb'd of his Honour; for he perceiv'd his Ruin in *Camilla's* Absence.

AT length he resolv'd to retreat to his Friend's Country House, where he had been when he gave the Opportunity to contrive his Ruin. He shut up his Doors, took Horse, and set forward with a faint Heart. He had scarce gone half-way, when overborn by his tormenting Thoughts he was forced to alight, and tye his Horse to a Tree, at the Foot of which he threw himself down, fetching many sad
and

and dismal Sighs. There he stay'd 'till Night drew on, at which time he saw a Man a Horse-back coming from the City, and ask'd him what News from *Florence*? The Traveller answer'd, The strangest that have been heard of for a long time, for that it was publickly reported, that *Lothario*, the great Friend of *Anselmo* the Rich, who liv'd in the Quarter of *St. John*, had that very Night carried off his Wife *Camilla*, as had been discover'd to the Governor by *Camilla's* Maid, who was apprehended as she slipp'd from the Window of *Anselmo's* House by a pair of Sheets. The particular Circumstances I cannot tell, but this I can say, that all the City is astonish'd at this Accident; because no Body could have imagin'd any such thing, their Friendship and Familiarity being so remarkable, that they were call'd *The two Friends*. Is it yet known, said *Anselmo*, which way *Lothario* and *Camilla* are gone? No, Sir, reply'd the Traveller, tho' the Governor has us'd his utmost Endeavours to find them. *Anselmo* ask'd him no more Questions; but when they had taken their Leaves of each other, the Traveller left him, and pursu'd his Journey.

ANSELMO hearing such unhappy News, was like not only to run distract'd, but even to sink down dead. He got a Horseback the best he cou'd, and came to his Friend's House, who as yet had not heard of his Misfortune; but seeing him pale and disconsolate, he concluded some great Disaster had befallen him. *Anselmo* desir'd they wou'd conduct him to his Chamber, and give him Pen, Ink and Paper, which was done, and they left him alone; for so he desir'd them to do, and shut his Door. Being alone, the Imagination of his Misfortune so violently oppress'd his Spirits, that he perceiv'd the End of his Life was at hand, and therefore resolv'd to leave some Account of the Cause of his Death; and beginning to write, before he cou'd express all he design'd, his Heart fail'd him and he fell a Victim to the Sorrow caus'd by his Impertinent Curiosity.

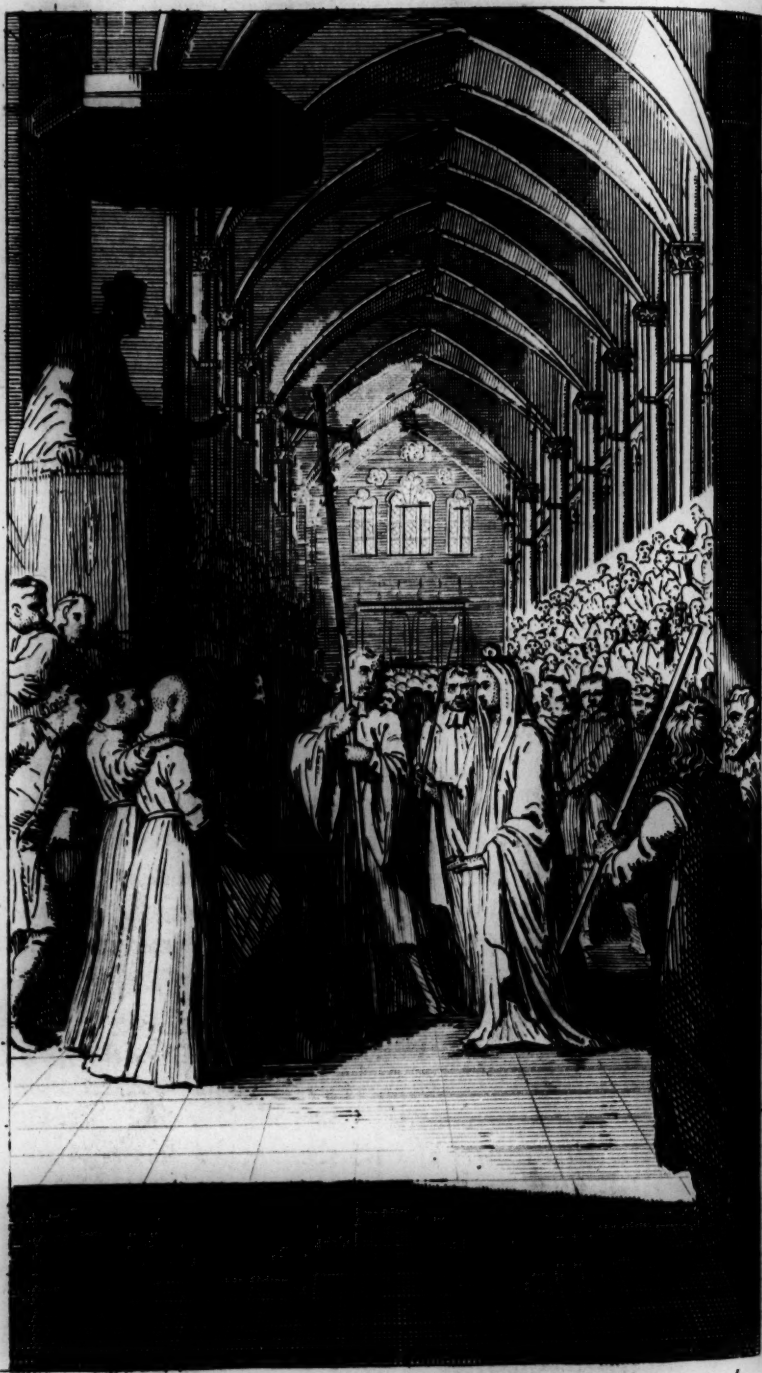
THE Gentleman perceiving it grew late, and that *Anselmo* did not call, thought fit to go in and see whether his Friend was better or worse, and found him lying on his Face with half his Body in the Bed, and the other half on the Table, on which lay the written Paper open, and he still holding the Pen in his Hand. Seeing him in this Posture he drew near him; call'd and mov'd him, but soon perceiv'd he was dead. Astonish'd at this unhappy Event, he call'd his Servants to be Witnesses of it. Lastly, he read the Paper, which he knew to be his Hand, and the Contents of it were these:

A Foolish and Impertinent Curiosity has depriv'd me of my Life. If the News of my Death shall happen to reach Camilla's Ears, let her know, that I forgive her, for she was not oblig'd to work Miracles, nor was there any need I shou'd expect it from her; and since I was the Contriver of my own Dishonour, there is no-----

THUS far *Anselmo* had written, by which it appear'd, that he expir'd that very Moment, before he cou'd conclude the Sentence. The next Day *Anselmo's* Friend sent word of his Death to his Kindred, who had heard of his Misfortune, and what Monastery *Camilla* was in, almost ready to follow her Husband, not for Grief of his Death, but for the Absence of *Lothario*. It was reported, that tho' she was now a Widow, she wou'd neither quit the Monastery, nor yet take the Habit; 'till not long after, News was brought her, that *Lothario* had been slain in an Engagement betwixt *Monsieur Lautrecque* and the great Captain *Gonçalo Fernandez de Cordova*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. This was the Fate of the too-late-repenting Friend; the News of which made *Camilla* immediately profess, and in a short time to end her Life, spent with Sorrow and Affliction. This was the End they all had, being the Consequence of so impertinent a Beginning.

The E N D.





Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

THE
HISTORY
OF
JANE SHORE.



L O N D O N: M D C C X X I X;





TO THE
Incomparable Representative
OF
JANE SHORE,
Mrs. OLDFIELD.

MADAM,
HE great *Encomium*, which your
Merits extort from the Publick,
is, that you act every Part with
the greatest *Grace* and *Propri-*
ety. This Excellence intitles You to the
Praise and Esteem both of *Poets* and *Spec-*
tators, and the just Admiration of Those,
VOL. III. I whose

DEDICATION.

whose *Profession* you so much honour. I wish, for my Country's Sake, we could emulate your Performance in our respective Capacities ; we should then be a worthy, gallant People, indeed. But Many of us disgrace our selves on the great Stage of Life ; and many more we put into Disorder and Confusion, by not acting our Parts with the necessary Decorum, and Dignity.

My Business at present is only to light up Candles for the Tragedy of *Jane Shore*. A very small Matter ! and yet what can be done without it ? Where are either Actors, or Spectators, without Light ? We cannot heartily commiserate the unfortunate Woman you represent, nor applaud You for giving us so fine a Picture of her, unless we are first acquainted with her true Story, and know from good Authority, that She really suffer'd the Hardships which we hear her complain of by you, her Proxy. This is a *Light* as necessary to us without Doors, as those others are to assist in the *Theatrical Representation*.

FOR

DEDICATION.

FOR this Purpose I have carefully examin'd all our best *Historians*, in their Accounts of the *Reigns* wherein she is said to have liv'd : And am as fully satisfied, as I am of any other Occurrence upon Record, " That the Rise and Fall of *Jane Shore*, her Amours with King *Edward* " the Fourth and his Chamberlain *Hastings*, " and the wretched State of Poverty and " Shame She was reduced to when they " were dead, are no Fictions, but real " Matters of Fact, and every way as considerable as the greatest Genius of Poet, " or Actor, can represent them.

FROM these approved Authors, and especially from Sir *Thomas More*, who describes her Person and Circumstances with great Exactness, I have collected the Substance of the following Pages: which I now present to the Gentlemen and Ladies, who shall read her *Tragedy*, or see it acted.

THE Design of this *Collection* is, to save Them the Trouble of seeking after Books, which are not very common; and of turning over large Volumes to
I 2 find

DEDICATION.

find out those Passages which lie together here in a little Compass.

I presume, *Madam*, to borrow Reputation to this *little History* from *Your Name*; who will ever have *Mrs. Shore's Wit* and good Humour, but will, I hope, carry her Misfortunes no farther than the Stage. For myself, I desire to be known by no other Name, than,

MADAM,

Your most Humble Servant.





THE
HISTORY
OF
JANE SHORE.

BEAUTY, what a Treasure art Thou for a Time to thy Possessors! And what a Misfortune, too often, to the gay Things, who boast Thee in the highest Perfection! Thou short-liv'd Rose, that bloomest in the Summer of our Youth, to how many destroying Cankers are thy Glories lyable! The Accidents of Grief and Sickness often wither Thee; but Those avoided, envious Age is sure to root thee up. 'Tis certain, Nothing takes a stronger Hold of human Hearts, than thy Attractions; but triumph not, ye *Fair*, in so fading a Possession. The Symmetry of Features, the fine Turn of Shape, the blooming Countenance and the brilliant Eye, make Us Captives to your Charms: but Innocence and Virtue are your brightest Conquests. Without These, those other Gifts are a Prey to Vanity, Affectation, and Wantonness: Passion, that in-

spires Us to Flattery, seduces You to Yielding: and how soon do We condemn the Beauties, we have ris'd! Then Ignominy and the Brand of Reproach succeed: Virtue, conscious of Infection, declines your Society: and you become the Shame and Disgrace of your own Sex, and subject to the Insults and Licentiousness of Ours.

THE unhappy Person, whose History I am now preparing to give you, is a fatal Instance what Calamities have attended a wanton Beauty, and unguarded Character. So that to be a Concubine even to a King, is no Security either against Contempt, Misfortune, or Beggary.

ALL that we know of the Family of this celebrated, but unfortunate Beauty, at this Distance of Time, is that her Maiden Name was *Wainstead*; and that she was the only Child of Mr. *Thomas Wainstead*, a Mercer of a considerable Figure and Reputation in *Cheapside, London*. As she was an only Child, we may easily conceive with what Tenderneſs and Indulgence she was brought up: and as her growing Years gave the Promise of that uncommon Loveliness, which afterwards graced her Person, we may be sure she was the Object of her Parents Pride, as well as of their Affection. The conscious Pleasure, with which we view our Children when they are more than ordinarily handsome, shoots out into an Ambition of having them provided for proportionably to Nature's Bounty. Then Education is stretch'd beyond the necessary, to ornamental, Accomplishments: and Musick, Singing, Dancing, and all the Qualifications, the Requisites of Politeness and Gallantry, are more industriously inculcated, than those Rudiments by which the Mind is improv'd; or those Virtues implanted, by which young Women are form'd to be good Wives, or exemplary in any social Duties.

THIS was the Foible of her over-fond Parents: the repeated Commendations of their Daughter's Charms taught them to admire, as well as love, her: and no Cost, or Arts of Education could be too extravagant, either to express their Affection, or pave the Way to her After-Fortune.

Too

Too unhappy was it for her, in the Sequel of her Life, that they mistakingly gave way to such refin'd Sentiments: Had they brought her up as the plain City-Mercer's Daughter, 'tis probable she had liv'd and dy'd the comfortable Citizen's Wife. But Fate, or whatever other Influence solicits in the Affairs of our Life, mark'd her out for a more distinguish'd Fortune. It happen'd, that her Father's Trade lying much among the Court-Ladies, the Vanity and Ambition of shewing his fair Daughter, prompted him to embrace all Opportunities of shewing her the Gallantries and Diversions of the Royal Palace. These Gaieties and Splendors lost no Part of their Impression upon her, who had a sprightly and delicate Spirit, and a Capacity to distinguish between the Triumphs of a Court, and private domestick Pleasures: so that Comparison of the Two soon brought her to disrelish the dull, stegmatic Shows and Entertainments of the City.

AS she had frequent Advantages of being introduced into the best Companies, she made wonderful Improvements in all the Parts of good Breeding; nor was she a little remarkable for the Fineness of her Address, and winning Behaviour. The Gracefulness of her Mein, and the Sweetness of her Beauty, drew the Eyes and Notice of all the Men upon her: nor could any One gaze without being sensible of her Charms, and fixing her lovely Image in their Souls. The imperceptible Intercourse, that trades betwixt the Eye and Heart, and is only discover'd in its Effects, broke out in a numerous Train of her Votaries; and shew'd itself in Sighs, and Wishes, and Languishments, and all the glowing Symptoms of a Lover's Flame.

THE great Lords at Court no sooner beheld the Bloom of this enchanting Maid, than their Hearts panted with a wanton Desire; and all their Thoughts were rack'd how to obtain her for a Mistress. The Vigilance of an indulgent Father could not be insensible of these design'd Attacks upon his Daughter's Honour; he now began to be fearful for her Character and Reputation; and thought it

high Time to secure her from the lewd Attempts of these young and dissolute Courtiers. The best Means he could think of, to rescue her from these Dangers, was to give her the Benefit of the Country Air, and send her quietly down to a Sister of his, who dwelt in *Northampton*. Whether the Father discover'd his Fears to the young Lady, or how willingly she dispens'd with this sudden Retirement, is a Secret which Time has conceal'd from our Knowledge. We are told that she remain'd with her Aunt for about a Twelvemonth, and then was suffer'd to return to her Father.

SUCH an Interval of Absence, Mr. *Wainstead* thought, might be sufficient to cool the Passion of her Lovers, to slacken their Enquiries after her, and to turn their Roving Thoughts upon some fresh Amour. But the Impressions of Appetite are not easily erased; so importunate a Guest is Desire in youthful Blood.

NO sooner was her Return to Town known and talk'd of, but Stratagems were form'd against her Maiden Virtue. The amorous Lord *Hastings*, particularly, had laid a Design to carry her off by Night: and, to effect his Purpose with the more Certainty, had brib'd her Father's Maid with a handsome Purse of Gold, and richer Promises, to give him an Opportunity, and assist him in the Rape. But the Wench, whether struck in Conscience at the Badness of the Action, whether reflecting on the Afflictions it must give the Family, or fearful of being discover'd, as an Accessary, had the Grace to repent and discover the Plot in time to her Master, and so the Execution of it was prevented.

Mr. *WAINSTEAD* now look'd back with some Compunction on his unweigh'd, and foolish Conduct: and gave himself a thousand secret Reproaches for having shewn his Daughter to a luxurious Court. He was now fully convinced, that he could not, without the utmost Hazard to her, and the Forfeit of his own Repose, continue his Daughter longer in a single State, the common Mark of

Beaus,

Beans, and fluttering Gallants: and therefore, tho' she was very young, and unfit to manage the Affairs of a Family, he resolv'd to cut off the Hopes of all irregular Pretenders, by throwing her immediately into the Arms and Protection of an Husband. Among those, who formerly address'd her in the way of Marriage, was Mr. *Matthew Shore*, a Goldsmith in *Lombard-street*, a Man of very fair Character, and flourishing Circumstances. These Considerations, tho' Mr. *Wainstead* had once, perhaps, design'd to match her above that Rank, determin'd him to settle in the Choice of Mr. *Shore* for her Husband. The young Lady, whose Thoughts were rather turn'd on general Gaiety, than fix'd to any particular Inclination, and who prefer'd the Amusements of Company, and the Joy of being address'd, and flatter'd, to the calm Pleasures of conjugal Endearments, was not over-fond of the Match. However, the Authority of an indulgent Father, and the rich and costly Presents of a generous Lover, at length won her, at least to outward Appearance, to consent to Mr. *Shore's* Pretensions. The Solemnity of the Wedding was no less ardently wish'd on the Part of her Father, than it was zealously press'd on that of her Lover. The one wanted to be rid of a thousand uneasy Fears, and torturing Suspicions: and the Other wanted to be put in Possession of a Beauty, for whose Love so many Rivals of Eminence contended. Preparations were made suitable to the Affection of her Father, and the Fortune of her destin'd Husband, and that her Marriage might more fully be proclaim'd, to put an End to the Sollicitations of those who had laid wanton Siege to her, many Ladies and Gentlemen from the Court were invited; and graced the Ceremony with a most pompous Appearance.

NOW are we to look on our young Beauty as a Bride; the darling Ambition of her enamour'd Husband, and the Envy of her own Sex, who repin'd at her superior Charms and Happiness. Each Day beheld her rising in fresh Glory, deck'd with all the Profusion of Jewels and

other Ornaments, that an amorous and over-fond Husband could bestow, to improve and set off her native Perfections. Indiscretion of Kindness! Husbands, that continue to play the Lovers after Marriage, are gradually quitting some Branch of Prerogative. For Nothing is so easily dislodg'd as Duty from the Bosoms of Women too tenderly indulg'd; and 'tis well if they do not learn to condemn into the Bargain, when they once find they have got the Ascendant, and can govern. The Variety of fine Things that he daily heap'd upon her, was but adding Fuel to the Blaze of her Charms; and making her shine too bright for the Sphere of a Goldsmith's Shop. The more her Forme was cry'd up, and signaliz'd, the more she became the Mark of publick Temptation.

THE Lord *Hastings*, who, as we have before observ'd, entertain'd a very early Inclination for her, and would fain have tasted the first Fruits of her Beauty, express'd some Concern for the Change of her Condition. But he still felt the Grudgings of his former Passion; and now contented himself with the Thought, that, tho' he could not enjoy her as a Virgin, her Matrimony might make way for his amorous Encounters with more Frequency and Security. As he was not a Guest invited to the Solemnity of her Marriage, he would not however slip the Opportunity of paying her his Compliments on that Occasion. The Husband's Smiles for this Honour, and the engaging Courtesie of Mrs. *Shore*, occasion'd him to repeat his Visits; and sometimes, in Return, he would invite the married Couple to Court, where he always took care that their Entertainment should be answerable to his own Dignity, and the Respect that he secretly profess'd for his fair Guest. Time and frequent Conversations brought him into great Familiarity with their Family, and no less Confidence with the Husband. The over-happy Man harbour'd no Suspicions of any Design on his Wife's Chastity, so that my Lord *Hastings* was deny'd no Opportunities of being alone with her. This Indulgence was All that his amorous Heart could wish for;

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He, who was a practis'd Gamester in the Affairs of Love, and knew all the Avenues and Inlets to a Woman's Affection, soon found the lucky Hour for making the Overtures of his Passion. Neither the richest Presents, nor the fondest Oratory were spar'd, to work upon her Avarice and female Vanity: and if he could bring the Nuptial Vow into Contempt by his Sophistry, he flatter'd himself that he should soon carry all before him. Mrs. Shore, who might not, perhaps, be secretly displeas'd at her Lover, yet had no Vice which inclin'd her to gratify his Inclinations. She was witty and facetious in giving a Turn to all his Arguments; and, by dissembling her Knowledge of his Aim, so baffled him with her quick and smart Replies, that he found his Batteries would not carry the Town. He was reduced, by her Defence, either to raise the Siege in Despair; or must more desperately resolve to take her by Storm. His fervent Inclination would not suffer him to relinquish her; and he began now to persuade himself that She, who had accepted his Gifts, and heard his Vows, yet admitted him, expected he shou'd make some Efforts that she must not in Modesty consent to. Upon these Suggestions, 'tis said, that one Day when he was alone with her, after giving her the warmest and most passionate Kisses, he flung her upon a Bed that stood in the Room, and attempted vigorously to force her to his Embraces. But she made such a Resistance, and deterr'd my Lord so with her Shrieks, that she disengag'd herself from him; and, running to her Husband in that Confusion of Spirits, open'd to him, with Tears, what Rudeness the Lord Hastings had offer'd to her. The Husband was equally surpriz'd and nettled at the Indignity; but was at a Loss how to push his Resentments against the Inequality of so high and potent a Rival. We are told, he expostulated modestly with his Lordship, upon the Breach of Hospitality; and told him, His own Content, and the Reputation he must hold among his Neighbours, oblig'd him to desire that his Lordship would for the future discontinue his Visits.

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THE Repulse, which this young Nobleman had thus met with from his Mistress, and the unexpected *Eclaircissement* of his Passion to her Husband, overwhelm'd him at once with Indignation and Shame. He was now determin'd that Revenge should succeed his Disappointment; and he vow'd, upon taking his Leave, that he would send such a Rival in his Room, as neither the Husband's Authority, nor the Wife's Chastity, should be able to withstand.

THIS Lord *Hastings* was in no meaner a Post of Honour, than that of Lord *Chamberlaine* of the Household to his Prince, *Edward* the Fourth; whose Inclinations to fine Women are sufficiently known to Those, who are any ways vers'd in our *English* History:

KING *Edward* was a Prince so happily adorn'd with the Accomplishments of Mind and Body, that he seem'd to be the Pride and Darling of Nature. His Body was fram'd and proportion'd to an uncommon Degree of Symmetry and Exactness: His Aspect was very bright and inviting: His Hair copious and flowing: and all his Limbs and Features wonderfully regular: Yet, with this Delicacy, he was bless'd with as much Vigour, Health, and Strength of Constitution, as Men of the most robust and athletick Size are capable of enjoying.

NOR did Nature, for this her Liberality in external Gifts, make any Abatement (as too often, we perceive, she does;) in the inward Furniture and Faculties of the Soul. For our Prince had large Extent of Wit, and a Sagacity which was certainly owing to Nature. The Grossness of the Times, in which he liv'd, did not much improve Men's Parts by Books and Learning. Bodily Exercise then carried it against Scholastic Education; and Tilts and Tournaments prevail'd above the Cultivation of the mental Powers. Nor, had Custom and Fashion given a Sanction to peaceful Studies; could the turbulent Circumstances of King *Edward* have given Way to them: The Trumpet of civil Discord sounding too loud in his Ears, to admit

admit any Conversation with the silent Muses. However, he had the Faculty of thinking properly, and a Force of Language to express his Ideas: His Wit was sharp and ready, just and free from those little Subtleties, which Men of shallow Understandings and fordid Views most value themselves upon.

IN his Councils he was judicious, and adjusted Matters of the greatest Importance with little Difficulty: For his Understanding was clear and dextrous in resolving Doubts; not dark and cloudy, and apt to create them. His great Judgment in leading his Armies, and personal Courage in fighting, speak him both a daring Soldier and an Expert Commander: And the many Battles he fought, in all which he triumph'd, made him as much to be admir'd for his military Discipline, as his happy Success.

THE Revolutions of his Life were very signal and various; and, as Fortune chang'd her Moods, sometimes he was a Conqueror, and settled Monarch; sometimes again dethron'd, and an abandon'd Exile. But in all these Changes, he discover'd a Gentle truly great and good. For Prosperity rais'd him but to a Complacency in his Fortune, not to a Disdain of his Adversaries for their Losses, or a Pride in himself for his own Acquisitions. And when he had most Security in his Kingdom, and consequently most Allurements to Tyranny, had his Disposition taken that Bent, then did he shew himself most humane, and indulgent.

INDEED the Goodness of his Nature was something extravagant towards the fair Sex; and Youth and Constitution, seconded by uncontroll'd Power, made him give a Loose to his luxurious Appetite. His Marriage with the Lady Elizabeth, the Widow of Sir John Gray, is an eminent Instance of his Want of Power to curb that Passion. His Mother had earnestly dissuaded him from this Match; and the Dukes, his Brothers, who knew him to be voluptuous, had him in a Degree of Contempt for his weak Licentiousness. For tho' the Lady Elizabeth Gray, (who
was

was a Petitioner to him for the Recovery of certain Lands forfeited by her Husband, thro' his Misfortune of taking the wrong Side) had charm'd him with her Beauty and excellent good Sense; his Sollicitations to her at first were for the obtaining wanton Favours: And so little Command had he of himself, when Beauty had once made its Impressions, that, tho' her Virtue wou'd not stoop to the Infamy of being his Paramour, He, contrary to the Interest of his Crown, and in Contempt of a Treaty then depending for his Marriage with the Lady *Bona*, Sister to the *French* King's Consort, made her the Partner at once of his Bed and Throne.

BUT to return from this Digression to the Affairs of Mrs. *Shore*, and the Prosecution of those Schemes, which, tho' they rais'd her at first to an Eminence of Pomp and Affluence, were the Foundation of her after-Downfal and Misery: King *Edward's* tedious Wars and Struggles with the House of *Lancaster* were now happily ended, the victorious Monarch in quiet Possession of the Crown, and at Leisure to attend the Prosecution of any pleasing Adventure. *Hastings*, who well knew the Turn and amorous Disposition of his King's Heart, seiz'd the fit Opportunity, when his Prince was agreeably dispos'd, to recount the Entertainments to Advantage which he had received at Mr. *Shore's*; and how much the Wife excell'd all the Females that ever he had convers'd with, in Beauty, Wit, and all the Accomplishments, that are lovely and desirable in that engaging Sex.

THESE Encomiums from the Mouth of a Favourite, and from One whom the King believ'd a good Judge in these Matters, sensibly touch'd the Heart of the young Voluptuous Monarch. He, who had a fresh Appetite for every fresh Beauty, took instant Fire at the Report of this unknown Charmer's Excellence, and grew impatient for the Means and Opportunity of seeing her.

HASTINGS, tho' he was a Gentleman of many Virtues and good Qualities, yet was so true a Courtier, that

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he thought it no Disgrace to assist his Prince's Pleasures, even by being subservient to the Offices of a common Pandar. Revenge too was a Motive to make him active in this Cause; nor was he out of Hopes, that the Beauty, once humbled to his Master's Embraces, might, after that Revolt, be the less obstinate to his Sollicitations.

THE Difficulty was, how the King should handsomely come to a Sight of her. Gorgeous Majesty must be laid aside for this Purpose, or the jealous Husband, alarm'd and upon his Guard, had certainly secured his Wife, and prevented the Design: The Court too might have had an Eye on the Intreague, and the Queen been concern'd in its Discovery and Disappointment.

IT was therefore advis'd that the King should obscure himself in the Habit of a Merchant, and with the Attendance of only one Servant, go to Mr. Shore's on pretence of Business in his way. This Scheme accordingly was put in practice: The King finds the good Man busie in his Affairs, and, sitting down till he was at Leisure, then desired to see, and contracted for, a considerable Quantity of Plate, which he was commission'd to buy, and send beyond Sea. The Bargain finish'd, and the fair Creature not yet appearing for whose Sight he had turn'd Merchant, the King grew out of Patience, and at a Loss what Step to take. He discours'd of News, and Trade; and, as Love is happy in furnishing us with Counsels, fell at last upon the Topick of Matrimony. Observing that Mr. Shore had a rich Stock, and a commodious and splendid Dwelling, *'Tis pity, methinks, says the King, that there is not a Mistress to this fair House. I fancy, I could recommend you to One, that is young, beautiful, and a Fortune answerable to your Circumstances.* Sir, reply'd Mr. Shore with a Smile, *I am to thank you for your good Will, but am already provided;* and on the Instant order'd his Wife to make her Approach. The secret Lover blush'd at this Summons, and his Heart flutter'd with Expectation of the adorable Object. Presently, upon the Command, appear'd the lovely
Creature;

Creature; not only equal, but superior, to the Lord Hastings's Description: And tho' her Beauty wanted no such Assistances of Art, she was dress'd according to the nicest Fashion of the Times, and deck'd with Gold and Jewels beyond her Station.

THE Description, which we have of her Person, is likely to be authentic, because it is left us by the Pen of a Contemporary, and Eye-Witness, thus: " Her Stature was somewhat low, her Hair of a dark Yellow, her Face round, her Eyes grey, her Body plump, her Skin white and smooth, her Aspect sweet and chearful, her Air brisk and sprightly, and her Deportment extreamly courteous and obliging." Sir Thomas More allowed her Beauty to have been exact in every Thing, except her Height. *Proper she was, says he, and fair; Nothing in her Body that you could have changed unless you would have wish'd her a little higher.* Yet he says, this Beauty, so near to Perfection, was not the Thing which charm'd Men so powerfully, as her admirable and never-failing Wit, which made her Conversation incomparably delightful. For she never appear'd sullen, or out of Humour, but easie and pleasant at all Times. Neither apt to be mute, nor to pour out Words without Measure, or punish the Company with impertinent Noise and Nonsense. Her Answers were ready, and much to the Purpose; and she would rally with a peculiar Smartness, yet with such just Wit and good Manners, as never to offend or distate any body.

BY the Character already given of King Edward, we may reasonably presume that a Woman of these Qualifications must prove a strong Temptation to him, who was himself a Person of so much Wit and good Humour. We are not to doubt but he thought the Minutes flitted away too fast, while He sat in full View of Mrs. Shore's irresistible Charms, and was ravished with the Musick of her enchanting Tongue: With how much Grief and Rancour must such a Lover depart, and leave her in the Possession of her Husband, a licens'd Rival! His Heart was

subdued

subdued with this single Interview ; and he resolv'd, at any Rate, to purchase so inestimable a Jewel, and have the free and full Enjoyment of her.

BUT the Method of making his Approaches was the Point now to be labour'd. He could not long hope to be conceal'd in his Disguise, and repeat his Visits to her Husband : And tho' his Quality might not be discover'd, yet, his Business once known, he expected the same Repulse, which had before been given to his *Chamberlaine*. To assume Himself, and court her in the Character of a King in *Lumbardstreet*, he judg'd, wou'd be too heinous a Lessening of his Majesty : and to force Her from her lawful Husband's Embraces, might be construed such an Act of Tyranny, as would startle and enrage the Subject, and put every one in Apprehension of the like Violence to their own Wives and Daughters. Have her He must, and with her own Consent : For Love has no Charms nor Satisfaction in it, except it be mutual and unconstrain'd on both Sides.

INSTANTLY, he makes his belov'd *Hastings* the Partner of his Counsels, or rather his Counsellor : For it is from the Assistance of his working Head, that the Monarch expects Relief at Heart. *Hastings* glow'd with secret Transport, to find the Train had taken to his Wish : And, observing the Concern and Emotions of his enamour'd Master, assur'd him with a Smile, that all his Service should be devoted to procure him Ease.

THE Monarch was all on Fire, and impatient for the Joy : It stood upon the Favourite to shew his Zeal in his Address and Industry. The *Chamberlaine* knew that Women were the best Instruments to be suborn'd in such Affairs, and that the Sex is most readily betray'd by one another. It happen'd one Mrs. *Blague*, or *Blake*, who was a Lace-Woman to the Court, liv'd in the Neighbourhood of Mrs. *Shore*, and was intimately acquainted with her. They often exchang'd Visits, and spent whole Evenings together. Mrs. Blague was not a Person of the most unblemish

might Reputation; and it is generally seen in Life, that they, who make a Trip in Character, think themselves countenanc'd in it by bringing their Acquaintance under the same Dilemma. She was now grown old, and past the Enjoyment of gay Pleasures: But was such an intriguing Dame, as for Money would have betray'd not only her best Friend, but her own Daughter, into the Snare. *Hastings* found no Difficulty to be upon good Terms with this Woman: He presented her with a Purse of Gold, and bade her hope for much greater Advantages, if she would faithfully serve her Prince in a particular Matter. Mrs. *Blague* protesting a Heart devoted to the Service, *Hastings* immediately communicated the whole Affair to her; which she undertook to manage with the utmost Secrecy and Conduct.

THINGS put into this Posture, Mrs. *Blague's* House was now to be the Scene of Appointments. Thither, as Mrs. *Blague's* particular Acquaintance, came the King continually in Disguise: And luxurious Entertainments, the Incentives to Pleasure, were constantly provided. Mr. *Shore* all this while was guiltless of his Wife's meeting Company at her Female Friend's: Her Repulse of the Lord *Hastings*, and free Discovery of his Attempt upon her, gave him so strong an Assurance of her Virtue, as seal'd up the Eyes of Suspicion, and put him in full Repose as to the Wisdom, and Integrity, of his Wife's Conduct.

THE old Procurefs acted up to the Rules of her Trade, and often left Mrs. *Shore* alone with her Royal Gallant, who made the best Use of every favourable Opportunity, and used all the Arts of a passionate Lover to gain her Affections. But she, like a cunning Fencer, took Care to keep him at a due Distance, obstinate, and inflexible to all his Attempts. The eager, baffled Lover, impatient longer of the Bliss delay'd, put his Passion into such Terms, and pursu'd his Efforts with so much Warmth, that Mrs. *Shore* now plainly understood the Drift of his Fondness.

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Hereupon, she expostulates seriously with her Friend Mrs. *Blague*, for suffering such a rude Man to frequent her House, and tells her the wicked Design he had upon her Virtue. Mrs. *Blague* shew'd a well-feign'd Confusion at the Story, protested she took him for a Man of very modest Behaviour, and promis'd Mrs. *Shore* she should be troubled with no more of his Company.

BUT tho' the King was now in Policy to be banish'd from her Conversation, the Intrigue was not to break off here. The City was appriz'd of a splendid *Masque* ready to be presented at Court; and the fair Sex grew busie in making Preparations for it. Mrs. *Blague*, whose Profession furnish'd her with some Acquaintance at Court, undertook, if Mr. *Shore* approv'd of it, to help his Spouse to a good Place at the approaching Solemnity. This Offer was gladly accepted, and she (not dreaming of any Plot) dress'd herself with an Elogance that might vie with any of the Court-Ladies. After much Pastime and Diverfion, a Man of extraordinary Figure stands out to Dance; upon which immediately Mrs. *Shore* heard a Whisper run among the Ladies, *That was the King*: Who soon spied her thro' his Mask, (for he knew where she was to be planted) and stepping to her Seat, took her out for his Partner. The Transport of such an Honour done her call'd forth a becoming Blush upon her lovely Cheeks; and gave a double Lustre to the Bloom of her Beauty. When she had perform'd her Part with a transcending Grace, her Partner, with the most careful Respect, replaces her in her Seat, and, secretly sliding a *Billet-doux* into her Hand, retires unsuspected. So unlook'd for an Encounter could not but put her under some Confusion, as well as Eagerness to know the Contents: The Entertainment being ended, away she posts with Mrs. *Blague*. and the first Opportunity she could get, opens the Letter. This was to acquaint her, that the Person, who had that Night danced with her, and who had so often enjoy'd her Company at her Female-friend's was the King; that he was an humble Suiter to her
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for her Love, which he priz'd above all the Glories of his Empire; and offer'd her all the Delights and Pleasures of the Court in Recompence for it.

UPON so plain a Discovery, Passions, of a different Sort, rais'd a Conflict in her Bosom, and she was not a little concern'd and divided in her Thoughts what to do, At length, she produces the *Billet*, and advises with her Companion, who was privately brib'd to betray her to Dishonour. Was there Room for a Struggle, or Debate, upon such a Question, reply'd Mrs. *Blague*? If Princes thought fit to make startling Demands, Allegiance obliged a Subject neither to canvass, nor dispute them. What would be a Crime with a common Person, was sanctified with a King; and she ought to have that Regard to her Husband's Wellfare and Safety, to weigh what Consequence of Danger a perverse Refusal in her might bring upon him. Besides, there was a Fate over every Body that was not to be resisted; and therefore the Choice did not require a Moment's Determination betwixt a King and a Goldsmith.

IT may be remember'd that Mrs. *Shore* was married very young, to a Person who never was in full Possession of her Heart. And tho' she wanted nothing, which a Woman of her Rank could expect, or desire, yet she was ambitious of shining in the highest Sphere: Her Heart was fondly set upon Pleasures and Entertainments: She had been trained up to fancy rich Attire and great Attendance; and knew very well that the Court was the Fountain of all these Felicities. For these Reasons her Mind was prepar'd with the less Reluctance to quit a Tradesman and his Habitation, when the inviting Exchange was for a King and a Palace.

HER Resolutions being oversway'd, nothing now remain'd to do, but to change her Station with as much Secrecy and Silence as she could. Mrs. *Blague* had given the King Notice of her successful Management for him; who immediately dispatch'd a Chariot to her House, to
bring

bring off the long-desired Prize. Mrs. *Shore*, on her part, likewise convey'd her Jewels and choicest Things thither, intending not to stay long behind them. However, she sat down to Supper with her Husband, and was shewing herself most obliging and complaisant to him; when, on the sudden, a Messenger came with a feign'd Errand, That her Mother was taken very ill, and must needs speak with her presently. Her Husband would have fain accompanied her to her Mother's; but she found her Reasons to detain him at home; so giving him the last Kifs he ever had from her Lips, with Tears in her Eyes, and Promises of not staying, took her Leave of him. She no sooner came to Mrs. *Blague's*, than the careful Procuress attended her into the Chariot, and so lodg'd this Treasure of Beauty in her Monarch's Arms.

HER forsaken Husband, yet unconscious of his Fate, past the tedious Hours of the live-long Night in a vain Expectation of his Wife's Return. Upon her continued Absence, his Concern and Trouble heighten'd, and he could not forbear going to seek her at her Mother's House. Here began the first Assurance of his Unhappiness; her Mother had not seen her all the preceding Day; neither had been disorder'd, as was pretended by the Messenger. This struck him with Consternation, and a thousand heart-sick Doubts: And he run about from one Relation to another in a fruitless Pursuit of her. All the next Day was spent to as little Purpose; so that the poor Man was almost out of his wits, and concluded, (from what had been formerly attempted) that she had at length yielded to the Importunities of some amorous Courtier.

INTELLIGENCE, that is ever busie in the Communication of ill News, did not keep him long in Suspence of what had happen'd; but it was rumour'd confidently, and seconded with Assurance, that she was entertain'd by the King, as his Bedfellow. This put him out of all Hopes of ever recovering her again. He now reflected on the Menaces of the repulsed Lord *Hastings*; and doubt-
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ed not but that resenting Courtier had taken Pains to inflame the King to this Action.

OUR best Historians say, that from this Time Mr. *Shore* entirely quitted her to her Royal Lover; and had never any further Enjoyment of her. Others inform us, that this most unhappy Man was thrown into a deep Melancholly by this Misfortune, became uncapable of following his Business, and, to cure his distemper'd Mind, went into foreign Parts, and travell'd in *France, Flanders, Spain, and Turkey*, till he had consumed all his Substance. And returning home, when he thought every Body had forgot him, he lived poorly and died miserably in the Reign of King *Henry the Seventh*.

IT has been conjectur'd by some, but, I think, upon no Colour of Authority, that he was probably the Brother of Mr. *Richard Shore*, Draper, who was Sheriff of *London* in the Year 1505, that is, the twenty first Year of *Henry VII.* and who was a Benefactor to *St. Mary Woolchurch*, and *St. Andrew's Poultry*, as we find recorded in *Stow's Survey of London*. But this Circumstance seems to clash a little with our *Shore's* languishing out the Remainder of his Days in such a State of Penury. A Brother of so large a Fortune must have screen'd him from those necessitous Calamities; and, by proper Comforts, wean'd him from the Memory of his unfaithful Wife. But, perhaps, he laid his Loss and the Reproach of Cuckoldom too close to Heart: And chose rather to dye by the Hand of Famine, than stand the Shock of revealing himself in a thriving Relation. But as this Question is of no Moment to our present History, we'll leave it undetermin'd; and pursue the Adventures of his yet more successful Wife.

AND now we find her mounted to the highest Point of Elevation that her enamour'd Prince could raise her; excepting only This, that she was not his lawful Queen: whom certainly she eclipsed, as she did all the rest of his Mistresses. For whoever had any Favour to solicit at Court, they made *Mrs. Shore* their Patroness to the King;

as knowing that she had the greatest Influence over him. Indeed, he lov'd her so tenderly, he could deny her Nothing. Many times, when Offenders lay under his heavy Displeasure, and the greatest Court-Favourites durst not presume to intercede for them; she, with her sprightly Wit and pleasant Humour, would so mollify and sweeten the King, that many a Man's Life was sav'd, many a Fine remitted, and many a poor Prisoner set at Liberty. The good Offices she did for all Sorts of People, rich and poor, in City and Country, were numberless, and had made up a large Part of her History, if the World were as grateful, as it is revengeful; or half so apt to remember good, as ill Turns. But the Former Men write in Dust, or upon the Waters: And the Other they engrave on Brass, and cut in Marble. One Thing is particularly recorded, that she obtain'd of the King for her old Acquaintance Mrs. *Blague*, an Estate of the Value of two hundred Pounds a Year. A kind Requital of an ill piece of Service! This is said of her in general, that she never us'd her great Interest with the King to hurt any Creature, or to serve herself in any Act of Spleen or Revenge: Nor was she ever known to stain her Hands with Bribes, or sell the Favours she obtained: But was truly Noble, and Generous, in every Step of her Conduct. If she ever accepted of any Present, or Token of Gratitude, it was something rather gay than costly; either because she was satisfied with having done a good Work, or proud to shew how much the Royal Graces were at her Disposal; or sensible that she had enough, and regarded Riches no further than as they were subservient to her Pleasures.

HOW many Years of this supreme Power and Glory she enjoy'd, is unknown to us at this Day; because we have no Account of the Year from whence to date the First of her Advancement: but without doubt she liv'd many Summers in the Warmth and Splendor of this eminent good Fortune. From the first Hour the King receiv'd her into his Arms, she held the chief Place in his Affections

Affections all the remaing Part of his Life. And considering what sort of Person he was, a Heroe in Arms, and famous for warlike Adventures: considering he was pleasant and agreeable in Conversation, great in the Riches and Splendor of his Court, liberal of his Favours, young, jovial, and comely to the last, Nothing could be wanting, which a Lady, most addicted to the Pleasures and Gratifications of Sense, could require at his Hands.

OUR Historians, I think, have none of them left us any particular Account, where the Scene of Pleasure was betwixt the King, and this his favourite Mistress. We can hardly imagine, that, as he had a young Queen, who bore him two Princes, He could with any Decency, or Convenience, lodge her in any Apartments of the *Tower*, the *Palace Royal* of those Times. The vulgar Tradition is, that he kept her at a little Seat about two Miles distant from the Palace, call'd *Totnam-Court*; and in a moated House there they pretend, to this Day, to shew you Mrs. *Shore's* Dining-room, and hospitable Table.

IN this happy Retirement, caress'd and complimented by a numerous Train of Dependants (who either thought they pleas'd the King by paying their Court to her, or were making way to his Favour thro' her well-timed Intercessions) liv'd this beauteous Concubine in Pleasure and Prosperity, during the Reign of her Royal Keeper. We have no Notices left, whether she ever had any Children by him: or whether she show'd, at any Hours, a Remorse and Contrition for her Disloyalty to her Husband. While Fortune smil'd upon her, 'tis not improbable, but Merriment and Plenty might exclude the Approaches of Conscience and severe Reflections.

BUT when the fatal Day was, in which King *Edward* ended his Reign and Life together, his beloved Mistress was cast out of her Paradise, and fell from the Summit of her exalted Station. Yet was not her Ruin so total and sudden, as to plunge her at once into that Ocean of Miseries, which at last swallow'd up all her Joys. It was
but

but an easy Descent at first, from the Crown to the Coronet; from the Bed of Majesty to That of high Nobility.

IT has been already hinted in these Papers, that the Lord Chamberlaine *Hastings* was in the Number of her most early Admirers; and had more than once attempted to seize by Violence upon That, which his most ardent Adresses could not obtain from her Consent. And tho', as it has been likewise observ'd, he gratified his Revenge by stirring up the King to carry her from her Husband's Bed; yet this did not make a perfect Cure of his Passion, nor efface the bewitching Image which she had impress'd upon his Heart. He contain'd himself indeed, and kept a due Distance from her during the King's Life; either out of Reverence to his Royal Master, or from a pure Principle of Honour and Fidelity. Upon his Prince's Decease, he renew'd his old Offers of Kindness to her, which being accepted, he took her home to himself. The Tongues of Men give themselves some License towards an abandon'd Mistress, which she was, perhaps, willing to stop by the Protection of that Peer: or Gratitude, as much as Policy, might induce her to oblige the Man, who had for so many Years retain'd a constant Affection for her. Unhappy, however, for them Both was this pleasurable Union: It too surely involv'd her in *Hastings's* Ruin, and sunk her to the lowest Degree of Wretchedness.

KING *Edward* was now dead, and the eldest of his Sons much too young to hold the Reins of Empire. The cruel Duke of *Gloucester*, afterwards King *Richard* the Third, now made Protector of the Realms, aspir'd to the Crown of *England*. The Rage of his Ambition made him mow down all Obstacles, that he but suspected might oppose his Accession to it. He had his Spies and Informers upon the Looks and Tongues of every great Man, to sound how far they stood affected to his wearing the Garland, or what Zeal they profess'd for the Succession of his dead Brother's Issue. Sir *William Catesby* was one of these

notorious Bloodhounds; and he, in sifting the Lord *Hastings* upon the Question, found that loyal Peer strenuous for his late Master's Son's Succession.

THE *Protector* had order'd a Council at the Tower, upon Pretence of considering how to solemnize the Coronation of his Nephew King *Edward V.* When they were sat, in He came frowning, knitting his Brows, gnawing his nether Lip; and took his Place with all the Marks of secret Rage and Displeasure. Many at the Board knew by the Complexion of his Aspect, what foul Weather was brewing in his Bosom; and justly dreaded where the Storm wou'd fall. After a short Silence, he ask'd, What they deserv'd, who, without any Regard to his Family or Office of *Protector*, had conspir'd his Destruction? This unexpected Question strangely startled the Lords, as not able to imagine at whom it was levell'd, or what he should mean by It.

THE Man, that ventur'd to speak first, (as being very familiar with the *Protector*) unhappily was the Lord *Hastings*; who answer'd, That, whoever they were, they well deserv'd the Punishment of the worst of Traytors, *The wicked Instrument*, reply'd the *Protector*, *is that Sorceress my Brother's Wife* (meaning the Queen) *with her Accomplices*. The Lord *Hastings* was not a little pleas'd that the Queen, (for whom he had never entertain'd a sincere Affection) was aim'd at in his Resentment: only it troubled him that he had not been made privy to This, as well as to the apprehending several of her Friends, who were to be executed that Day at *Pomfret Castle*. The *Protector* immediately stripp'd up the Sleeve of his left Arm, and shewing it small and wither'd, *See*, says he, *how execrably that Sorceress, and others of her Council, as Shore's Wife, and her Abettors, have by their Sorcery and Witchcraft consum'd my Body*.

THERE was not one in the Company, but perceiv'd that this was a groundless Calumny: for they all knew that his Arm had been wither'd and contracted from the
Hour

Hour of his Birth : and besides, if the Queen had been guilty of any such Practice, (which she was too wise and good to be concern'd in) she would never have chose Mrs. Shore for a Confederate, whom of all Women she had most Reason to hate, as that Concubine, whom the King, her late Husband, most lov'd.

THE Lord Hastings, nearly touch'd with this broad Accusation of Mrs. Shore, whom he passionately doated on, answer'd, *Certainly, my Lord, if they have done This, no Punishment can be too great for them. If?---* reply'd the Protector snarling, *What, dost thou serve me with If's and And's? I tell thee, they have done it; and That I will make good on thy Body, Traytor.* Hereupon he struck his Fist with Vehemence upon the Table, at which Signal, one, planted without for the purpose, cry'd *Treason!* and arm'd Men came rushing in, as many as the Room could hold. The Protector cry'd out to the Lord Hastings, *I arrest thee, Traytor. What, Me, my Lord?* said Hastings. *Yes, thee; thou Traytor;* says the Protector furiously; *and by St. Paul I will not dine To-day, till I have thy Head for thy Offences.* This Threatning Sentence was no sooner pronounced, but he was hurried to the Green by the Tower Chappel, and his Head laid down upon a Piece of Timber, which lay there for Building, and, in a most arbitrary and tyrannical way, struck off.

AS this Lord was much esteem'd by the late King's Friends, for his Loyalty to the House of York, and by the People for his Regard to the Common Good; the Protector for these Reasons was sensible, that the News of his Death would cause great Discontents in all Parts of the Nation. And hereupon he thought it his wisest Course to send for the Lord Mayor and chief Citizens to him into the Tower, to give them a full Account of the Justice of the Lord Hastings's Sufferings: that so the Murmurings of the City being appeas'd, the Nation might have no Cause to repine.

BUT, upon more mature Deliberation, this was not thought sufficient to appease the People's Minds; and there-

fore soon after the Citizens were gone, an Herald at Arms was sent into the City to publish a Proclamation, purporting, " That Lord *Hastings* had conspir'd to assassinate the " *Protector*, and seize upon the young King and Govern-
 " ment; that he had by his ill Advice enticed the late King
 " to Debaucheries, and thereby shorten'd his Days; that,
 " since the Death of the King, he had liv'd in continual
 " Incontinency with *Shore's* Wife, and lain nightly with
 " her, and particularly, the very Night before his Death; so
 " that it was no Wonder, if his ungracious Life brought
 " him to as unhappy an End.

BUT there was an After-Game still to be play'd to this illegal Proceeding; the *Protector* thought himself oblig'd now to persecute Mrs. *Shore*, whom he had charg'd with the same Treason: lest, if he should let her escape, he should betray his own Plot; for if she were not guilty, no more was the Lord *Hastings*: and if he deserv'd to die, so did She on the same Accusation. For this Reason, Sir *Thomas Howard* was sent to her House with an Order of Council to apprehend her Person, and seize her Goods as forfeited to the King by her Treason. Both these Orders were rigorously executed: her Goods to the Value of about three thousand Marks were taken from her, and she herself committed to Confinement in the Tower.

WITHIN a few Days, she was brought to Examination before the Council, charg'd with Witchcraft, and combining with Lord *Hastings* to the *Protector's* Destruction; to which Articles she made so clear a Defence, that there appear'd not the least Colour of Guilt upon her. But if they could not touch her Life with false Allegations, in Policy she must be loaded with something that would stick. Open and scandalous Whoredom was now imputed to her; a Charge too well known for her either to deny, or evade. To make an Example of her, she was turn'd over to the Correction of the *Spiritual Court*: and publick Penance for her Incontinence enjoin'd her in St. *Paul's* Cathedral, on the ensuing Sunday.

NOW

NOW was open'd the first Scene of her Shame and Confusion; which was soon attended with a Series of encreasing Calamities. Stript of all her Ornaments, and cover'd with a white Sheet, bare-legg'd, and the sharp Stones wounding her tender Feet, was she brought by way of Procession, with the Cross carried before her, and a Wax Taper in her Hand, from the Bishop of *London's* Palace to *St. Paul's*, thro' Crouds of Rabble, who flock'd to gaze on her Infamy. Being plac'd in the Choir, directly over against the Preacher, she, in a set Form of Words, declar'd her Enormities and her Repentance of them. In all this Pageantry of Humiliation, she behav'd with so much Modesty and decent Sorrow, that Such as regarded her Beauty more than her Crime, never thought her so fair and lovely as under that Affliction. For wanting nothing to compleat her Charms but a little Colour; this publishing her Shame, and the gazing of the Multitude upon her, brought such an agreeable Red into her Cheeks, as made her look extremely fine. Even many of a more rigid Character, who hated her Course of Life, and who were glad at other times to see Vice corrected, yet now considering that the Protector punish'd her more out of Hatred to her Person, than Offence at her Sin, turn'd Severity into Compassion, and were sorry that She was singled out to be made the Example.

FROM this Period of her Life, we are to call the once-admired, flourishing, and almost Royal *Mrs. Shore*, a mean, contemptible, and helpless Woman. She was now thrown down from the Palace to the Prison; reduced from the highest Seat of her Honour to a low State of Infamy and Reproach. She had forfeited all Interest in her Husband; and Death depriv'd her of her potent Lovers: She was spoil'd of her Goods, and bereav'd of her Friends: Her Father and Mother were kill'd with Grief; the rest of her Relations lost All they had, by the Violence of the *Protector*; who pretended they got it from the Crown, by her Interest with the King. Tradition goes

further yet with her Misfortunes, and carries them to a Height most terrible, and horrid even to mention; that the Tyrant *Richard* put out a Proclamation, commanding all People upon Pain of Death and Confiscation of Goods, not to harbour her in their Houses, or relieve her with Food or Rayment. And to confirm this, it is reported, that a Baker in the City was hang'd for throwing out a Penny-Loaf to her, as she went by his Door; tho' it was but Gratitude in him to her, for saving his Life when he should have been hang'd for a Riot in the late King's Reign. So that she was forced to wander up and down, gathering any Trash she could find in the Fields and Streets for her Sustainance. But these are meer fictitious Circumstances, embraced by the Vulgar; and like That other, which I shall anon slightly remember, of her dying in *Shore-ditch*. It may be possible, the wretched Fate of a begging Vagrant attended her to the End of her Days; and her dismal Fortune never clear'd up, or once more smil'd upon her.

THE Tyranny of her chief Persecutor was but of Two Years Continuance. If ever her Condition had chang'd again for the better, the most promising Juncture was, when her irreconcilable Enemy *Richard* the Third was slain at the Battle of *Bosworth*, and his Usurpation succeeded by the milder Government of *Henry* the Seventh.

BUT, unhappily for our poor disconsolate Mourner, this *Henry* married the Daughter, and by Consequence took in to Favour the Queen, of King *Edward* the Fourth, to whom this wretched Creature was justly odious, for the Wrongs she had done her in her Husband's Bed and Affections.

ONE might justly have expected, that a Woman, who, in the Days of her great Prosperity and Power with her Prince, had done so many good Offices in the World, as we before observ'd, and rais'd so many Men to Riches and Honours, should have found one Friend at least endu'd with so much Gratitude, as to rescue her from the last
Extremes

Extremes of Poverty and Want. But every one of them, (as if they had combin'd together so to do) shut their Doors against her, and shew'd her no manner of Compassion.

ONE Piece of notorious Ingratitude is told us; (but with what Authority, I cannot assert) of her old Friend and Confident Mrs. *Blague*. Upon the first Notice of the Death of the Lord *Hastings*, and the Storm that hung over her own Head upon his Account, Mrs. *Shore* presum'd, the House of One, whom she had oblig'd in Every thing, would be a safe Harbour for such Goods as she could conceal there. With Her therefore she deposited her Jewels and richest things, upon Promise that they should be safely restored again whenever she demanded them. But when her Necessities compell'd her to seek after them, 'tis said, this faithless Woman denied every thing, and thrust her out of her House with threatening and reproachful Language!

THUS to fall from the fullest Affluence of Riches and Pleasures, to the most abject State of Indigence and Beggary, to be turn'd out of a Royal Palace, where she had the Command of all Things, into the Streets and Fields, to be a Companion of the meanest Vagabonds; to be not only prosecuted by mortal Enemies, but frown'd upon and deserted by ungrateful Friends, and scorn'd by all her Acquaintance, who once thought it an Honour to wait on her, and esteem'd her Smiles a Blessing; these things must make dreadful Wounds in the Heart of a delicate and tender Lady.

IT is the Work of the *Divine*, and not of the *Historian*, to draw severe Inferences of Vengeance, and Heavenly Dispensations, from the Calamities which attend us in this mortal Warfare. To view her in such a Point of Light, would be to make all her Misfortunes, Whips in the Hand of Providence for the Miscarriages of her past Life: Then just and equitable it appears to Us, that she should feel the Smart of those Necessities and Hardships into which she had first driven her own Husband; that the Melancholy and Sorrows which she created a good Queen, should return upon herself at last, and overwhelm

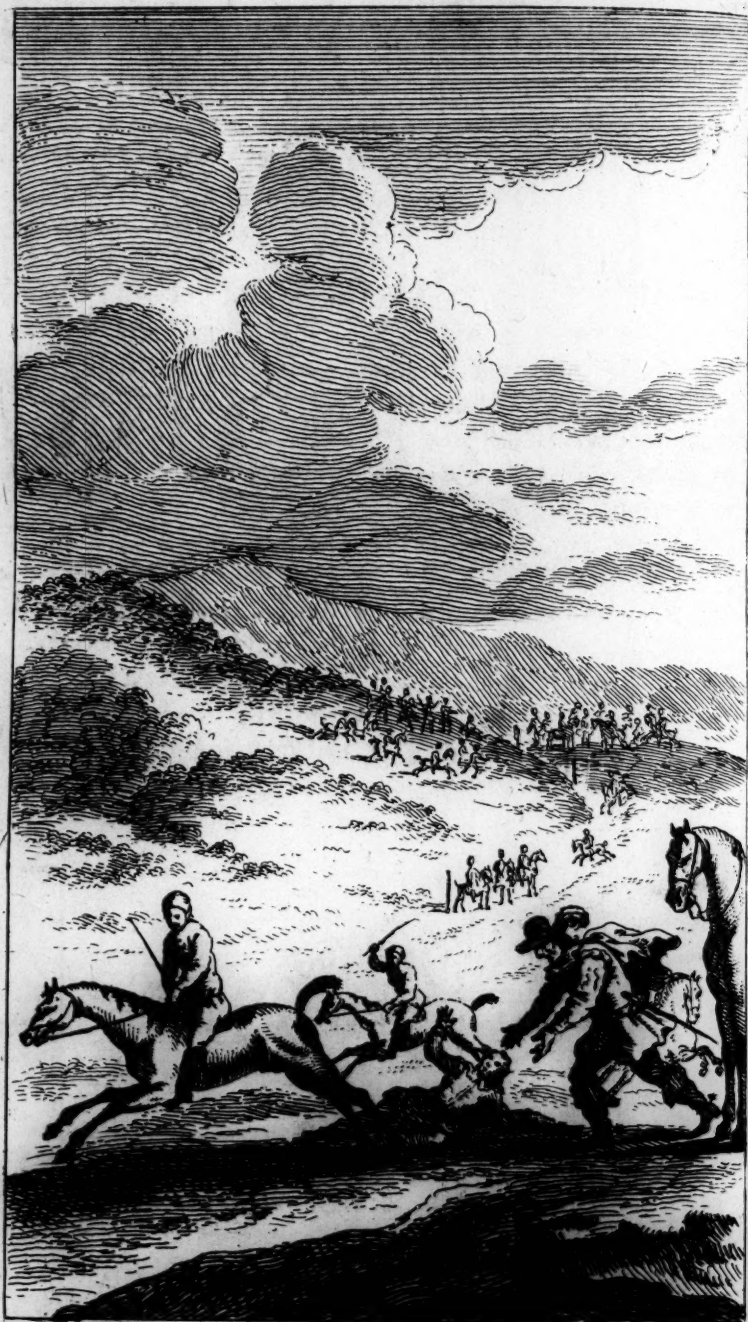
her own Soul; that since she had abused her rich Attire, her soft and clear Skin, and her pleasant Wit to such a wicked End, she should be reduced to Rags, turn'd into a hagg'd unlovely Creature, and not be able with all her Eloquence to prevail with any Body to give her a Piece of Bread.

BUT leaving such Reflections to the Pulpit, I shall rather close her Miseries with Pity, than a galling Censure. It was hard enough upon her, that her calamitous Days made up the greater Share of her Life. Where, and in what Manner, she ended her wretched Life, is uncertain. The receiv'd Opinion is that she was found dead in *Shoreditch*, in the Suburbs of *London*; but that the Place took its Name from her, is a vulgar Mistake: it having been so call'd from the *Sordiches*, Lords thereof; of which Family Sir *John Sordich* flourish'd, long before her Time, in the Reign of King *Edward* the Third. But the same notable Inventors, who fram'd a Proclamation prohibiting her Food and Shelter, consequently supposed she might be starv'd, and die in a Ditch, which ought to carry the Remembrance of that Accident in its future Name.

WE have the Testimony of a very excellent Writer, Sir *Thomas More*, that she was still living in the eighteenth Year of King *Henry* the Eighth, old, lean, wither'd, and dry'd up; nothing left, but rivell'd Skin and hard Bone. This grave Historian, after having been particular in her Character, doubts, some may think Her too slight a Thing to be written of, and set among the Remembrances of great Matters: "Because, happily, says He, They shall esteem
" her only by That they now see her: but, me seemeth,
" the Chaunce so much the more worthy to be remem-
" bred, in how much she is now in the more beggarly
" Condition; unfriended, and worn out of Acquaintance,
" after good Substance, after as great Favour with the
" Prince, after as great Suit, and seeking to, with all
" Those that those Days had Business to speed, as many
" other Men were in their Times, which be now famous
" only by the Infamy of their ill Deeds.

The E N D.





P. Tullermans inv.

G. V. Gucht sculp.

THE
PREVALENCE
OF
B L O O D.

Translated from the *Spanish* Original of

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.



L O N D O N : M D C C X X I X .





THE

Prevalence of B L O O D.



ONE of the warm Nights of Summer, an ancient Gentleman of *Toledo* with his Wife, a little Son, a Daughter seventeen Years old, and a Maid-Servant, were coming back from taking their Diversion by the Side of the River. The Night was clear, the Hour eleven, and the Path solitary, and they walk'd slowly in order not to lose by Weariness the Pleasures, which the River and the Meadows about it afforded. The good old Man and his little Family came along, with all the Security which the strict Government, and civil Manners of the Inhabitants of the City cou'd encourage, not dreaming in the least of meeting with any Disaster. But as most Misfortunes happen when they are least foreseen, contrary to their Expectation they were surpriz'd with one which marr'd all their Mirth, and gave them Cause to lament for several Years.

THERE was a young Gentleman of the same City, about two and twenty Years of Age, whom Riches, high Birth, a lewd Inclination, riotous Liberty, and wild Companions transported into Irregularities, which were a Scandal

dal to his Quality, and drew upon him the Character of Dissolute and Impudent. This Cavalier, whose Name I shall for good Reasons conceal, and change to that of *Rodolfo*, with four of his mad Acquaintance, all young, sprightly and insolent, were coming down the same Hill, the old Gentleman and his Train were walking up. The two Companies met, that of the Sheep and the Wolves; and *Rodolfo* and his Comrades covering their own Faces, with an audacious Rudeness unveil'd those of the Mother, the Daughter and their Maid. The old Gentleman was alarm'd, and reprimanded them severely for their Boldness; they answer'd him only with Jears and Scorn, and without offering any farther Affront, pass'd on. But the Beauty of the Face *Rodolfo* had seen, which was *Leocadia's*, the Gentleman's Daughter, ran so in his Mind, that it fir'd his Heart, and awaken'd in him a Desire to enjoy her, at the Expence of any Inconveniencies which might attend it. He open'd his Design immediately to his Associates; who readily determin'd to go back, and carry her off, to please *Rodolfo*; for the Rich never want those who will patronize their Vices and support them in all their Outrages. Thus the forming this vile Intention, the communicating it, the approving it, the resolving to effect it, and the actual Execution of it, was all dispatch'd in a Moment. They ty'd their Handkerchiefs over their Faces, and drawing their Swords, march'd back, and soon fell in with the unhappy Family, who had just been giving Thanks to Heaven for delivering them from the Hands of this boisterous Crew. *Rodolfo* fasten'd on *Leocadia*, who had not Strength enough to resist him, and seizing her in his Arms, fled as fast as he cou'd; the Fright depriv'd her of her Voice, and losing her Sight and her Senses in the Swoon, she neither perceiv'd who carry'd her away, nor whither they hurry'd her. Her Father cry'd out, her Mother shriek'd, her little Brother scream'd, and the Maid howl'd and stamp'd and tore her Hair; but their Exclamations were not heard, their Roaring was in vain, their sad Laments were not regarded,

and their Raging did no Service. The Solitariness of the Place, and the deep Silence of the Night, favour'd the Action, and the brutal Cruelty of the Ravisher was deaf to Pity. In a Word, the last went away rejoicing, while the other stay'd behind full of Sorrow. *Rodolfo* arriv'd at his House without any Impediment, and *Leocadia's* Parents return'd to theirs griev'd and afflicted, and overwhelm'd with Despair; they were now become blind and solitary, having lost the fair Eyes of their beauteous Daughter, which were the Light of theirs; and wanting her Delightful Company. In their Confusion they were unable to resolve what Method to pursue; if they gave Information of their Disgrace to the Magistrates, they were afraid they might thereby rashly make themselves the principal Instrument of publishing their own Dishonour. Besides, they had little or no Interest, as being poor, tho' nobly descended; and knew not of whom to complain, unless of their own ill Fortune.

RODOLFO in the mean while had the Cunning to carry *Leocadia* directly home to his own Apartment; and tho' she continu'd in a Swoon all the Way, he cautiously bound a Handkerchief over her Eyes, that she might not see the Streets thro' which they pass'd, nor the House nor the Room into which he brought her; he introduced her thither unperceiv'd by any one, because his Father, who was yet living, allow'd him a Separate Apartment, and he had the Keys of all that Quarter of the House. A great Inadvertency this in Parents, to trust their Children to live in private by themselves, and without Observation.

BEFORE *Leocadia* recover'd from her Fainting, *Rodolfo* had accomplish'd his vile Desire; the impure Transports of Youth seldom or never regarding Seasons or Circumstances, but hurrying them on without Restraint. The Light of his Understanding being extinguish'd, he robb'd *Leocadia* in the Dark of the best Jewel she had; and as the criminal Appetites of Sense generally subside as soon as they are gratify'd, *Rodolfo* presently resolv'd to rid himself

self of poor *Leocadia*, and turn her into the Street as she was in a Swoon. But just as he was going to do it, he perceiv'd she was come to herself, and began to speak; Where am I, unhappy Wretch? cry'd she; what Darkness is this? What Shades surround me? Heaven help me! Who touches me! Am I in a Bed? Am I dishonour'd? Dost thou hear me, my dear Mother? My worthy Father, are you within my Call? Ah what a Condition am I in, since it is plain my Parents hear me not, and my Enemies have me in their Arms! Happy shou'd I be if this Darkness wou'd always continue, and my Eyes were never to view the Light of the Day again! What Place am I in? whatever it is, I wish it may hide me for ever, since Dishonour which is conceal'd, is better than Honour which depends on the Opinion of the Vulgar. Ah! I now recall to Memory, what I could not recollect before, that a little while ago I was in my Parents Company, and was assaulted; and I see and am convinced it is best for me never to appear in the World again. O thou, whoever thou art, that art here with me, (and at this she grasp'd *Rodolfo's* Hands) if thou hast a Mind which can be mov'd with Intreaties, I beseech thee, that since thou hast triumph'd over my Reputation, thou wilt also triumph over my Life; take it this Moment, for I ought not to prolong it, since I have lost my Honour. Think that the horrid Cruelty thou hast committed in injuring me, will be soften'd by the Mercy thou wilt shew in killing me; and thou wilt thereby be compassionate as well as severe.

LEOCADIA's Words confounded *Rodolfo*, who being a giddy-brain'd young Man of little Experience, knew not what to say or do; his Silence surpriz'd *Leocadia* the more; she stretch'd out her Hand to touch him, to satisfy herself, whether it was a Phantom that was with her, or a real Person: But when she felt a living Body, and remember'd the Force which had been offer'd her, as she was walking with her Parents, she clearly apprehended her Disgrace. At this Thought she began to pursue her

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Expostulations, which her many Sighs and Sobblings had interrupted.

AUDACIOUS Youth, said she, for thy Actions teach me to judge thou art far from being in Years, I forgive thee the Injury thou hast done me, if thou wilt only promise me, and swear, that as thou hast conceal'd it in this Darkness, thou wilt suppress it in perpetual Silence, and never mention it to any. It is a small Recompence I ask, for so great a Wrong; but to me, it is the greatest I can desire, or thou canst grant. Consider I have never seen thy Face, nor wish to see it; for tho' I must remember my Insult, I wou'd not remember my Insulter, nor fix the Image of the wicked Author of my Ruine in my Mind. Heaven and myself alone shall hear my Complaints, while I stifle them from the World, which judges not of Things by their Merit, but according to its own prejudiced Opinion. I know not how I happen to repeat such Truths as these, which are generally the Effect of much Experience, and the Observations of many Years, whereas mine scarcely make Seventeen; yet this I know, that Grief both tyés and loosens the Tongue of the Afflicted; sometimes aggravating the Sufferings, in order to gain a Belief of them; at other times being quite mute, because there is no Remedy in View. Yet whether I am silent or speak, I cannot fail surely of being both believ'd and help'd by you; for not to believe me, you must be ignorant of what has happen'd, and not to assist me, must render yourself miserable; and I am unwilling to despair of Relief from you, because it will cost you little to give it: What I mean is this; imagine not with yourself, that Length of Time will abate the just Resentment which is kindled in my Soul against you; nor attempt to repeat the Injury on me, for you shall not renew your Joys again; and the having once accomplish'd your unchaste Desire, ought to extinguish it for ever: Suppose with yourself, if you please, that you have abus'd me by Accident, but presume not to plead in Excuse of it; and I will suppose, either that I

was

was not born, or that I am born only to be Unhappy. Put me out into the Street immediately, and conduct me near the great Church, from whence I shall easily know the Way to my own House. But swear, I charge thee, not to follow me, nor to find out where I live; nor enquire after my Parents Name, or mine, or that of my Relations, who are so rich and noble that they ought not to be involv'd in my Misfortunes. Answer me to this; and if thou art afraid I shall know thee by thy Voice, I assure thee, that excepting my Father and my Confessor, I never talk'd with a Man in my whole Life, and have too seldom heard any speak in common Discourse to be able to distinguish them by their Voices.

ALL the Reply *Rodolfo* made to this prudent and moving Reasoning of *Leocadia*, was to embrace her, and give plain Tokens that he was willing to multiply his Crime, and her Dishonour; at which, with greater Strength and Courage than her tender Age seem'd to promise, she defended herself with her Feet, her Hands, and Teeth, and Tongue: Know, Traytor, infamous Wretch, said she, whoever thou art, that the base Victory thou hast won from me, is no other than what thou mightest have had over an inanimate Stock or Stone, and redounds to thy Infamy and Shame. Thou shalt not compass thy Attempt again, but by my Death. Thou hast dishonour'd and undone me, while I was in a Swoon; but now I am my self, thou shalt sooner kill, than conquer me; for shou'd I quietly submit to thy Wickedness while I am in my Senses, thou may'st imagine my late Trance, when thou hadst the lewd Insolence to blemish me, was only feign'd.

IN a Word, *Leocadia* made such a brave and resolute Resistance, that *Rodolfo's* Strength and Desires began to flag; and as the Rudeness he had offer'd her arose from no other Principle than a lascivious Impulse, which never produces true and permanent Love, but quickly vanishes and is succeeded by inward Repentance, and some faint Inclination to pursue it; *Rodolfo* being thus rebuff'd and weary'd, with-
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out saying a Word, left *Leocadia* in his Chamber, and locking the Door, ran to find out his Comrades, in order to consult with them what to do. *Leocadia* perceiv'd she was lock'd in alone, and getting out of Bed, walk'd round the Room, groping about upon the Walls with her Hands, to find the Door, or a Window out of which to make her Escape. At last she found the Door, which was fasten'd, and after that a Window; and having with some Difficulty open'd the Shutters, the Moon shone in so brightly, that she cou'd distinguish the Colour of several curious Hangings which adorn'd the Chamber. The Bed she perceiv'd was gilded, and so richly made, that it seem'd rather that of a Prince, than of a private Gentleman. She counted the Stools and the Scrutores, and remark'd where-about the Door was placed; and tho' she saw several Pictures hanging on the Wall, she cou'd not discern what they were. The Window was large and handsome, and secur'd with a thick Iron Grate; it look'd into a Garden, which was also surrounded with a high Wall, all which disappointed her Design of getting down into the Street. By what she discover'd of the Spaciousness and noble Furniture of the Room, she apprehended that the Master of it must be some considerable Person, and very Rich, and upon a Scrutore by the Window she had the good Fortune to spy a small Crucifix of solid Silver; she reach'd it down, and put it into the Sleeve of her Gown, neither out of Devotion nor Theft, but out of a very prudent and well-laid Intention. Having done this, she shut up the Window, as it was before, and return'd to Bed, expecting what wou'd be the End of so strange and unhappy a Beginning.

IN less than half an Hour, as she imagin'd, she perceiv'd some Body open'd the Chamber-Door, and coming up to her, without saying a Word, drew a Handkerchief over her Eyes, and taking her by the Arm, led her out of the Room, and lock'd the Door after them. It was *Radolfo*, who had been to seek his Comrades, to lay his Case before

before them, but chang'd his Mind by the way, reflecting that it was very wrong to call in Witneſſes of what had paſſ'd that Night between himſelf and the Lady, and that it wou'd make a much better Story to tell them, that repenting of his Crime, and mov'd by her Tears, he had releas'd her in the Middle of the Road. Accordingly he poſted back in all Haſte to carry *Leocadia* out to the great Church, as ſhe had deſir'd, before Break of Day, left the Light ſhou'd prevent it, and oblige him to keep her in his Lodging another Night, which he did not deſire; for as he had no Deſign to uſe any farther Force with her, he was unwilling to run the Hazard of being diſcover'd. He hurry'd her into the Street, and having conducted her to the Place call'd *Ayuntamiento*, told her with a feign'd Voice, in half *Portugueze* and half *Caſtilian*, that ſhe might go home ſecurely, for no Body ſhou'd follow her; and before ſhe cou'd unmuffle her Eyes, he had convey'd himſelf out of ſight.

AS ſoon as ſhe was left alone, ſhe pull'd off the Handkerchief; ſhe knew the Place where ſhe was, and having look'd round her every way, ſaw no Body, yet ſuſpecting ſome might follow her at a Diſtance, at every Step ſhe made a ſtand, and in this cautious Manner ſtole on gently towards her own Houſe, which was not far off; and to deceive any Spies, who might obſerve her, ſhe went into a Houſe, the Door of which ſtood open, and from thence privately remov'd to her own, where ſhe found her Parents full of Grief, and ſitting up in their Cloaths without the leaſt Thought of going to Bed, or taking Reſt. When they ſaw her they ran to her with open Arms, and receiv'd her with Tears in their Eyes. *Leocadia*, full of Confuſion and Surprize, deſir'd them to go aſide with her into a private Room, where in few Words ſhe related to them her Miſfortune, with all the Circumſtances of it, adding that ſhe had not the leaſt Knowledge of this Invader and Robber of her Honour. She inform'd them of the Particulars ſhe had remark'd in the deteſted Theatre where this

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lamentable Tragedy was acted; as the Window, the Garden, the Iron Grate, the Scrutores, the Bed and the Hangings, and lastly she shew'd them the Crucifix which she had brought away. Before this Image they all renew'd their Tears, pour'd out earnest Supplications for Relief, implor'd Vengeance, and beg'd Heaven to send some miraculous Chastisements on the Guilty. She told them likewise that tho' she did not desire to know her Injurer, yet if they thought it was best to discover him, they might do it by the Means of that Crucifix, by procuring the Clerks to publish in the Pulpits of every Parish in the City, that whoever had lost such an Image, might have it again of such a Priest, and that finding by this who was the Owner, they might find the House and the Person of her Enemy.

THIS were right Advice, Daughter, answer'd her Father, if common Caution did not maliciously defeat thy ingenious Proposal: For since it is plain, this Image may not be presently mis'd out of the Chamber you mention, and that the Owner of it will take it for granted, the Person who was with him in his Lodgings took it away, when he understands it is left with such a Priest, he will rather discover thereby who left it with him, than suffer us to detect who he is that lost it; for perhaps some Body else may call for it, to whom the right Owner has describ'd the Marks. In which case, we shou'd be confounded rather than inform'd, even tho' we shou'd use the same Artifice as we suspect may be employ'd against us, and deliver it to the Priest by a third Hand. All you can do, Child, is to lay it by, and wait for some Opportunity when it may be of Service; and consider, that a Grain of publick Dishonour is heavier than a Pound of secret Shame; and since you may appear abroad without Blemish in the Eyes of Heaven, do not afflict yourself for having suffer'd Infamy in private. True Dishonour consists in Vice, and true Honour in Virtue; and it is by our Words, our Intentions and Actions, that we anger Heaven; and since
thou

thou hast offended by none of these, think thy self still unspotted, for such thou art to me, and I shall always look on thee with the Fondness of an affectionate Father.

WITH such tender and persuasive Arguments he comforted the dejected *Leocadia*; and her Mother embracing her again, endeavour'd also to make her easy. She sigh'd, and melted into Tears afresh; and submitting to her Condition, hid her Head, as they say, living perfectly retir'd under the Protection of her Parents, and wearing very plain tho' decent Cloaths.

RODOLFO in the mean time coming back to his Chamber, miss'd the Crucifix, and readily imagined who had got it; he took no Notice of it, being too rich to regard the Loss, nor did his Parents ask him about it; and three Days after, he deliver'd up every Thing in his Chamber to a Servant-Maid of his Mother by Tale, and set forward on his intended Voyage to *Italy*: His Father, who had formerly been there himself, having press'd him to it, and told him they were not Gentlemen who were such only in their own Country, and that he ought to shew himself to be one in foreign Parts. By these and other Reasons *Rodolfo* was persuaded to comply with his Father's Desire, who gave him Bills for considerable Sums at *Barcelona*, *Genoa*, *Rome* and *Naples*. He departed instantly with two of his old Companions, being wonderfully pleas'd with the Account he heard by some Soldiers of the Plenty of Inns there was in *Italy* and *France*, and of the Freedom the *Spaniards* take there in their Quarters. His Imagination was in Raptures at the relishing Sound of fine Chickens, Sir, lovely Pigeons, charming Sausages, proclaim'd by a jolly well-thriven Host, and a long Roll of other delicious Names of this Sort, which the Soldiers ran over, who represented to him very movingly the vast Difference there was between the fat Victualling Houses in those Countries, and the starving Inns of *Spain*. In short, he began his Expedition with a Heart full at Ease, and with no more Remembrance of what had pass'd between *Leocadia* and himself, than if no such Affair had happen'd.

SHE,

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SHE, poor Lady, in the mean time liv'd at home with her Parents with all the Privacy of a Recluse, not suffering herself to be seen by any, lest they shou'd read her Shame in her Face. In a few Months, she found herself under a Necessity of doing what she hitherto had done out of Choice, of keeping retir'd, for she found herself with Child; this drew again those Tears into her Eyes, which had in some Degree been suppress'd, and her Sighs and Lamentations began to break out anew, notwithstanding all the Pains her tender Mother took to comfort her.

TIME quickly roll'd away, and the Hour arriv'd for her Delivery, which was manag'd with the utmost Secrecy; her Mother supply'd the Place of a Midwife, and assisted her to bring into the World as lovely a Boy as can be imagin'd. With the same Caution as it was born, they convey'd it to a little Village, where it was nurs'd four Years, at the End of which the Grandfather brought it into his own House under the Quality of his Nephew, and gave it a virtuous, tho' not a rich Education. The Child, who was nam'd *Lewis*, was very handsome, of a sweet Disposition, and an excellent Genius, and in all the Actions which cou'd proceed from so green an Age he gave Proofs that he was begotten by some honourable Person; and his Mother's Parents were so enamour'd of his Beauty, his Parts and his Discretion, that they began to account their Daughter's Misfortune a Happiness, in having given them such a Grandson. When he walk'd along the Streets, he had a thousand Blessings pour'd upon him by all Beholders; some bless'd his Beauty, others the Mother who bore him; these the Father who begat him, and those the Person who had train'd him up so well. Amid these Applauses of those who knew him and those who knew him not, he grew up to be seven Years old; at which Age he was able to read *Latin* and *Spanish*, and to write very neatly: For the good old People design'd to make him wise and virtuous, since they cou'd not make him rich; Wisdom and Virtue being those

those Riches over which Robbers, and that which is call'd Fortune, have no Power.

IT happen'd one Day, that the Boy going on an Errand for his Grandmother to a Neice of hers, chanced to pass thro' a Street where several Cavaliers were performing a Horse-Race. He stop'd to look on, and as he was crossing to the other side of the Ring for the sake of planting himself more commodiously, he was trampled down by one of the Horses, the Rider not being able to hold him back in the Fury of the Career. The Horse ran over him, and left him for dead on the Spot, the Blood issuing out from his Head in great Plenty. Just at this Instant, an antient Gentleman, who was beholding the Race, dismounted very nimbly, and making up to the Child, snatch'd him out of the Arms of them who held him, into his own, and without regarding his own grey Hairs, and his Authority, which was very great, carry'd him home as fast as he could walk, and bid his Servants run immediately for a Surgeon to dress him. Several Gentlemen follow'd him, extremely concern'd for the Misfortune of so lovely a Child, for the Word was presently given out that little *Lewy*, the Nephew of such a Gentleman, naming his Grandfather, was rid over by a Horse. The Cry flew from Mouth to Mouth, till at last it reach'd the Ears of his Grand-Parents, and his disconsolate Mother. Being convinced of the Truth of this melancholic Accident, they ran out of Doors like so many mad People to look after their Darling; and as the Gentleman who had taken him home was of the first Rank and generally known, almost every one they met directed them to his House. They came in just as the Boy was under the Surgeon's Hands: The Gentleman of the House and his Wife, supposing them to be the Parents, begg'd them not to make any Lamentations, because it wou'd affect and prejudice the Child. And the Surgeon, who was a celebrated Man, having dress'd him with extraordinary Tendernefs and Skill, told them the Wound was not so dangerous as he fear'd at first.

IN the midst of the Operation, poor *Lewy* came to himself, having been till then in a Swoon. He was overjoy'd to see his Relations, who weeping ask'd him, how he was? He answer'd, Well, only his Body and his Head ached very much. The Surgeon enjoin'd them not to talk to him, but leave him to Rest; they did so, and the Grandfather began to thank the Master of the House for the affectionate Care he had taken of his Nephew. The Gentleman reply'd, he did not deserve his Thanks; and assur'd him, that when he saw the poor Boy, as he lay on the Ground, he imagin'd he saw the Face of his own dear Son; and this mov'd him to take the Child into his Arms, and bring him home, where he wou'd keep him during the time of his Cure, and give him the best Entertainment possible. His Wife also, who was of a noble Family, said the same, and added Promises yet more kind. The others stood astonish'd at so shining a Christian Temper; but the Mother was in the greatest Surprize; for the encouraging Account the Surgeon gave her having compos'd the Disorder of her Spirits, she look'd narrowly about the Room, and clearly perceiv'd, by various Tokens, it was that where her Honour was violated, and her Misfortune began; and tho' the Hangings which were then in it were remov'd, she knew the Figure of it, and saw the grated Window which open'd into the Garden; and because it was shut to keep out the cold Air from the wounded Child, that she might be certain of the thing, she ask'd whether that Window did not look out upon a Garden. They answer'd, Yes. But what she remember'd most distinctly was the Bed; and particularly the Scrutore, upon which the Crucifix stood which she had taken away. In a Word, the Truth of her Suspicions was put beyond all Doubt by the Stairs, which she had counted when *Rodolfo* led her down blindfold out of the Chamber; and as she went home, after taking Leave of her Son, she had the prudent Caution to tell them over again, and found the Number agreed exactly; and comparing one Sign with another, she was

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fully convinced that her Supposition was right, and related the whole to her Mother, who like a discreet Woman had inform'd herself whether the Gentleman, at whose House her Grand-Child was, had a Son; and understood that he who was call'd *Rodolfo* was he, that he was then in *Italy*, and reckoning up the Time they said he had been out of *Spain*, she found it was just seven Years, her little Grand-son's Age. She appriz'd her Husband of this, and they and their Daughter agreed to wait and see how Heaven wou'd dispose of the Child, who in fifteen Days was out of Danger, and in so many more got upon his Legs again.

ALL this while he was visited by his Mother and Grand-mother, and the Gentleman of the House and his Wife treated him as if he had been their own. As *Donna Estefania*, so was the Gentleman's Lady call'd, was talking once with *Leocadia*, she told her, the Child was so surprizingly like her Son in *Italy*, that she cou'd never look on him but she thought she had the other before her Eyes; upon which *Leocadia* took occasion, as they were alone together, to impart to her some Circumstances which her Parents had agreed it wou'd be proper for her to mention. Madam, said she, the Day that my Parents heard their Nephew had receiv'd this Mischance, they were in a strange Consternation, and imagin'd Heaven was shut against them, and the World fallen to Pieces about their Ears; they seem'd to have lost the Light of their Eyes, and the Staff of their old Age in the Loss of this Boy, whom they lov'd so dearly, that in many Respects their Fondness exceeded that which other Fathers bear to their Children; but as 'tis said, *When God sends the Wound, he sends also the Cure*; this Accident of their Nephew has drawn me to this House, and I here recall to mind some Things which it is impossible I shou'd forget while I live. I am well born, Madam, for my Parents are so, as were all my Ancestors, who with a moderate Portion of the Goods of Fortune have preserv'd a very flourishing Reputation where-ever they liv'd.

DONNA

DONNA ESTEFANIA was amaz'd at what *Leocadia* said, and stood in Suspence. She thought it incredible, tho' she saw it, there shou'd be so much Discretion in such early Years; for by all Appearance she judg'd her to be scarcely more than twenty; and therefore instead of making any Reply, she waited for *Leocadia's* finishing her Story, who proceeded to inform her of *Rodolfo's* Insolence, and her own Dishonour, of his seizing her, and blinding her Eyes, and carrying her home to his own Apartment, and mention'd the Tokens by which she knew the Chamber they were now in to be the same as she suspected. To confirm it, she drew the Crucifix out of her Bosom: This, said she, is a Witness of the Violence I suffer'd from your Son. I took it from the Top of that Scrutore while he was out of the Room, in hopes it might one Day be of Service to me, and have preserv'd it ever since, as a perpetual Memorial of my Misfortune. Let this justify what I have told you. Believe me, Madam, the Child to whom you have been so extremely kind is indeed your own Grandson: Heaven permitted him to be hurt by the Horse, that by his being brought into your House, I might find here, as I hope I shall, what I ought to find, if not the Remedy which is most proper and adapted to my mournful Disaster, at least the Means which will make it less severe.

HAVING said this, she embraced the Crucifix, and fainted away in *Donna Estefania's* Arms; who being a Woman and well-born, in whom Compassion is commonly as natural as Cruelty is in a Man, join'd her Cheek to hers, and shed such a Flood of Tears on her, that there was no need to sprinkle Water on her Face to bring her to her Senses. As they were both in this Condition, *Donna Estefania's* Husband happen'd to enter the Room, leading little *Lewis* by the Hand; when he saw his Wife weeping, and *Leocadia* in a Swoon, he started, and begg'd to know the Occasion; and the poor Child ran and embraced his Mother, and the Lady his Grandmother, taking them to be only his Cousin and his Benefactress, and ask'd them why
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they cry'd? I have important Things to tell you, answer'd *Donna Estefania* to her Husband, the Sum of which is this, you are to look on this poor Lady as your Daughter, and this Child as your Grandson. What I say is Truth; I have heard it from the Mouth of this fair Creature, who has supported it by evident Proofs, and the Features of the Child also confirm it, in which both of us have observ'd the perfect Image of our *Rodolfo*. Unless you explain this more at large, reply'd the Gentleman, I cannot understand you. Here *Leocadia* waken'd; and embracing the Crucifix seem'd to be dissolv'd in Tears. This put the Gentleman in the utmost Confusion, from which he was recover'd by his Wife's relating to him all that *Leocadia* had told her; and Heaven was pleas'd so to ordain it, that he believ'd it without Hesitation, as readily as if it had been attested by several unexceptionable Witnesses. He embraced *Leocadia*, and cheer'd her very tenderly, and kiss'd his pretty Grandson, and dispatch'd a Courier the same Day to *Naples*, to require his Son to come home with all Speed, because he had concluded a Marriage for him with a Woman of incomparable Beauty, and the most proper for him in the World. They wou'd not suffer *Leocadia* nor her Son to go back to her Parents, who being transported with their Daughter's unexpected good Fortune, return'd infinite Thanks for it to Heaven.

THE Courier arriv'd at *Naples*; and two Days after he receiv'd the Letter, *Rodolfo*, being impatient to possess so beautiful a Woman as his Father describ'd to him, embraced the Opportunity of four Gallies just departing for *Spain*, and went on board with both his Companions, who had never forsaken him. They had such a prosperous Passage, that in twelve Days he reach'd *Barcelona*, and in seven more *Toledo*, and came home to his Father's so gay and genteel, that the Perfection of Gallantry and Politeness seem'd united in him, and his Parents rejoiced at his safe Arrival.

LEOCADIA was in Suspense, and view'd him from a private Corner, where she cou'd not be seen, in Compliance

ance with *Donna Estefania's* Directions. *Rodolfo's* Companions wou'd have taken Leave and gone to their own Lodgings directly, but *Estefania* wou'd not permit them, because she wanted them for the Design she had in hand. It was near Night when *Rodolfo* came in; and while Supper was preparing, *Estefania* call'd his Companions aside, not doubting but they were two of the three *Leocadia* said were with him the Night he abus'd her, and begg'd them very earnestly to tell her whether they remember'd her Son's running away with a Woman one Evening, so many Years ago; because it concern'd the Reputation and Ease of all his Relations to know the Truth of that Report. She desir'd it of them so pressingly, and gave them such Assurances that they shou'd receive no Damage by the Discovery, that they frankly acknowledg'd, themselves and one more, as they were rambling abroad one Summer Night with *Rodolfo*, seiz'd a young Woman, whom *Rodolfo* convey'd away, while they kept the Family in Play, who endeavour'd to defend her with their Outcrys, and that *Rodolfo* told them the next Day, he had carry'd her home to his Lodgings; and this was all the Information they cou'd give her concerning what she ask'd.

THIS Confession unravell'd all Doubts, and gave Light to the whole Affair; and *Estefania* now resolv'd to execute the honourable Design she had form'd. Accordingly while Supper was preparing, she retir'd into a Room with *Rodolfo*; and putting a Picture into his Hand, Son, said she, I will give you a most delightful Entertainment to-night, by shewing you your excellent Spouse; this is her Picture; but I must apprise you, that what she wants in Beauty, is supply'd in Virtue; she is Well-born, Prudent, and moderately Rich: And since she is your Father's Choice, and mine, you may be certain, she is the fittest Match you can have. *Rodolfo* view'd the Picture very wistly; Painters, said he, are generally prodigal in bestowing Beauty upon the Faces they draw; and I suppose the Charms of this Piece are owing to their Bounty; and that the Original is home-

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ly enough. I confess, Madam, it is just and proper, that Children shou'd pay Obedience to their Parents Commands; but it is also very convenient and much better, that Parents shou'd allow their Children to embrace what Condition of Life they like best; and since Marriage is a Knot which is unt'y'd only by Death, both Parties shou'd be entirely satisfy'd in the tying it. Virtue, Nobility, and the Goods of Fortune, are fine Qualifications in a Wife to please her Husband's Mind, but I am of Opinion it is impossible Deformity shou'd please his Eyes. I am a young Man, 'tis true; yet I know what I say, and that the Delight marry'd People very lawfully take in one another, may consist perfectly well with the holy Vows and Purposes of Matrimony; but if this mutual Complaisance is wanting, the Marriage is maim'd, and fails in a principal Circumstance. And to think a homely Face which a Man must have constantly before his Eyes, at Bed and at Board, can give him Delight, I repeat it once again, is impossible. I beg you therefore, Madam, to provide me a Consort, who may be a Joy to me; and not a Burden; that so we may both of us carry the Yoke comfortably, without flouncing and starting aside out of the Road. If this Lady is noble, prudent, and rich, as you say she is, she cannot fail of a Husband, with whom she may be much happier than with me. Some desire Nobility, and some admire Discretion; those are for Money, and others for Beauty; and I agree with the last. For as to Nobility, I thank Heaven, my Ancestors have left me that by Inheritance; and as for Discretion, provided a Woman indeed be not an absolute Changeling, and an Idiot, if she has good plain Sense and Understanding, it is sufficient; and there is no need of her being a Lady of bright Parts, and a Wit; Then as to Riches, my Parents have provided for me so well, that I am in no great Danger of coming to Poverty. I give the Preference therefore to Beauty; and desire no other Dowry with it, than Honesty and a sweet Behaviour; and if my Wife brings me that Portion, I shall serve Heaven with
Pleasure,

pleasure, and prove a Blessing to my Parents in their old Age.

RODOLFO's Mother lik'd her Son's Discourse well, as perceiving it favour'd her own Design. She told him, she wou'd take Care he shou'd marry as he desir'd; and that she wou'd have him under no Concern about it; for the Treaty with the Lady whose Picture she shew'd him, might easily be dissolv'd. *Rodolfo* thank'd her; and Supper-time being come, they went into the common Room; and just as the Father, and Mother, *Rodolfo*, and his two Companions, were going to sit down to Table; Mercy on me, cry'd *Donna Estefania*, starting as if she had forgot herself, how finely I have us'd my Guest? Run and call the Lady *Donna Leocadia*, said she to one of the Servants, and beg her to make no Scruples of Modesty, but to honour us with her Company, for we have no body here but our own Family.

DONNA Estefania had ingeniously invented this Contrivance, and appriz'd *Leocadia* of it beforehand; who soon made her Appearance, and presented to them on a sudden, the most lovely Object, which artificial or natural Beauty cou'd produce. She was clad in a Gown of black Velvet, (for it was Winter) diversify'd with Buttons of Gold and Pearls; she had a Diamond Girdle and Neck-lace; her Hair, which was long and bright, was finely form'd, and the Caul which adorn'd her Head, and the Ribbands, and Curls, and the sparkling Diamonds, sprinkled up and down in the Tresses, dazled the Beholders Eyes.

LEOCADIA was of an admirable Temper, and had a great deal of Wit and Spirit; she led her little Son by the Hand, and before her walk'd two Maids, lighting her along with Wax-Candles in Silver Candlesticks. The whole Company rose to do her Reverence, as if she had been some miraculous Appearance from Heaven, and gaz'd on her with such Amazement, that they had not Power to speak to her. She saluted them all with a low Curt'sy, and a graceful Air; and *Donna Estefania* taking her by the Hand, placed

her next herself, directly facing *Rodolfo*, and the Child was seated by his Grandfather. *Rodolfo* viewing the incomparable Beauty of *Leocadia* more closely; If the Lady my Mother designs me, said he to himself, has' but half the Beauty of this, I shall be the happiest Man upon Earth. Bless me! what do I see? Is it not some Angel I have before me? Thus the enchanting Image of *Leocadia* entering at his Eyes took Possession of his Heart; and she also seeing herself so near him, whom she lov'd more than her Life, now and then stole a languishing Look, and began to revolve in her Imagination what had pass'd between her and *Rodolfo*; the Hopes his Mother had given her, of his becoming her Husband, began to vanish, and she was afraid the Narrowness of her Fortune wou'd render *Donna Estefania's* Promises ineffectual. She reflected, she was now on the Edge of being happy or unhappy for ever; the Thought of which made so deep an Impression on her Mind, that her Heart was troubled, and she began to sweat, and change her Colour on a sudden, and fainted away, and her Head sunk down upon *Donna Estefania*, who was frighten'd at the Sight, and supported her very tenderly in her Arms. The Company was all confounded, and rising from Table, ran to help her. But he who appear'd to be most affected was *Rodolfo*, who in the Hurry of his Haste to get to her, stumbled twice, and fell down. They unlaced her, and flung Water on her Face, without Effect; and the heaving of her Breast, and the Weakness of her Pulse, rather gave Tokens of approaching Death; at which the Men Servants, and Maids, having no Consideration in them, set up their Voices, and baul'd out she was dead.

THESE dismal Tidings in a Moment reach'd the Ears of *Leocadia's* Parents, whom *Donna Estefania* had conceal'd in another Apartment for a more welcome Occasion. They cou'd no longer restrain themselves according to her Injunction, but rush'd into the Room with the Curate of the Parish, who was also with them by her Appointment. The Curate went up to *Leocadia*, to see whether

whether she gave any Signs of repenting of her Sins that so he might absolve her; and thinking to find only one Person in a Swoon, he found two; for *Rodolfo* lay in the same Condition, with his Face upon *Leocadia's* Breast; his Mother allowing him that Freedom with her, since she was to be his own. But when she saw him in a Trance, she had lik'd to have follow'd him, and wou'd certainly have fainted, if *Rodolfo* had not presently recover'd. He was asham'd they had seen him in such a strange Emotion; but his Mother imagining his Confusion, Be not asham'd, Son, said she, of this passionate Transport, but be asham'd of one which you ought to have avoided; when you understand something which I will hide from you no longer, tho' I thought to have reserv'd this Discovery for a more joyful Occasion. You must know, my dear Son, that the fair Creature, who is here in my Arms in a Swoon, is your true Wife. I call her the True, for she is the Person thy Father and I have chosen for thee, and the Picture I shew'd thee is a Fiction.

WHEN *Rodolfo* heard this, he was in an Ecstasy of Love; and the Name of Husband removing all those Restraints which arise from Honesty and Decorum, he laid his Face close to *Leocadia's*, and joining his Mouth to hers, stood like one expecting to breathe out his Soul, and transfuse it into hers. But when the Tears of the whole Company were increasing, and their Laments grew louder thro' their Grief, and the Hair and Beard of *Leocadia's* Father and Mother were torn and made thin, and *Rodolfo's* Cries pierced the Heavens, *Leocadia* return'd to her Senses, and with her return'd all that Joy and Gladness which her Danger had banish'd from the Breast of every one about her. *Leocadia* finding herself in *Rodolfo's* Arms, made a modest Struggle to break from them; No, Madam, said he restraining her, this must not be; you must not endeavour to force yourself out of his Arms, who tenderly embraces you in his Soul.

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THESE Words restor'd *Leocadia* perfectly ; and *Donna Estefanina* proceeded to finish her former Resolution, and desir'd the Curate immediately to perform the Rites of Marriage between her Son and *Leocadia*; which he did accordingly ; for as this happen'd in those Times when the Espousals depended only on the Will of the Parties, without that tedious Train of Impediments which are now in Use, the Ceremony suffer'd no Delay.

I leave it to some abler Pen, and more curious Wit, to express the general Joy ; the Embraces *Leocadia's* Parents gave *Rodolfo*; the Thanks they paid to Heaven ; the mutual Vows of Friendship ; and the Astonishment of *Rodolfo's* Companions, to see such a glorious Wedding celebrated the very Night of their Arival, and especially when they understood by what *Donna Estefania* said before them, that the Lady was the same that her Son had carry'd away formerly in their Company ; at which *Rodolfo* himself was equally amaz'd ; and to be satisfy'd of the Truth, beg'd *Leocadia* to mention some Token which might lead him into an absolute Knowledge of it, tho' indeed he cou'd not doubt it, since his Parents seem'd to be fully convinc'd. When I came to myself, said she, out of a former Trance, I found myself in your Arms, but stripp'd of my Honour, which at present I think was well bestow'd, since upon my Recovery from my last Swooning I found myself again in your Arms, but with my Honour entirely restor'd and safe. If this Token is not enough, let that of a Crucifix, which no Body could steal from you beside myself, suffice ; if you miss'd it that Morning, and it is the same which the Lady *Estefania* has now in her Keeping, you are my Lord and Life, and shall be so as many Years as Heaven shall vouchsafe to grant me. At this *Rodolfo* embraced her again, the Benedictions were renew'd, and the Congratulations redoubled.

SUPPER now came in, and in came the Musicians who had been ready summon'd for the Occasion. *Rodolfo* saw himself reflected as in a Mirror in the Face of his
little

little Son; the Parents on each side wept for Gladness, and there was not a Corner in the whole House, but abounded with Jubily, and Exultation. Tho' Night flew on nimbly with her sable Wings, to *Rodolfo* she seem'd to move a Cripple's Pace, so raptur'd was he with his lovely Spouse. At last, the expected Hour arriv'd; the Company broke up, and withdrew to Rest, and the House was quickly hush'd in a profound Silence; but this extraordinary History will never be suppress'd in Silence; so large and illustrious a Posterity proceeded from this happy Pair, who liv'd in mutual Delight and Felicity many Years at *Toledo*, and saw their Children, and Children's Children; all which was owing to the gracious Appointment of Heaven, and the PREVALENCE OF THAT BLOOD which the worthy and generous Grandfather of young *Lewis* saw spilt, by an Accident, on the Ground.

The E N D.





P. Monemv inv.

G. V. Gucht sculp.

THE
LIBERAL
LOVER.

Translated from the *Spanish* Original of

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

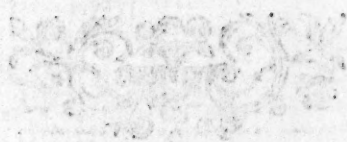


L O N D O N: M D C C X X I X:

THE
LIBERAL
LOVER.



Original of
Might de Ceremonie



EDWARD M. WOODWARD



THE LIBERAL LOVER.



Lamentable Ruins of the miserable *Nicosia*, almost yet reeking with the Blood of your valiant tho' unsuccessful Defenders! if, as you are inanimate, you had a Sense of the Desolation in which you lye, we might mingle Complaints, and bewail our Condition together, and lighten our Misfortune by being Companions in suffering. Yet, alas! your demolish'd Towers may hope to be rebuilt some other Time, tho' not in so honourable a Cause as that in which they were levell'd; but I, Wretch that I am, what Good can I expect under my present Malady, even tho' I were restor'd to my former State? My Distress is such, that I was unhappy even in Liberty, and in Slavery I neither know nor hope for Comfort.

THESE mournful Expressions were utter'd by a Christian Captive, who stood sadly viewing, from a rising Ground, the broken Walls of *Nicosia*, lately conquer'd by the *Turks*, and thus directed his Speech to them, and compar'd his own cruel Lot with theirs, as if they had been capable of understanding his Words; so natural is it to Persons in great Affliction, in the Transports of their own wild Imaginations, to say and do many things without Reason or sober Thought.

AT the same Time issu'd out of a Pavillion, or one of the Tents, which were pitch'd up and down in the Field, a handsome young *Turk* of a very genteel Presence; and approaching the Christian, I dare lay a Wager, Friend *Ricardo*, says he, your melancholic Reflections have drawn you hither. It is true, answer'd *Ricardo*; but what avails it? Since I can in no Place procure a Truce or Suspension to them; and the Prospect of these Ruins has rather made them more severe. The Ruins of *Nicosia* you mean, reply'd the *Turk*. What Ruins do you think I mean, said *Ricardo*, are there any others here in Sight? Well may you weep, return'd the *Turk*, if these Contemplations engage your Mind. For who that two Years ago beheld this celebrated and wealthy Island of *Cyprus* in its Tranquility, and the Inhabitants peaceably enjoying in it all that Human Felicity can furnish, and now sees them either driven from it into Banishment, or held in Slavery in it, can refrain from deploring its bitter Change? But let us leave these Things, since they are without Remedy, and proceed to your own Sorrows. I beg you therefore, by what you owe to the Friendship I have shewn for you, by what you owe to our being both of the same Country, and bred together in Infancy, to inform me of the Cause of your excessive Dejection? Tho' Captivity alone is sufficient to sadden the most chearful and lively Spirit in the World, I imagine your Grief arises from some deeper Spring: For generous Minds, like yours, are not wont so far to bend under common Disasters, as to resent them in an extraordinary Manner: That which makes me of this Opinion is, that I know you are not so poor, as not to be able to pay whatever is demanded for your Ransom; nor are you sent to the Towers of the *Black Sea*, as a Captive of Importance, who obtains the Blessing of Liberty very late, if ever. As your hard Fortune therefore has not depriv'd you of the Hope of seeing yourself free again, and notwithstanding all this, I observe you give such incessant Demonstrations of Affliction at your Misfortune,

fortune, it is not strange that I conclude your Trouble proceeds from some other Motive than the Loss of Liberty : I beseech you let me know the Occasion, and I offer you all my Power and Interest to help you ; and perhaps Fortune in her capricious Revolutions has appointed me to wear this Habit, which I inwardly abhor, that I might be able to do you Service.

YOU know, *Ricardo*, that my Master is *Cady* of this City ; (which is all one as to be its Bishop) : You know also the Power he has, and how much I have his Ear. At the same time you are not ignorant of the impatient Desire I have, not to die in the Religion I seem to profess ; and since more is not in my Power, I resolve publicly to embrace the Christian Faith, from which my few Years and less Understanding led me astray, even tho' my Confession were to cost me my Life ; for to escape losing that of my Soul I shou'd esteem that of the Body well resign'd.

FROM all I have said, I wou'd have you make this just Conclusion, that my Friendship may be of some Advantage to you ; and that, in order to my knowing what Remedy or Mitigation your Misfortune will admit, it is necessary that you relate it to me, as it is for a Man in Sickness to declare his Distemper to the Physician, and I assure you I will keep what you disclose inviolably secret.

RICARDO listned very attentively to this Discourse, and finding himself strongly press'd by the Reasons of his Friend and his Necessity, made Answer ; As your Observation concerning my Misery, Friend *Mahamut*, is right ; if you cou'd also point me out the Remedy, I shou'd rejoyce in having lost my Liberty, and wou'd not change my Misfortune for the greatest Prosperity imaginable. I know my Distress is such, that every one may easily discover whence it proceeds, but there is not a Man in the World, who will undertake to administer some Relief to it, much less a Cure. To convince you of this, I will relate it to you as briefly as possible. But before I enter into the perplex'd Labyrinth of my Misfortunes, pray inform

form me why *Azam Bassa*, my Master, has erected these Tents and Pavilions before his Entry into *Nicosia*, whither he comes with the Quality of Viceroy, or *Bassa*, as that Officer is styl'd among the *Turks*.

I will satisfy you in a few Words, answer'd *Mahamut*; you must understand, it is a Custom among the *Turks*, that he who is sent Viceroy to a Province, never makes his Entry into the City, where his Predecessor resides, till the other comes out, and leaves the Town to him free; and while the new *Bassa* makes his Entry, the late Governor remains encamp'd in the Fields, waiting for any Accusations to be prefer'd against him concerning his Conduct in his Office, which overtake him in spite of Subornation or Favour, unless he has prevented them beforehand by an inoffensive Behaviour. His Successor having taken Possession, delivers to the former *Bassa* a Roll of Parchment, folded up and seal'd, with which he presents himself at the Gate of the Grand Signior's Palace, that is, at Court, before his * Great Council: and this being read by the Vizier *Bassa*, or the other four inferior *Bassa*'s, that is, by the President of the Council Royal and the Judges, they either reward or punish him, according to the Report of his Administration; if he is censur'd, he buys off the Penalty with Money; and if he is acquitted, and has no Reward conferr'd on him, which is generally the Case, with Gifts and Presents he obtains any Post he chuses, for Employments and Offices are never bestow'd there for Merit, but Money; every thing is bought and sold. They who procure the Place peel those who receive it, and these plunder in their Turn, and amass Wealth to purchase another Charge which promises greater Profit. Every Thing goes in this Channel; and the whole Empire of the *Turks* is manag'd by Violence and Oppression, which is a Sign it cannot continue long; and to speak my Thoughts, it is certainly supported only by the Sins of Christendom,

* *The Divan.*

such, I mean, as fly directly in the Face of Heaven with a shameless Assurance.

THIS is the Reason why *Azam Bassa*, your Master, has lain here four Days in Tents; and if the Governor of *Nicosia* has not come forth and resign'd the City, as he ought, it is owing to his having been indispos'd; but as he is better now, he will remove To-day or To-morrow without fail: He is to lodge in one of the Tents which are pitch'd on this Hill, which you have not seen, and your Master will enter into the City immediately; and this is what I have to let you know concerning the Question you ask'd me.

HEarken then, said *Ricardo*, tho' I am uncertain whether I shall be able to perform my Promise; yet I will endeavour summarily to unfold to you my Calamity, which is so great and dreadful, that no Relation can comprize it fully; However I will do all I am able, and all that the Time will permit.

IN the first Place then I desire to ask whether you did not know in our Town of *Trapana*, a young Lady, to whom Fame gave the Character of the loveliest Woman in all *Sicily*; whom the most ingenious Tongues have celebrated, and the greatest Wits affirm'd to be the most perfect Beauty, which the past Age cou'd boast, the Present possesses, or the Future will enjoy; whom the Poets describe that her Hair is of Gold, her Eyes are two radiant Suns, her Cheeks purple Roses, her Teeth Pearls, her Lips Rubies, and her Neck Alabaster, and that the Parts with the Whole, and the Whole with the Parts make a miraculous and delightful Harmony, and over the whole Frame are diffus'd such delicate Colours, so natural and exquisite, that Envy it self cannot find in her a single Thing to censure. Is it possible, *Mahamut*, that thou hast not yet broke Silence, and told me who she is, and what is her Name? Certainly, either thou dost not hear me, or when thou wast at *Trepana* thou wast without thy Senses.

IN Truth, answer'd *Mahamut*, if she you have painted with such Miracles of Beauty, is not *Leonisa* the Daughter of *Rodolfo Florencio*, I can't tell who she is. It is she, O *Mahamut*, reply'd *Ricardo*, it is she who is the principal Cause of all my Happiness, and of all my Misery. It is for her, and not for my lost Liberty, that my Eyes have pour'd out innumerable Tears, and are yet streaming; for her my Sighs rend the Air far and near, and my Words weary Heaven to whom they are address'd, and all that hear them. It is she for whom you have esteem'd me a Madman, or at least one of little Value and less Spirit. This *Leonisa*, a Lyonness to me, and a gentle Dove to another, is she who keeps me in this Condition: For from my tender Years, or ever since I arriv'd to the Use of Reason, I not only lov'd her, but ador'd and serv'd her as assiduously, as if she were the only Object of my Veneration and Care. Her Relations and Parents knew my Designs, which were always open and confess'd, as having an honest and virtuous End in View. I understood they spoke several times to *Leonisa*, in order to dispose her to receive me for her Husband. But she, who had fix'd her Eyes on *Cornelio* the Son of *Ascanio Rotulo*, whom you know very well, a gay young fluttering Spark, with Lilly-white Hands, curl'd Hair, a charming Voice, and a pretty Fluency of Love-Sayings, and in a word, a glittering Thing compos'd of Amber and Essences, and embelish'd with rich Laces and Brocades; she, I say, who had fix'd her Eyes on this illustrious Object, wou'd not turn them on my Face, which was not so soft and languishing as *Cornelio's*; at least she wou'd not reward my various and continu'd Addresses, but requited my Affection with Disdain and Abhorrence. Yet my Passion for her was so excessive, that I shou'd have thought myself bless'd, if her Scorn and Affronts had put an End to my Life, that I might not see the manifest, tho' innocent Favours she bestow'd on *Cornelio*. Being thus reject'd and in Despair, and under the dreadful Rage of two opposite Passions, imagine what a Condition
my

my Mind, was in, thus combated with such fatal Emotions.

LEONISA's Parents dissembled the Favours she granted *Cornelio*, believing (as they had Reason to believe) that the young Gentleman, attracted by their Daughter's Charms, wou'd chuse her for his Wife, and they shou'd gain in him a richer Son-in-law than I; and a richer they might; but they wou'd not have had one (I speak it without Arrogance) of a better Family than myself, nor of more honourable Sentiments, nor more known Bravery and Valour.

IT happen'd that in the Progress of my Courtship I came to hear, that one Day in *May*, which is now one Year, three Days and five Hours ago, *Leonisa* and her Parents, and *Cornelio*, and some Friends, went to divert themselves with all their Relations and Servants in *Ascanio's* Garden, which lies near the Sea, in the Road to the Salt-Pits. I know the Place very well, said *Mahamut*: Proceed, *Ricardo*.

AS soon as I understood this, continu'd *Ricardo*, my Soul was seiz'd with such a Fury, and fierce Hell of Jealousy, that I was put beside myself, as you will see, by what I presently acted; I ran to the Garden where I was told they were, and found there a large Company taking their Pleasure. And under a Walnut-Tree *Cornelio* and *Leonisa* sitting, tho' at a small Distance from the others. What Impression my Appearance had on them I know not; for myself, I can say, I was so struck with theirs, that I lost my Sight, and stood like a Statue without Voice or Motion; but it was not long before Anger awaken'd Choler, and Choler fir'd the Blood in the Heart, the Blood kindled Rage, and Rage arm'd my Hands and Tongue. Tho' my Hands were ty'd up by the Respect which I thought was owing to that fair Face I had so long admir'd, my Tongue broke Silence in these Words: Canst thou enjoy so much Satisfaction, O thou mortal Enemy of my Repose, in having before thy Eyes the Cause why mine are
always

always swimming in Tears? Go nearer to him, cruel Creature, and twine thyself like Ivy about that trifling Twig, which courts thy Embraces; set the Curls of thy new *Ganimede's* Hair, who faintly woos thee. Resign thyself wholly to the wanton Years of the Boy on whom thou art looking; that being depriv'd of the Hope of pleasing thee, I may finish a Life which I lothe. Dost thou think, proud and inconsiderate Beauty, that thou alone canst dispence with the Laws and Rights which are observ'd in the World on these Occasions? Dost thou think, I say, that this Boy, who is elevated by his Riches, arrogant on account of his gay Appearance, unexperienc'd by reason of his Youth, and conceited of his Family, can love you worthily? Alas, he knows not how to love with Constancy, nor esteem so rich a Treasure; and wants the Understanding with which mature and practis'd Years abound. If thou hast such a Thought as this, abandon it, for it is the highest Commendation to be always consistent with one's self, and maintain our Actions of one Tenor; and no one is deceiv'd, but by their own affected Ignorance. In Youth there is Inconstancy, in Riches Pride, Vanity in Arrogance, in Prettiness Disdain; and in them who possess all these, the Perfection of Folly, which is the Parent of all manner of Mischief.

AS for thee, trim young Toy, who thinkest to bear away in Safety the Reward which is better due to my honourable Designs, than to thy idle and wanton Pursuit; Why dost thou not rise from the Bed of Flowers where thou art sweetly repos'd, and bravely advance to take the Life of one who detests thee so heartily? Not that I am offended at thy seeking this Beauty's Favour, but at thy not being able to set a just Value on the Felicity thy good Fortune sends thee. For it is plain thou esteem'st it very little, since thou art loth to exert thyself in its Defence, and art afraid to run the affrightful Hazard of discomposing thy spruce Attire. If *Achilles* had been of thy meek and peaceful Constitution, *Ulysses* with all his Graft might have

have try'd his Statagem in vain ; tho' he had shewn brighter Arms, and better-pointed Javelins. Hence, away, and sport with thy Mother's Maids ; curl thy Hair, and beautify thy Hands, which are fitter to manage the Distaff, and touch soft Silks, than to grasp the rugged Sword.

NONE of these Reflections cou'd persuade *Cornelio* to rise ; he continu'd sitting, and star'd on me in a strange Amazement, and without Motion. The loud Voice with which I utter'd all this, drew toward us the Company who were in the Garden, who stood to hear the other Reproaches with which I pursu'd my pretty Rival ; who taking Heart at their Presence, all or most of them being his Relations, Servants or Acquaintance, made a Shew of Rising ; but before he cou'd get up, I laid my Hand on my Sword, and attack'd him and all the others together. At the Sight of my drawn Sword *Leonisa* fainted away, which augmented my Courage, and enrag'd me the more. I know not whether they who oppos'd me only meant to defend themselves as against a furious Madman ; or whether it was my good Fortune and Conduct, or Heaven's Will, who design'd to preserve me for greater Evils ; but in the End I wounded seven or eight, as they fell first in my Way. *Cornelio's* Nimbleness did him eminent Service, for he ply'd his Feet so swiftly, that he escap'd my Hands. As I was in such manifest Danger, being surrounded by my Enemies, who were provok'd, and pushing on for Revenge, Chance supply'd me with a Remedy, tho' I had better have resign'd my Life there on the Spot, than have had it restor'd by unexpected Means, that I might come to lose it a thousand and a thousand times in an Hour.

THERE happen'd to break into the Garden on a sudden a Number of *Turks*, belonging to two Pirate Gallies of *Viserta*, who landed in a small Creek just by, without being perceiv'd by the Centinels in the Towers on the Strand, or discover'd by the Officers of the Coast. When my Antagonists saw them, they left me alone, and ran full

Speed to Shelter ; and of all that were in the Garden, the *Turks* were able to carry off no more than three Persons, and *Leonisa*, who was still in her Swoon ; as for me, they forced me along with four grisly Wounds, which I first repay'd on four *Turks*, whom I left stretch'd out breathless on the Ground. The *Turks* began this Assault with their usual Fierceness, but not very well liking their Success, made haste to embark ; and putting out to Sea, with Sails and Oars in a short time they reach'd *Fabiana*. There they muster'd their Crew, to see what Men were wanting ; and finding those who were kill'd were four Soldiers, whom they call *Levantine*s, and who are the most serviceable Men they have in their Ships, they were for revenging it on me. Accordingly the Master of the Captain-Ship commanded the Main-Yard to be drawn down, to hang me on it.

LEONISA, who was now recover'd, beheld the whole, and perceiving herself in the Power of the Pirates, she shed a Flood of beautiful Tears, and wringing her lovely Hands, stood speechless, and listned to see whether she could understand what was said by the *Turks* ; when one of the Christians at the Oar told her in *Italian*, that the Master had given Orders to hang up that Christian, pointing to me, for having kill'd, in defending himself, four of the best Soldiers in the Galleys. *Leonisa* understanding this, beg'd the Captive to desire the *Turks* (this was the first time she shew'd me any Pity) not to hang me ; because they wou'd lose a considerable Ransom by it, and to persuade them to return to *Trepana*, where I shou'd be redeem'd immediately.

THIS, I say, was the first, and will be the last Kindness *Leonisa* shew'd me, and all for my greater Misfortune. The *Turks* hearing what the Captive inform'd them, soberly bethought themselves, and quench'd their Choler. The next Morning they hoisted a Flag of Peace, and return'd to *Trepana*. I pass'd that Night with a Grief which, you may well imagine, was not so much occasion'd by my

my Wounds, as by reflecting on the Danger my beautiful Enemy was in among those Barbarians.

WHEN they arriv'd at the City, one Vessel went into the Port, and the other staid without. The Haven was crouded in an Instant, and the whole City pour'd down to the Shore. Among the rest, the delicate *Cornelio* ventur'd out to see what pass'd in the Galley. My Steward presently came on Board, to treat for my Ransom; I charg'd him, by no means to sollicite for my Liberty, but that of *Leonisa*; and to purchase it at the Value of my whole Estate. I order'd him farther, to go on Shore, and desire *Leonisa's* Parents not to concern themselves about their Daughter's Freedom, nor be in any Uneasiness on that Account.

THIS being done, the principal Commander, who was a Grecian Renegade call'd *Izuz*, ask'd six thousand Crowns for *Leonisa*, and four thousand for me, and declar'd he wou'd not release one without the other. He demanded this extravagant Sum, as I was afterwards inform'd, because he was in Love with *Leonisa*, and therefore did not design she shou'd be redeem'd; but resolv'd to pay the Master of the other Galley, with whom he was to divide the Prizes equally, the four thousand Crowns he requir'd for my Ransom, and add to them a thousand of his own, to make up five thousand, and to keep *Leonisa* to himself, as his Lot of the other five thousand.

LEONISA's Parents offer'd nothing, depending on the Promise my Steward had made them from me; nor did *Cornelio* open his Lips in her Favour; and thus, after several Demands and Answers, my Steward agreed to pay five thousand Crowns for *Leonisa*, and for me three thousand. *Izuz* accepted the Proposal, being forced to it, by the Persuasions of his Crew, and the Clamours of all the Soldiers. But as my Steward had not so much Money in his Hands, he desir'd three Days Space to raise it, designing to sell so much of my Estate as wou'd compleat the Sum. *Izuz* rejoiced at this, thinking to find some Handle

in that Time to break off the Bargain; and departing to the Island *Fabiana*, he told them that at the End of the three Days he wou'd come back for the Money.

BUT the Malicioufness of Fortune, not being yet weary of troubling me, so order'd it, that a Centinel of the *Turks*, who was posted in the highest Part of the Island, discover'd far off at Sea six *Italian* Vessels, and concluded (which was true) that they must either be a Squadron of *Malta*, or some Ships of *Sicily*. He came running to bring the News, and in a Moment the *Turks* who were very busy on Shore, some dressing their Victuals, and others washing their Linnen, embark'd; and weighing Anchor with incredible Celerity; they buckled to the Oar, and spread their Sails to the Wind, and turning the Heads of their Vessels toward *Barbary*, in less than two Hours they lost Sight of those Ships; and being shelter'd by the Island, and conceal'd by the Darknes of the Night, which presently came on, they recover'd themselves from the Fright, into which the Appearance of that Squadron had thrown them.

I leave it to you now, Friend *Mahamut*, to imagine what was the Condition of my Mind in such a Voyage, so contrary to what I expected; and especially when the next Day, the two Gallies having made the South-side of the Island of *Pantanalea*, the *Turks* went on Shore to fetch Wood, and fresh Victuals; and farther still, when the Commanders row'd to Land, and began to divide the Prizes they had taken,; every Action of which was to me a lingring Death. When they came to allot me and *Leonisa*, *Yzuf* gave *Fetala*, the Captain of the other Galley, seven Christians, four lusty Fellows for the Oar, two handsom Youths, Natives of *Corfica*, and myself, that he might reserve *Leonisa* to his own Share. *Fetala* was contented. I was present at the whole, but cou'd understand nothing they said, tho' I very well understood what they were doing; for *Fetala* turning to me, Christian, said he in *Italian*, thou art mine, and art valu'd to me at two

thousand Crowns of Gold; If thou wou'dst have thy Liberty, thou must pay me four thousand, or die in this Country. I ask'd him if the Christian Woman was his also; he answer'd, No; for *Yzuf* had kept her to himself, with an Intention to make her turn *Moor*, and marry her; which was true; for one of the Captives at the Oar told me of it, who was a Master of the *Turkish* Language, and had heard *Yzuf* and *Fetala* treating about it. I acquainted my Master then, that if he wou'd contrive to get the Christian Woman into his Hands, I wou'd give him ten thousand Crowns in pure Gold for her Ransom alone. He answer'd it was impossible; but he wou'd mention the great Sum I offer'd to *Yzuf*, who being tempted by his Interest, might perhaps change his Intention, and suffer her to be redeem'd. Having done this, he order'd all his People on Board immediately, because he was going to *Tripoli* in *Barbary*, at which Place he was born. *Yzuf* at the same time resolv'd to steer to *Viserta*, and they both embark'd with the same Expedition, as when they discover Gallies which they fear, or Ships which they design to plunder. What put them into such a Hurry was, that they thought the Weather was beginning to change, and gave Tokens of a Storm.

LEONISA was on Shore, but not where I cou'd see her, unless at the Embarkation, when we both met on the Strand. She was handed along by her new Master, and newer Lover; and as she stepp'd on the Plank which was laid from the Galley to the Shore, she turn'd her Eyes to look on me; and mine, which were eternally fasten'd on her, gaz'd at her with such Tenderness and Grief, that without knowing how, a Mist came across my Sight, and my other Senses vanishing, I fell down entranced on the Ground. The same, I was inform'd afterwards, befell *Leonisa*, who tumbled off from the Plank into the Sea, and *Yzuf* leap'd in after her, and brought her out in his Arms. I was told this by the People of my Master's Vessel, who had carry'd me on board, without my perceiving it; but when

I came out of my Swoon, and saw myself alone in the Galley, and the other Galley sailing a contrary Way, 'till it was quite out of Ken, bearing off in it half my Soul, or more truly speaking, the whole, my Heart was overwhelm'd a-new, I curs'd my Fortune again, and call'd on Death aloud, and the Lamentation I made was so excessive, that my Master being offended at it, threatned to comfort me with a sturdy Cudgel, unless I held my Peace. At this I curb'd my Tears, and smother'd my Sighs, hoping the Violence this Constraint was to me wou'd force out a Passage for my Soul, which so earnestly wish'd to break loose from a miserable Body; but Fortune, not being satisfy'd with having cast me into this Distress, resolv'd to compleat my Misery, and strip me of all Hopes of Relief; for the Storm we fear'd sprung up in an Instant, and the Wind, which blew a-head, at full South, became so boisterous, that we were forced to put the Helm a Lee, and let the Ship drive before the Blast. The Master design'd to Veer round, and throw himself under the North side of the Island; but it happen'd quite contrary to his Purpose, for the Wind push'd us so furiously, that tho' we had been two Days in getting hither, in little more than fourteen Hours we saw ourselves within near three Leagues of the Island from whence we parted. We could not avoid bearing down upon it, the Strefs of Weather was too great for us to chuse at what Place to enter, and we were forced in among very high Rocks, which presented themselves to our Eyes, and threaten'd us with inevitable Death. At a small Distance we discover'd our Fellow-Galley, in which *Leonisa* was, and the *Turks* and the Captives tugging at the Oar with all their Might, to get to Land, and keep clear of the Rocks. Our Crew did the same, but with better Luck, it seems, and more Strength than the others, who being spent with Labour, and overborne with the Stiffness of the Wind, and the Outrageousness of the Tempest, laid down their Oars, and yielding to the Storm, suffer'd themselves, within our View,

to be driven on the Rocks, on which the Galley struck so violently, that she broke in Pieces at once.

NIGHT came on, and so great was the Cry of those who were wreck'd, and the Consternation of those who fear'd to be so, that nothing the Master said cou'd be understood or executed; we only minded not to quit our Oars, thinking the best Remedy was to turn the Prow to the Wind, and throw out two Anchors, in order to delay certain Ruin for a-while. Tho' there was a general Fear of Death in the whole Company, it was quite otherwise with me. For sooth'd with the flattering Hope of seeing her in the other World, who was so lately departed from this, every Moment's Delay of the Galley's being sunk, or bulg'd on the Rocks, was to me an Age of the most lingering Death. The big-swoln Waves roll'd over the Ship. I gaz'd about to see if I cou'd not discover the Body of the unhappy *Leonisa* floating on the Billows.

I will not wander from my first Design of acquainting you with my Misfortunes in few Words; I shall wave therefore a particular Description of the Frights and Fears, the Anguish and Sorrow I suffer'd that long and bitter Night; it is sufficient to say, they were such and so great, that if Death had come at that Time, he wou'd have found very little left for him to do to deprive me of Life.

WHEN the Day came, it was attended with Tokens of a greater Storm than the last; we found our Vessel had made large Way, and got to a considerable Distance from the Rocks, and drew near a Point of the Island: At the sight of this, the *Turks* and Christians buckled in to work with fresh Hope and Strength, and at six Hours End we doubled the Point, and found the Sea more calm and gentle, insomuch that we ply'd our Oars, and being under Covert of the Island, the *Turks* took an Opportunity to leap a-shore, to look after Relicks of the Galley which was lost on the Rocks the Night before; but Heaven did not think fit to grant me the dismal Consolation I greatly wish'd, to embrace the Body of *Leonisa*, which tho'

breathless and mangled, I shou'd have rejoiced to see, that in spite of the Impossibility my Stars impos'd on me, I might once have had her in my Arms. I desir'd a Renegade therefore to get himself put a-shore, and search for it on the Sands. But, as I said, Heaven deny'd me every thing; for the same Instant the Wind rose again so tempestuous that the Shelter of the Island was of no Service. *Fetala* seeing this, wou'd not contend with Fortune, which thus follow'd her Blow, and therefore order'd the Foresail to be laced to the Mast, and to keep up little Sail, turning the Prow to the Tide, and the Poop to the Wind. He took the Rudder himself, and suffer'd the Ship to drive in the open Sea, being secure of meeting no Impediment in his Way; the Rowers seated themselves regularly on their Benches, and not a Person was to be seen on the Deck, except the Boatswain, who for his greater Safety caus'd himself to be bound fast to his Seat.

THE Ship scudded away so swiftly, that in three Days and three Nights, we lost sight of *Trepana*, *Melazzo*, and *Palermo*, and enter'd the *Faro of Messina*, to the Surprize of all the Company on board, and of all who beheld us from the Shore. In a Word, not to be as tedious as the Storm itself was, in my Relation of it, being fatigu'd and tir'd with running so large a Course as it was to compass the whole Island of *Sicily*, we reach'd *Tripoli* in *Barbary*; where my Master, having settled the Division of the Booty with his *Levantes*, and allotted them what Prizes they had made, and presented a fifth Part of his own to the King, according to Custom, was attack'd with a Plurisy, which in three Days sent him out of the World. His Effects were immediately seiz'd by the King of *Tripoli*, and the Officer who resides there from the great *Turk*, who, as you know, is Heir to every one who does not appoint him so by Will; these two laid Hands on all the Estate of *Fetala* my Master, and I fell to the Share of him who was then Vice-roy of *Tripoli*; but in fifteen Days after, he receiv'd a Commission for the Vice-royship of *Cyprus*, and brought

brought me with him hither. I have no Intention to ransom myself, tho' he has press'd me to it several times, and has told me I was a Man of Figure, as he heard by *Fetala's* Soldiers. But I always slighted it, and answer'd, that they who inform'd him so, deceiv'd him. And indeed, *Mahamut*, if you wou'd have me speak my real Thoughts, I will no more return to a Country, where it is impossible for me to meet with Comfort; and I wish that the sorrowful Remembrance of the Death of *Leonisa*, which never leaves me, being added to the Wretchedness of a Captive; may make me relish Life no longer. If it is true, that violent Grievs must come to an End, or end him who bears them, mine cannot fail to do it, for I intend to indulge them freely, that in a few Days they may finish a miserable Life, which I support so unwillingly.

THIS, Brother *Mahamut*, is the sad Issue of my Adventures. This is the Cause of my Sighs and Tears. *Leonisa* is dead, and with her all my Hope; and tho' while she was living it hung by a slender Hair, yet --- yet --- and at this Word his Tongue faulter'd and he cou'd not speak, nor restrain his Tears, which gush'd down his Cheeks in a Torrent; and *Mahamut* bore him Company. When this Transport, which was occasion'd by his afflicting Story, was over, *Mahamut* endeavour'd to comfort *Ricardo* with the best Arguments he could, but he cut him short. What you have to do, my Friend, said he, is to direct me, how I shall fall into Disfavour with my Master, and every one else I see, that being hated by them, they may all use me ill, and persecute me so warmly, that Sorrow succeeding Sorrow, and Suffering, Suffering, I may soon obtain what I desire, to put a Period to my Life.

I have always found it a true Saying, answer'd *Mahamut*, that *he who knows how to grieve, knows how to speak*. Tho' sometimes the Passion strikes us dumb. But however that be, *Ricardo*, whether thy Grief keeps Páce with thy Words, or thy Words exceed thy Grief, thou shalt always find a sincere Friend in me, either for Help or

M. S.

Council,

Council; and tho' my few Years, and the Folly I committed in putting on this Habit, warn you not to rely on me for either, I will take care to cure such a Suspicion, and establish a better Opinion of myself with you. And even if you shou'd not desire my Advice or Favour, I will not omit to do what is proper for you, as sick Persons receive what is fit for them, and not what they crave.

THERE is not one in this whole City, who has more Power and Influence than my Master; not even thine, who is come as Vice-roy, has so much Sway as he. I may affirm therefore, that I myself have the greatest Command in the City, since I can have whatever I ask of my Patron. I mention this, because I may form a Contrivance with him, how to make thee his; and when thou art once my Companion, Time will point out to us what to do, as well to comfort thee, if thou art desirous or capable of Comfort, as for me to break out of this into a better Condition, or at least escape to some Place where my Life may be more secure than here.

I thank you *Mahamut*, reply'd *Ricardo*, for the Friendship you offer me, tho' I am persuaded, that, as much as thou art able to do, thou canst do nothing which will be to my Advantage. But let us wave this for the present, and proceed toward the Tents, for, by what I see, there is a large Train advancing from the City, and undoubtedly it is the old Vice-roy coming out to encamp in the Fields, in order to resign the Town to my Master. It is so, answer'd *Mahamut*. Follow me then, *Ricardo*, and you shall see the Ceremonies of the Reception; for I know the Sight will entertain you. With all my Heart, said *Ricardo*; I may happen to want you, if I shou'd be mis'd by the Keeper of my Master's Slaves, who is a Renegade of *Corfica* by Nation, and not over-largely supply'd with Humanity.

AT this they left the Place, and reach'd the Encampment just at the Time when the old *Bassa* arriv'd, and the new one came out to meet him at the Tent-Door. *Ali*

Bassa,

Bassa, the late Governor, was attended with all the Janizaries of the Garrison at *Nicosia*, being near five hundred. They march'd in two Wings or Files, one Division carrying Muskets and the other drawn Scymitars, and posted themselves on each Side of the Tent Door of *Hazan* the new Bassa. *Ali*, inclining his Body, did reverence to *Hazan*, who return'd his Salute with a less Inclination. *Ali* enter'd *Hazan's* Pavilion directly; and the *Turks* mounting the last on a stately Horse richly caparison'd, led him round the Tents, and over a great Part of the Field, shouting and crying, *Long live Sultan Selymus, and Hazan Bassa in his Name.* They repeated this several times, augmenting their Acclamations, and return'd instantly to the Tent where they had left *Ali* Bassa, who with the Cady and *Hazan* shut themselves up in private for the Space of an Hour.

MAHAMUT told *Ricardo*, they retir'd to consult concerning Affairs which were commenced before *Ali*, and were not concluded. Shortly after, the Cady appear'd at the Tent-Door, and in the *Turkish, Arabian, and Grecian* Languages proclaim'd, that all who had matter of Complaint against *Ali* Bassa might freely enter, for *Hazan* Bassa, whom the Grand Signior had sent Vice-roy to *Cyprus*, was there, and wou'd do them full Right and Justice. After this Leave given, the Janizaries drew off from the Tent-door, that every one who pleas'd might enter. *Mahamut* carry'd *Ricardo* in with him, for being one of *Hazan's* Slaves he had free Admission.

THERE appear'd to ask for Justice, *Greeks* and *Christians*, and some *Turks*, and all of them about Cases of so little Importance, that the Cady dispatch'd most of them at once, without the Formality of delivering a Copy of the Accusation to the other Party, and a Train of Decrees, Canvassings and Answers; for all Causes in *Turkey*, except Marrimonial ones, are decided on the Spot, and in a Moment; rather by the Judgment of some trusty and skilful Man, than by Law: And among those Barbarians (if they are such in this Particular) the Cady is the compe-

tent Judge of all Causes, and cuts them short, and passes Sentence in a Breath, without any Appeal to another Tribunal.

AT the same Time came in a *Chiaux*, and said there was a *Jew* at the Door, who had a very beautiful Christian Woman to sell: The Cady ordering him to be brought in, the *Chiaux* went out, and presently return'd with a venerable old *Jew*, leading by the Hand a Woman dress'd in a *Barbary* Habit, so rich and noble, that the wealthiest Ladies in *Fez* or *Morocco*, who surpass all the *Africans* in Ornaments, and even the Women of *Algier* with all their Pearls, cou'd not excell it. Her Face was cover'd with a Crimson Taffary; round her Ankles, which shew'd themselves, appear'd two Chains which seem'd to be of pure Gold; and on her Arms, which were also visible, thro' a Shift of fine Lawn, were two Bracelets of Gold, set with Numbers of Pearls. In a Word, her whole Attire was magnificent and costly.

THE Cady admir'd her at first sight, and the two Bassa's, before they proceeded any farther in Business, spoke to the *Jew* to unveil her. He obey'd, and discover'd a Face which dazzled the Eyes and rejoiced the Hearts of all around her, as the Sun, breaking out suddenly from a Cloud in his Brightness on the delighted Beholder. Such was the Beauty of this fair Christian Captive, and such her Gayety and graceful Air.

BUT he, on whom the surprizing Lustre she disclos'd made the greatest Impression, was the unfortunate *Ricardo*, who knew her better than any one else, for it was his cruel and beloved *Leonisa*, whom he had so often and with so many Tears lamented for dead. At the unexpected View of this enchanting Captive, *Ali's* Heart was struck thro' and vanquish'd, and *Hazan* found himself pierced in the same Degree and with the same Wound, nor was the Cady shielded from this amorous Dart, but being more transported than both the others, was unable to take off his Eyes from *Leonisa's*. Thus, to magnify the formidable

Power

Power of Love, in one and the same Moment there arose in the Hearts of these three at once, a certain Hope of obtaining her; and without enquiring, how, or where, or when she fell into the Hands of the *Jew*, they ask'd him at what Price he valu'd her? The griping old Thief answer'd, four thousand Doubloons, which make two thousand Crowns. He had scarcely nam'd the Sum, when *Ali* Bassa said, he wou'd give it, and repair to his Tent immediately to fetch him the Money. But *Hazan* Bassa, who was resolv'd not to lose her, tho' he ran the Hazard of his Life, cry'd, I will give the four thousand Dubloons the *Jew* demands; but I shou'd not give them, nor contend with *Ali*, if it were not for a Reason which he himself will allow is just and irresistible, and that is, this lovely Slave is not fit for either of us two, but for the Grand Signior alone; and therefore I purchase her in his Name: Let me see now who will be so hardy as to dispute it? That will I, reply'd *Ali*; for I buy her for the same Purpose; and it is better for me who have an Opportunity to carry her to *Constantinople* immediately, to present her to the Sultan, and thereby gain his good Will, of which, since I am out of Employment, as thou seest *Hazan*, I stand in need; whereas thou art sure of a Post for three Years, since thou art just enter'd on the Government of the rich Kingdom of *Cyprus*. For these Reasons, and because I was the first Bidder, it is fit O *Hazan*, that thou shouldst yield her up to me. It will be far more acceptable in me, reply'd *Hazan*, to send her, since I do it without any Motive of Interest. And as to the Opportunity of your carrying her with you, I will equip a Galley with a Crew and Slaves of my own, to convey her thither.

ALI was in a Flame at these Words, and getting up, laid his Hand on his Scymitar, As my Intention, said he, is the same, to present this Christian to his Highness, and I bid for her first; Reason and Justice require that thou resign her to me, and if thou think'st otherwise, this Scymitar shall defend my Right and chastise thy Presumption.

THE

THE Cady, who carefully observ'd the whole, and was no less enamour'd than they, being afraid the fair Captive shou'd slip thro' his Fingers, contriv'd how to quench the Fire that was kindled, and at the same time keep in his Hands the Slave, without giving any Suspicion of his Design: He rose and placed himself between them both; Peace, *Hazan*, said he, and thou *Ali* forbear; for I am here, who have Skill and Power to compose your Difference in such a manner, that you shall both accomplish your Intention; and the Grand Signior shall be serv'd as ye desire.

AT these Words of the Cady the Bassa's instantly submitted; and tho' he had enjoin'd them something more difficult, they wou'd have comply'd, such was the Respect they paid to his grey Hairs. Thou say'st, *Ali* pursu'd the Cady, that thou design'st this Captive for the Grand Signior; and *Hazan* says the same: Thou pleadest that she ought to be thine, because thou didst first offer to purchase her. *Hazan* contradicts thee; and tho' he is at a Loss how to support his Claim, I find his Intention is the same, and undoubtedly arose at the same time as thine, but thou hadst the Advantage of him in first declaring thy Mind. Yet ought not this to be a Reason, why he shou'd be utterly defeated in his good Desire, and therefore I think it proper to reconcile you in the following manner. Ye shall have both an equal Title to this Slave, and since the Possession of her depends on the Grand Signior's Pleasure, for whom she is purchas'd, the Disposal of her belongs to him alone. In the mean time thou *Hazan* shalt pay two thousand Dubloons, and *Ali* another two thousand, and the Captive shall remain with me to be sent to *Constantinople* in both your Names; I offer therefore to send her thither at my own Expence, and with the Authority and Decency which are due to him to whom she is presented, and to write the Grand Signior an Account of all that has pass'd, and of the Zeal you have both express'd for his Service.

THE two enamour'd *Turks* were neither able nor willing to contradict him; and tho' they saw this Scheme disappointed their Designs, they came into the Cady's Proposal, each of them at the same time forming a fond Hope in his Heart, of having it in his Power to accomplish his Wishes. As *Hazan* was to remain Vice-roy in *Cyprus*, he thought to ply the Cady with Gifts so warmly, that he shou'd irresistibly oblige him to deliver up the Slave to him; and on the other hand, *Ali* form'd a Project to himself, which he imagin'd cou'd not fail of Success; and each being certain of his Method, they readily embraced the Cady's Offer, and surrender'd her to him by Consent, and paid the *Jew* two thousand Dubloons a-piece. The *Jew* told him, he could not let them have the Cloaths she wore into the Bargain, because they were worth two thousand more; as in Truth they were; for in her Hair, which was partly loose, and Part ty'd up and braided on her Forehead, there appear'd several Strings of Pearl, very gracefully interspers'd among the Locks; and the Bracelets on her Legs and Hands were full of large Pearls. Her Habit was a Vest of green Sattin all embroider'd and enrich'd with Lace of Gold; so that every one thought the *Jew* was too moderate in the Price; and the Cady, to show himself not less generous than the two *Bassa's*, said he would pay him, because he wou'd present her to the Grand Signior exactly as she was. The two Rivals were very well pleas'd, presuming the Damsel and all that belong'd to her wou'd finally fall to their Share.

IT is not to be express'd what *Ricardo* felt when he saw the Darling of his Soul set to Sale, and the Thoughts which arose in him at this Moment, and his anxious Fears to perceive he had found her only to lose her more effectually: He knew not whether he was sleeping or awake, and cou'd not believe his Eyes in what they saw; for it seem'd impossible he shou'd have her on a sudden before them, whom he concluded ravish'd from them for ever. Stepping up therefore to his Friend *Mahamut*, Do you know
this

this Woman, *Mahamut*? says he: Not I, answer'd *Mahamut*. Why, she is *Leonisa*, cry'd *Ricardo*. What is it you say? reply'd his Friend: Even what you heard, added *Ricardo*. Hold your Peace then, return'd the other, and do not discover her, for happy Luck is coming toward you, since she is to be in my Master's Custody. Do you think it will not be right for me to place myself where she may see me? By no means, answer'd *Mahamut*; lest you put her or yourself in a Confusion, and give some Signs that you know her, or have seen her before; which will be prejudicial to my Design. I will follow your Opinion, said *Ricardo*; and presently left the Place, that his Eyes might not meet those of *Leonisa*, who kept hers all the Time fix'd immoveably on the Ground, and shed some Tears.

THE Cady went to her, and taking her by the Hand, gave her to *Mahamut*, ordering him to conduct her into the City, and deliver her to his Mistress *Halima*, and desire her to treat her as a Slave belonging to the Grand Signior. *Mahamut* executed his Commission, and left *Ricardo* alone, who pursu'd his glittering Star with his Eyes 'till she was hid within the Walls of *Nicosia*. After this he flew away to the *Jew*, and ask'd him where he had bought that Christian Captive, and how she fell into his Hands. The *Jew* answer'd, he had bought her in the Island of *Pantalea*, of some *Turks*, who escap'd thither from a Wreck; as he was going to proceed, he was prevented by a Message from the *Bassas*, who wanted to make the same Inquiry of him as *Ricardo*; at which the *Jew* took his Leave.

AS they walk'd from the Tents to the City, *Mahamut* took an Opportunity to ask *Leonisa* in *Italian*, of what Country she was: She answer'd, Of *Trepana*. *Mahamut* ask'd her then, if she knew a rich and noble Cavalier in that City, call'd *Ricardo*. At this, *Leonisa* fetch'd a deep Sigh; I know him, said she, to my Sorrow. How to your Sorrow? reply'd *Mahamut*. Because, answer'd she, he knew

me to his own and my Misfortune. Perhaps, continu'd *Mahamut*, you also know another Cavalier in the same City, of a handsome genteel Appearance, born of very wealthy Parents, and in his own Person very valiant, very liberal, and very ingenious, nam'd *Cornelio*. I also know him, said *Leonisa*, and more to my Misfortune, I may say, than *Ricardo*. But who, Sir, are you, that you know these two Persons, and make this Inquiry after them? I am a Native of *Palermo*, answer'd *Mahamut*, who by various Accidents am in the Condition you see, and in a Habit very different from my own. I know both those Cavaliers, for it is not many Days since they were both in my Power; as for *Cornelio*, he was taken by some *Moors* of *Tripoli* in *Barbary*, who sold him to a *Turk*, who trades to this Island, whither he came with Goods, (for he is a Merchant of *Rhodes*) and he has trusted *Cornelio* with all his Wealth. He knows how to keep it very well, said *Leonisa*, for he has an excellent Talent at keeping his own. But pray inform me how *Ricardo* came to this Island. A *Corsair* brought him hither, answer'd *Mahamut*, who took him Captive in a Garden by the Sea-side at *Trepana*, and a young Damsel with him, as he said, whose Name he wou'd never tell me. He was here some Days with his Master, who went to visit *Mahomet's* Tomb at *Medina*; and at the Time of his Departure, *Ricardo* fell so extremely ill, that his Master left him behind with me, because he was of my Country, to get him cur'd and look after him 'till he came back; or if he did not return hither, to send him to *Constantinople*, where he wou'd give me Notice of his Arrival. But Heaven had appointed it otherwise, for *Ricardo*, without any Misconduct or Accident, ended his Life in a few Days, always crying out of one *Leonisa*, whom, he told me, he lov'd more than his Life. She was in a Galley, he said, which was wreck'd on the Island of *Pantanales*, and was drown'd, and he deplored her Death incessantly, 'till at last it occasion'd his own; for I perceiv'd no bodily Distemper in him, only Tokens of excess-

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five Grief of Mind. Did the other Cavalier you mention'd, said *Leonisa*, in his Discourses with you, (which, as you were Country-men, must be frequent) name this *Leonisa* to you sometimes, and acquaint you how she and *Ricardo* were made Captives? He spoke of her, said *Mahamut*, and ask'd me if a Christian Woman of that Name, with such and such Tokens, was brought to this Island; how glad he shou'd be to find her out, to ransom her, provided his Master were undeceiv'd in his Opinion about her, for she was not so rich as he suppos'd; tho' as he had enjoy'd her, he should value her the less; yet if she were not rated at above three or four hundred Crowns, he wou'd pay them very willingly, because he had once had an Affection for her. Very little certainly, said *Leonisa*, since he cou'd rise no higher than four hundred Crowns. *Ricardo* is more liberal, and more valiant and noble. Heaven forgive her who caus'd his Death, which is myself, for I am that unhappy Woman, whom he lamented for dead. Heaven knows how glad I shou'd be if he were living, that I might requite the Sense he shew'd of my Calamity, by letting him see how I repented his. Yes, I am she whom *Cornelio* lov'd so little, and whom *Ricardo* so heartily deplor'd, and thro' Variety of Chances am brought to the wretched Condition in which I am. Tho' it has been in Danger, yet by the Favour of Heaven I have always preserv'd my Honour entire; with which I live content in my Misery. I now know neither where I am, nor who is my Master, nor whither my contrary Fates will drive me; wherefore I beseech and beg you by the Christian Blood you have in your Veins, to save me in my Troubles; the Variety of which have indeed taught me Caution, yet such and so many overtake me every Moment, that I know not how I shall sustain them. *Mahamut* answer'd, that he would do all he could to serve her, by his Counsel and Assistance. He inform'd her of the Difference which had happen'd between the two Bassas on her Account, and how she was put into the Hands of
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the Cady, his Master, to be sent to *Selymus* the Great Turk at *Constantinople*, but that before this was done he hop'd in Heaven's Mercy, he shou'd be able to dispose of her in another Manner: He advis'd her also to keep well with *Halima*, the Cady's Wife, under whose Command she was to be till her going to *Constantinople*, and instructed her in *Halima's* Temper, adding several other Things which were for her Advantage to know, and at last he introduced her into the House, and left her with *Halima*, to whom he deliver'd his Master's Message.

THE Cady's Wife, seeing her so richly dress'd, and so beautiful, receiv'd her with Respect and Kindness, while *Mahamut* return'd to the Tents, to inform *Ricardo* of what had pass'd beteen him and *Leonisa*; and meeting with him, related to him the Particulars of the whole; and when he came to mention the Concern *Leonisa* express'd when he told her *Ricardo* was dead, the Tears stood in his Eyes; he acquainted him also with the sham Account he had given her of *Cornelio's* Captivity, in order to discover her Sentiments, and with what Coldness and Resentment she spoke of him. All which was a Cordial to the afflicted Heart of *Ricardo*. I call to Mind now, Friend *Mahamut*, said he, a Story which I heard from my Father, and you know he was a curious Man, and much in Grace with the Emperor *Charles V*, who advanced him to very honourable Posts in the War. He told me, that when the Emperor lay before *Tunis*, and took it with the *Goleta*, as he was one Day in his Tent, they brought him a *Moorish* Woman, as a Miracle of Beauty; as they were presenting her to him, the Beams of the Sun shone into the Tent, and play'd full on her Hair, which even rival'd the Rays, being of a yellow Colour, which is a rare Thing among the *Moors*, who always affect to have their Hair black; among several others who were in the Tent on this Occasion, there were two *Spanish* Cavaliers; one was an *Andalusian*, and the other a *Catalan*; they were both of them Men of Sense, and Po-
ets,

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ets. The *Andalusian* having seen the *Moorish* Woman, began with Admiration to repeat some Verses, but stop'd in the Middle, without being able to close either the Verse or the Sense, for want of proper Rhymes. The other Cavalier, who stood at his Elbow, and heard him speak his Verses, perceiving him a Loss, as if the rest of the Sentence had escap'd him, took it up and finish'd it himself. These Verses came into my Thoughts, when I saw the lovely *Leonisa* enter the *Bassia's* Tent, not only eclipsing the Rays of the Sun, but even the whole Heaven with all its Stars. Hold, Friend *Ricardo*, said *Mahamut*, for I tremble at every Word you utter, lest you shou'd so far over-shoot the Bounds of Reason in *Leonisa's* Praises, as not only to appear no Christian, but to commence an absolute Heathen. However, pray let me hear these Verses, or Stanza's, whatever you call them; and afterwards let us talk of other Things which are more pleasing and useful. With all my Heart, answer'd *Ricardo*; mind them; five Verses were spoken by one Gentleman, and five by the other; they were all unpremeditated, and are as follow:

*As when upon the Mountain-Heads,
The Sun his Golden Splendor spreads,
And with a sudden spring of Light;
Extinguishes the dazzled Sight:
Or as the Diamond's various Ray*

Here the *Andalusian's* Poetry fail'd him, and his Friend observing instantly proceeded,

*Reflects with keener Beams the Day;
Thy radiant Charms with gay Surprise,
Fair Moor, attract and wound my Eyes;
And cruel Love's contagious Dart
Is fix'd, and festers in my Heart.*

I like them very well, said *Mahamut*, and the better because you are in a Condition to repeat them; for to repeat

peat Verses, or make them, a Man must be in a compos'd Temper of Mind. It is usual to sing Dirges as well as Songs, answer'd *Ricardo*. But leaving this, inform me what is to be done in our Affair. For tho' I did not understand what the Bassas were arguing in the Tent, while you was carrying off *Leonisa*, a *Venetian* Renegade of my Master's who was present, and knew the *Turkish* Tongue perfectly, gave me an Account of it: But that which is above all things necessary, is to contrive some way to prevent *Leonisa's* falling into the Grand Signior's Hands. The first Thing to be done, reply'd *Mahamut*, is to get you into my Master's Service; and when that is done, we will consult about proper Measures. At this the Keeper of *Hazan's* Christian Slaves came up, and took *Ricardo* away with him.

THE Cady return'd to the City with *Hazan*, and in a few Days finish'd *Ali's* Probation, and deliver'd the Report of his Conduct to him folded up and seal'd, to carry it with him to *Constantinople*. He departed immediately, leaving a strict Charge with the Cady, that he shou'd send the Captive without Delay, and write to the Grand Signior in such a manner, as shou'd support his Pretensions. The Cady promis'd him to do it, but not sincerely; his own Heart being almost burnt to a Cinder, with the violent Flames of his Love.

ALI went away full of false Hopes, and *Hazan* staid behind, flattering himself with the same; and *Mahamut* brought it about, that *Ricardo* was taken into his Master's Service. Days roll'd on, and *Ricardo* was urg'd with such an impatient Desire to see *Leonisa*, that he cou'd not enjoy one Moment's Repose. He chang'd his Name to *Mario*, that *Leonisa* might not hear his true one mention'd till he had seen her, which was very difficult, because the *Moors* are extremely jealous, and suffer no Men to have a Sight of their Wives Faces, tho' they are not offended at shewing them to Christians, for perhaps since they are Captives, they scarcely account them to be Men.

IT happen'd one Day, that the Lady *Halima* cast her Eyes on *Mario*, and was so ravish'd with the Sight of him, that it was engraven in her Heart, and perpetually in her Mind; and being dissatisfy'd perhaps with the feeble Embraces of her antient Husband, she easily gave way to an unlawful Desire. She readily imparted it to *Leonisa*, of whom she was very fond for her agreeable Temper, and prudent Behaviour, and treated her with a great deal of Respect, because she was the Grand Signior's Property. She told her the Cady had brought home a Christian Captive, of so noble a Deportment, and graceful Air, that in all the Days of her Life, her Eyes had never beheld so handsome a Man; that they said he was a *Chilibi*, that is a Gentleman, and of the same Country with *Mahamut* the Renegade: and that she knew not how to open her Thoughts to him, lest the Christian shou'd despise her for declaring herself so freely. *Leonisa* ask'd the Captive's Name, and *Halima* answer'd it was *Mario*. If he is a Gentleman, reply'd *Leonisa*, and of the Country they report, I shall know him, tho' there is no one of that Name in *Trepana*: But let me see him, Madam, and talk with him, and I will inform you what he is, and what may be expected from him. It shall be done, said *Halima*; for next *Friday*, when the Cady is at Prayers in the Mosque, I will send for him hither, and you may talk with him alone, and, if you think it proper, intimate to him my Inclination; and you may do this after the best Manner you can.

HALIMA having said this to *Leonisa*, within two Hours after, the Cady call'd *Mahamut* and *Mario* to him, and with as much Earnestness as *Halima* had unbosom'd herself to *Leonisa*, the enamour'd old Man discover'd his Soul to his two Slaves, conjuring them to advise him what to do in order to enjoy the Christian Captive himself, and yet not offend the Grand Signior, to whom she belong'd; adding, that he was resolv'd to dye a thousand times over, rather than once deliver her up to the Great Turk.

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THE venerable Moor declar'd his Passion with such Vehemence that it touch'd the Hearts of his two Slaves, whose Intentions were entirely contrary to his. It was concluded between them, that as *Mario* was her Country-man, (tho' he told the Cady he did not know her) he shou'd undertake to sollicit her, and inform her of his Master's Design; and that if he cou'd not prevail this Way, the Cady shou'd use Force, since she was in his Power; and this being done, he shou'd give out she was dead, to excuse his not sending her to *Constantinople*.

THE Cady was wonderfully satisfy'd with the Opinion of his Slaves, and, in the Heat of this imaginary Happiness, he offer'd *Mahamut* his Liberty on the Spot, and appointed him half of his Estate at his Death; he also promis'd *Mario* his Freedom, if he succeeded, and such a Sum of Money that he shou'd return to his own Country rich, honour'd, and well contented. If the Cady was liberal in his Promises, his Slaves were absolutely profuse, offering to pull the Moon out of the Sky, to serve him; much more to gain *Leonisa*, provided he gave *Mario* an Opportunity of talking with her. That he shall have at any Time, answer'd the Cady, for *Halima* shall go to her Parents House, who are Greek Christians, for some Days; and while she is there, I will order the Janitor to admit *Mario* into my House, as often as he pleases, and I will acquaint *Leonisa*, that she may talk with her Country-man, whenever she will. Thus the Wind of *Ricardo's* Misfortunes began to turn about, and blow a fresh Gale in his Favour.

THIS Resolution being form'd between these three, *Halima* was the first to put her Project in Execution, like an errant Woman, whose Nature is easily touch'd, and all in Haste for any Thing her Heart is set on. The same Day the Cady told her, she might go to her Father's, if she pleas'd, and divert herself there for several Days. But as she was overjoy'd with the Hopes *Leonisa* had given her, she wou'd have refus'd to go not on'y to her Father's House
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but to *Mahomet's* Paradise itself; she answer'd him therefore, that at present she had no Inclination to go thither: but when she had, she wou'd let him know it; and that she wou'd take the Christian Captive with her when she went. That must not be, reply'd the Cady, for as she is the Grand Signior's, she must not be seen by any body; besides, she ought to be kept from conversing with Christians, because you know that when she is in the Grand Signior's Hands, she will be shut up in the Seraglio, and be oblig'd to turn *Turk*, whether she will or no. But as she goes along with me, said *Halima*, her being in my Parents House, and conversing with them, signifies nothing; for I converse with them a great deal more, without being the worse *Turk* for it at all; especially since I have no Thoughts of staying there above four or five Days at farthest, for my Love to you will not suffer me to be longer absent and not see you.

THE Cady wou'd make no Reply, for fear of giving her Occasion to suspect his Design. *Friday* came, and he repair'd to the Mosque, from whence he cou'd not come back under four Hours. *Halima* had scarcely watch'd him out of the Porch, when she sent for *Mario*; but the Janitor wou'd not have admitted him, if *Halima* had not call'd out, and bid him let him in. He came trembling, and in a strange Confusion, as if he had been to encounter a whole Army of Enemies. *Leonisa* was in the same Cloaths, as she wore when she was brought into the Bassa's Tent, and was sitting at the Foot of a large Stair-Case of Marble, which led into a Gallery; her Head was rested in an inclining Posture on her right Hand, and her Elbow was supported on her Knees, and her Eyes being turn'd from the Door at which *Mario* enter'd, tho' he came up to the Place where she sat, she did not see him. As soon as *Ricardo* was admitted, he took a full View of the House, and perceiving only a deep and solemn Silence, he turn'd his Eyes toward the Place where *Leonisa* was sitting. In an Instant the enamour'd *Ricardo*

was

was overwhelm'd with such a Variety of Imaginations, that he was at once surpriz'd and pleas'd, and thought himself a Mile off, or more, from his Happiness and Wishes. He was a Captive, he reflected, and his Glory in the Power of another, and revolving these Things in his Breast, he advanced by little and little with Fear, and Wonder, Gladness, and Grief, timorous and daring to the Center of his Joy, and at the same time *Leonisa* turn'd her Face, and fix'd her Eyes on those of *Mario*, who look'd on her with the strictest Attention. But when their Eyes met each other, they gave Signs by different Effects of what they felt in their Hearts. *Ricardo* stopp'd, and was not able to stir a Step farther; and *Leonisa*, who, from *Mahamut's* Report, thought *Ricardo* was dead, seeing him thus unexpectedly alive, and full of Fear and Astonishment, without taking off her Eyes, or turning about, run up four or five Stairs backward, and pulling a small Crucifix out of her Bosom kiss'd it several times, and bless'd herself from Head to Foot, as if she had beheld a Fantasm, or some Apparition from the other World.

RICARDO came out of his Amazement, and knew, by what *Leonisa* did, the true Cause of her Fright; I am sorry, beautiful *Leonisa*, said he, the News *Mahamut* told you of my Death is not true, for then I shou'd have escap'd those Fears I suffer, to think whether the Severity you have hitherto shewn me, continues still the same, and unabated. Be easy, Madam, and descend; and, if you dare do what you have never yet done, come to me, and you shall see I am no Airy Appearance. I am *Ricardo*, *Leonisa*, *Ricardo*, as unfortunate as you can wish to have him. At this *Leonisa* laid her Finger on her Mouth, as a Signal for him not to speak, or to speak more softly; and taking Heart a little, he drew near enough to hear her say these Words; Speak softly, *Mario*, for so, I think, they call you now; and talk of nothing but what I shall mention to you; and consider, that if we are overheard, we may happen never to see one another again. I believe *Halima*

my Mistress is listning; she has told me she adores you, and has appointed me to recommend her Suit. If you will answer her Desire, it will be more for the Interest of your Body than your Soul; and if you will not, yet you must pretend to do it, because I ask it of you; and because the Favours of a Woman when offer'd, are not to be refus'd. I never cou'd imagine, reply'd *Ricardo*, lovely *Leonisa*, that the Thing you shou'd ask of me wou'd carry in it an Impossibility of my performing it; but what you now require has undeceiv'd me. Is the Will so light and variable, that one can turn and change it at Pleasure? or does it become a Man of Truth and Honour, to dissemble in Things of such Importance? But if you think it is practicable, and require it, I submit, for you are the Mistress of my Heart. But alas you never understood my Heart, and therefore understand not how to dispose of it; however, that you may not say you were not obey'd, in the first Command you laid on me, I will constrain myself to be what I ought not to be, and seemingly satisfy your Request, and *Halima's*, if thereby I may obtain the Happiness of seeing you; carry back therefore what Answer you think proper, and I will ratify it. In Return of this, which, in my Opinion, is the greatest Thing I am able to do, tho' I were to give you my Soul anew, which I have so often given you before; I beg you will briefly acquaint me how you escap'd out of the Hands of the Pirates, and fell into those of the *Jew*, who sold you.

THE Relation of my Misfortunes, answer'd *Leonisa*, wou'd take up too much Time; yet I will satisfy you in few Words. Know then, that at the Close of the Day we were separated, *Izuz*'s Galley was driven by a stiff Wind upon the same Island of *Pantanalea*, where we also discern'd your Vessel. We were thrown upon the Rocks, without being able to hinder it. My Master seeing Ruin thus before his Eyes, empty'd two Water-Barrels in a Moment, and stop'd them up very close, and fasten'd them together with Cords; he seated me between them, and
presently

presently strip'd himself, and taking another Barrel between his Arms, he ty'd a Cord about his Middle, and fastning it to the End of the Barrels on which I was, he threw himself undauntedly into the Sea, dragging me after him. I had not the Courage to follow his Example, but another *Turk* forced me in, and set me afloat after *Yzuf*; I lay without Sense, and never came to myself till I found myself on Shore in the Arms of two *Turks*, who held me with my Mouth downwards, while a great Quantity of Water, which I had swallow'd, ran out.

I open'd my Eyes perfectly amaz'd, and saw *Yzuf* close by me, with his Brains beaten out; for, as I understood afterwards, he was dash'd upon the Rocks, where he lost his Life. The *Turks* told me also, that they drew me to Land by the Rope, and only eight Persons in the Ship escap'd. We continu'd eight Days in the Island, and they treated me with the same Respect, as if I had been their Sister, or something more. We lay conceal'd in a Cave, the *Turks* being afraid the Christians shou'd come down upon them from the Fort in the Island, and take them Prisoners. They supported themselves with wet Bisket which the Sea threw a-shore on the Strand where they were wreck'd, and which they stole out to gather up by Night. To my Misfortune it happen'd, that the Fort was then without a Captain, the Commander being dead some Days before, and there were not above twenty Soldiers in Garrison. We learn'd this of a Youth whom the *Turks* took Captive, as he came to the Sea-side to gather Shells. After eight Days there arriv'd on the Coast a Vessel which the *Moors* call a *Caramucale*; the *Turks* discern'd it, and ran down to the Shore, and by the Signals they made, gave the Crew to know they were *Turks*. The *Moors* understanding their Distress, took them on board their Vessel, in which was a very rich *Jewish* Merchant who own'd all or most of the Lading. It consisted of the Commodities which are exported from *Barbary* to the *Levant*. The *Turks* sail'd in this Ship to *Tripoli*, and by the Way sold

me to the *Jew*, for two thousand Dubloons; an excessive Price, if his Love to me, which the *Jew* afterwards discover'd, had not made him liberal.

THE Ship having left the *Turks* in *Tripoli*, pursu'd her Voyage, and the *Jew* began to solicit me very impudently; I gave him the Reception his lewd Addresses deserv'd. Despairing therefore of obtaining them, he resolv'd to rid his Hands of me the first Opportunity that offer'd; and hearing that the two Bassa's, *Ali* and *Hazan*, were in this Island, where he cou'd vend his Merchandise to as much Advantage as in *Xio*, where he design'd to have sold it, he came hither in order to dispose of me to one of the Bassa's, and to this purpose, he array'd me in the Attire you now see, the more to engage the Fancy of him who shou'd purchase me. I am inform'd the Cady has bought me, to present me to the Great *Turk*, of which I am not a little afraid. Here I heard of your fictitious Death, and if you will believe it, I must say, it troubled me at my Heart, and that I envy'd more than pity'd you; not out of Aversion to you; for tho' I did not return your Love, I am not ungrateful; but because you had clos'd the Tragedy of your Life.

I shou'd have done so, Madam, answer'd *Ricardo*, if Death wou'd not have depriv'd me of the Happiness of seeing you, for I esteem this Instant of Glory I enjoy in beholding you beyond any other Good (excepting that which is eternal) Life or Death is able to afford. The Cady, my Master, to whom I now belong, by a Chance as surprising as yours, is become the same to you as *Halima* is to me, furiously inamour'd. He has made me the Interpreter of his Thoughts to you; and I embraced the Office, not to gratify him; but to obtain thereby the Opportunity of talking with you. See now, *Leonisa*, to what our hard Fortune has driven us; you to undertake an impossible Thing, as you well know what you ask of me, is; and me, to attempt that which I least expected, and which, rather than obtain, I wou'd resign my Life, which I now prize at the high Value the seeing you deserves.

I know not what to say to you, *Ricardo*, reply'd *Leonisa*, nor how we shall get out of this Labyrinth, where, as you say, our ill-Fortune has entangled us. I can only say, that in this Affair we must have Recourse to that which our Tempers abhor, Fiction and Deceit; and that I will make such a Report of you to *Halima*, as shall rather flatter her than make her desperate; and you may tell the Cady what you think will best secure my Honour, and delude him; and if I intrust my Honour in your Hands, you may well believe it is spotless and entire, tho' the many Accidents I have encounter'd, and the many Dangers I have sustain'd, might tempt you to doubt it. We shall talk together with Safety, and I shall take a Pleasure in it, provided you never mention any Thing relating to your Pretensions; the Moment you do that, I will see you no more; for I wou'd not have you imagine I am of so abject a Mind, that Captivity shall have that Influence on me, which Liberty cou'd not. By Heaven's Favour I shall be as Gold, which the more it is search'd with Fire, becomes the more pure and clear. Rest contented with what I told you, that the Sight of you may not offend me, as before: For I must inform you, *Ricardo*, I always look'd on you as ill-temper'd and arrogant, and presuming on yourself more than became you. I may be mistaken, I confess, and Experience may correct this Opinion, and being disabus'd I may be more kind, tho' equally honest. Farewel; I am afraid *Halima* overhears us; she has a Smattering of our Tongue, at least of the mix'd Language which is us'd here, by which we all understand one another.

YOU say very right, Madam, answer'd *Ricardo*, and I return you infinite Thanks for thus undeceiving me; which I esteem as no less a Favour than your permitting me to see you. Perhaps Experience, as you say, may convince you how plain and humble my Temper is, especially towards yourself; and if you had not put my Behaviour under these Regulations, it wou'd have been so

decent and respectful, that you cou'd not have wish'd it better. As to managing the Cady, be under no Concern; and so likewise concerning *Halima*; and know, Madam, that since I have seen you, a Hope is arisen in me, which assures me, we shall soon obtain the Liberty we desire. Adieu: Another time I will relate to you the Steps by which Fortune brought me into this Condition, after I was separated from you, or more truly speaking from myself.

AT this they parted, and *Leonisa* was highly satisfy'd with the open Behaviour of *Ricardo*, and he was in Transports to have heard one Word fall from the Mouth of *Leonisa* which was not severe.

HALIMA was shut up in her Closet, begging of *Mahomet* that *Leonisa* might bring her back a good Account of the Errand on which she had employ'd her. The Cady was in the *Mosque*, quitting Scores with his Wife by offering up the same Petition for the Success of his own Desires, which depended on the Answer he anxiously expected from his Slave, whom he had commission'd to talk with *Leonisa*, having enjoin'd *Mahamut* to procure him an Opportunity, tho' *Halima* herself were in the House.

LEONISA inflam'd *Halima's* irregular Passion, feeding her with Hope that *Mario* wou'd do whatever she ask'd; but that it must be two Months before he could comply with what he desir'd much more than herself, because he was performing a Course of Prayers and Supplications to Heaven for his Liberty. *Halima* was pleas'd with her dear *Ricardo's* Excuse, and design'd to procure him his Freedom before the Time of his Devotion expir'd, if he wou'd answer her Demands; she desir'd *Leonisa* therefore to press him to dispense with the Time, and cut short all Delays, and she wou'd supply him with the Sum the Cady requir'd for his Ransom.

BEFORE *Ricardo* reported his Negotiation to his Master, he consulted with *Mahamut* what Answer to return him; they both agreed to tell him, there was no Hope
and

and to advise him to send her as soon as he cou'd to *Constantinople*, and that in the Passage, either by fair Means, or by Force, he might accomplish his Desire; and that to avoid any bad Consequences which might arise with respect to the Grand Signior, he might purchase another Slave, and pretending in the Voyage that *Leonisa* was taken ill, he might cast the other Captive one Night into the Sea, and give out it was *Leonisa*, the Grand Signior's Slave, who was dead; all which might be done in such a Manner, so as not to incur the Sultan's Displeasure, and to compass his own Design; and that, to prolong his Happiness, they might afterwards contrive some Course which shou'd be most convenient.

THE wretched old Cady was so blind, that if they had told him a thousand other Inconsistences, provided they had only flatter'd his Hopes, he would have believ'd them all; much more when their whole Scheme seem'd to promise him good Success; and so it did indeed, if the Intention of his two Counsellors had not been to make off with the Vessel, and send him and his ridiculous Imaginations into the other World.

ANOTHER Difficulty occur'd to the Cady, and in his Opinion the greatest that could arise in the Case; which was, that his Wife would never let him go to *Constantinople*, unless she bore him Company. But he presently overcame it, and said, that instead of the Christian they were to throw into the Sea for *Leonisa*, his own *Halima* wou'd serve most commodiously, for he wish'd at his Heart to deliver himself from her by Death. *Mahamut* and *Ricardo* embraced this Expedient with the same Readiness as he invented it.

THIS Resolution being taken, the Cady acquainted *Halima* the same Day with his intended Voyage to *Constantinople*, in order to carry the Christian Slave to the Grand Signior, from whose Goodness he expected to be made chief Cady of *Cayro*, or *Constantinople* itself. *Halima* told him, she lik'd his Proposal, presuming he wou'd

leave *Ricardo* behind ; but when the Cady inform'd her that he was to go with him, and *Mahamut* likewise, she alter'd her Opinion, and dissuaded him from what she had before approv'd. In short, she concluded, that unless he took her with him, she cou'd in no wise agree to his going ; the Cady consented, thinking he shou'd soon shake off that Burden which lay so heavy on his Shoulders.

HAZAN Bassa was not remiss in the mean time to urge the Cady to give up the Captive to him, offering him Mountains of Gold ; and having made him a present of *Ricardo gratis*, whose Ransom he valu'd at two thousand Crowns, he push'd on this Affair to get her into his own Hands with the same Zeal, as if he had suppos'd she wou'd be murder'd before the Great *Turk* had her. All his Gifts and Presents had no other Effect on the Cady, than to make him hasten his Departure the more ; and being press'd thus by his own Desires, and the Sollicitations of *Hazan*, and even of *Halima*, who fed herself up with airy Hopes, in twenty Days he equipp'd a *Brigantine* of five Banks of Rowers, and mann'd it with sturdy *Moors*, and some *Greek* Christians. He put all his Wealth on Board, and *Halima* left nothing of Value behind her in the House, and desir'd her Husband that she might take her Parents with her, to shew them *Constantinople*. Her Intention was the same as *Mahamut's*, to join with him and *Ricardo* to seize on the Vessel in the Voyage, (tho' she wou'd not open her Mind to them, till she saw herself embark'd ;) and retire to Christendom, and there embracing her first Religion, to marry *Ricardo* ; for she believ'd that the Riches she carry'd with her, and her turning Christian, wou'd not fail to induce him willingly to accept her for his Wife.

IN the mean time *Ricardo* had another Conversation with *Leonisa*, and told her all his Project ; and she appris'd him of *Halima's*, which she had discover'd to her. They enjoin'd each other Secresy, and recommending themselves to the Favour of Heaven, expected the Day of their Departure

parture with Impatience : When it came, *Hazan* accompany'd them to the Sea-side, attended with all his Troops; and did not leave them till they were under Sail, nor take off his Eyes from the Vessel till it was pass'd out of Sight; the Sighs which he breath'd out from his sorrowful Breast seem'd to swell the Sails, and puff on the Ship with greater Speed which bore away his Soul. But as Love had long depriv'd him of his Rest, he consider'd what Measures to pursue, not to perish by the Violence of his Passion, and instantly put in Execution what he had projected with serious Consideration, and fix'd Resolution. He fitted out from another Port a Vessel of seven Banks of Rowers, (two more than the Cady's carry'd.) and ship'd fifty Soldiers on board, and all his Friends and Acquaintance, whom he had engag'd with large Presents and Promises, and order'd them to pursue the Cady and seize his Ship with all his Wealth, and put the whole Company in it to the Sword, except *Leonisa* the Captive, whom he chose for his own Share of the Booty, as a Prize far more valuable than all the Lading in the Ship. He enjoin'd them also to sink the *Brigantine* to the Bottom, that nothing might be left to be a Token of the Action. The Thirst of Plunder added Wings to their Feet, and Courage to their Hearts; tho' they expected no great Resistance from the Cady's Crew, because they went out unarm'd, and under no Suspicion of such an Accident.

THE *Brigantine* had made two Days Sail, when the Cady, to whom they seem'd two Ages, was for executing his Design out of Hand; but his Slaves told him it was proper that *Leonisa* shou'd first fall sick, to give the better Colour to her Death, and that she must lye ill for some Days. The hasty old Suiter dislik'd this Dilatory Method, and wou'd have had it reported that she dy'd suddenly, and so have heav'd *Halima* over-board, and finish'd the Affair at once, to quench the Flame which by slow Degrees consum'd his Bowels; but at last he yielded to their Counsel.

HALIMA in the mean while had unbosom'd her Intention to *Mahamut* and *Ricardo*, who undertook to perform it as they doubled the Points of *Alexandria*, or enter'd the Castles of *Natolia*. And the Cady on the other hand was so eternally urgent with them, to make an End of his necessary Matter, that they promis'd to dispatch it the first Opportunity; accordingly after they had been at Sea six Days, he thought the Pretence of *Leonisa's* Sickness had continu'd long enough, and insisted on their going to work on the Morrow with his Wife, by throwing her into the Sea in a Winding Sheet, and giving out it was the Christian Captive.

THE Morning arriv'd in which *Mahamut* and *Ricardo* purpos'd to accomplish their Desires, or to end their Days, when they discover'd a Vessel which gave them Chase with Sails and Oars. They were afraid it was some Christian Pirate, from whom neither the Christians nor the *Moors* in the Cady's Ship cou'd hope for any Good; the *Moors* expecting to be made Slaves, and the Christians, tho' they shou'd recover their Liberty, to be stripp'd and rifled. *Mahamut* and *Ricardo* wou'd have been very well contented with their own Freedom and *Leonisa's*, but they dreaded the Insolence of the *Rovers* Gang, for the Wretches who follow that Course of Life, of whatever Religion they are or Nation, are cruel and abusive. They made all the Preparation to defend themselves they cou'd, without quitting their Oars, and in a few Hours space drew within Cannon-Shot of the other Vessel; they furl'd their Sails then, and threw down their Oars, and handling their Arms waited their Enemies coming, tho' the Cady call'd out to them not to fear, for it was a *Turkish* Vessel, and wou'd do them no Harm. He order'd a Flag of Peace to be hung out of the Stern immediately, that it might strike their Eyes, who bore down with a blind Fury on his defenceless Ship, for the Prey.

AT the same time *Mahamut* turn'd his Head, and saw a Galley making towards them from the West, which to
his

his seeming carry'd twenty Seats of Rowers: He told the Cady of it; and some of the Christians at the Oar said it was a Christian Vessel; all which doubled their common Confusion and Fright; and not knowing what to do, they expected with Terror how Providence wou'd dispose of them.

THE Cady, I believe, in this Distress wou'd have resign'd all his Hopes of Entertainment, to have found himself in *Nicosia*, so great was his Consternation. But the first Vessel, not regarding the Flag of Peace, nor what they ow'd to their own Religion, attack'd the Cady's Ship so fiercely, that they wanted but little of sinking it. The Cady knew the Crew at first sight, that they were the Soldiers of *Nicosia*, and imagin'd for what they came, and gave himself up for a dead Man; and if the Soldiers had not been more eager to plunder than kill, not a Man wou'd have escap'd with Life. As they were busy in gutting the *Brigantine*, one of the *Turks* cry'd out To Arms, To Arms, here's a Christian Vessel going to engage us: which was true, for the Ship they descry'd bore Christian Colours, and fell in upon that of *Hazan* with the utmost Fury; but before they began, one of the Crew call'd out from the Stern, and ask'd *Hazan's* Men in the *Turkish* Language, who was their Owner. They answer'd, *Hazan*, Bassa of *Cyprus*. Why then, said the *Turks*, since you are Mussulmans, do ye Plunder this Ship, which we know has the Cady of *Nicosia* on Board? To which they reply'd, they knew no more than that they were order'd to take that *Brigantine*, and being the Bassa's dutiful Soldiers they had obey'd his Command.

THE Captain of the Ship which carry'd Christian Colours, being satisfy'd with the Information which he wanted, bore away from *Hazan's* Vessel to that of the Cady, and at the first Discharge slew about ten of the *Turks* in her, and enter'd it with great Expedition and Courage. He had scarcely set his Foot on board, when the Cady knew

knew it was no Christian, but *Ali Bassa*, who was in love with *Leonisa*, who had expected his coming, with the same Design as *Hazan*, and to avoid being known had dress'd all his Crew in Christian Habits, that by this Disguise his Robbery might be the better conceal'd.

THE Cady, who was no Stranger to the Aim of both these Lovers, began to complain loudly of the Injury. What is it thou mean'st, said he, Traitor *Ali Bassa*, that being a Mussulman thyself, that is a *Tyrk*, thou assaultest me like a Christian? And you, Traitors, *Hazan's* Soldiers, what Devil mov'd you to act this shameful Outrage, as for the sake of gratifying his lascivious Appetite, to turn your Arms against your natural Lord?

AT these Words they all held their Hands, and the two Crews staring about them, knew each other presently, for they had all served under one Captain, and fought under the same Ensign. They were confounded with what the Cady said, their Scymetars lost their Edge, and their Hearts sunk within them. *Ali* alone shut his Eyes and Ears to the whole, and attacking the Cady, gave him such a Cut on the Head, that if it had not been for the Folds of his Turbant he had certainly cleft it asunder; however it fell'd him down among the Rowers Benches; and as he drop'd, O cruel Renegade, Enemy of the Prophet, cry'd the Cady, is there none who will chastise thy Barbarity and unparallel'd Insolence? Accursed Wretch, how hast thou dar'd to use thy Weapons against the Cady, and a Minister of *Ma-homet*?

THESE Expressions added Force to Force, and renew'd the Combat, for *Hazan's* Soldiers hearing them, and being afraid *Ali's* Men shou'd take the Booty from them, which they look'd on as their own, resolv'd to put all to Hazard. One beginning, and the rest following, they attack'd *Ali's* Soldiers with such Nimbleness, Rage, and Bravery, and play'd their part so well, that tho' the others were far more in Number, they soon reduced them to a Handful;

Handful; but those who remain'd, taking Courage, reveng'd their Comrades, and scarcely left four of *Hazan's* Men alive, and them dangerously wounded.

RICARDO and *Mahamut* beheld the Fray, popping out their Heads ever and anon at the Hatches to see how the Combat proceeded; and observing that the *Turks* were almost all slain, and that those who surviv'd were sorely wounded, and might easily be dispatch'd, *Ricardo* call'd to *Mahamut* and two Kinsmen of *Halima*, whom she had brought with her to help carry off the Vessel, and these and her Father, snatching up the dead Men's Scymetars, leap'd out upon Deck, and cry'd out, *Liberty! Liberty!* and being assisted by the Volunteers, who were Greek Christians, they soon knock'd all the *Turks* on the Head, without receiving any Wounds, and then boarding *Ali's* Ship, which was without Defence, they took it with all its Freightings. Of those who fell in the second Engagement, *Ali Bassa* was one of the first, whom a *Turk* ran thro' the Body in Revenge for the Cady.

THEY all agreed to *Ricardo's* Advice, to remove every Thing of Value in their own and *Hazan's* Galley into *Ali's*, which was a larger Ship, and better built for Burden and Sailing, and the Rowers in it were Christians, who being overjoy'd with their Freedom, and the Presents *Ricardo* distributed among them, offer'd to carry him to *Trepana*, or the World's End, if there was occasion.

MAHAMUT and *Ricardo*, full of Gladness at their Success, went to *Halima*, and told her, that if she chose to return to *Cyprus*, they wou'd man her own Vessel with Voluntiers, and give her half the Wealth she had brought out with her, and send her back. But not having lost her Love to *Ricardo* in this unexpected Calamity, she desir'd she might go to Christendom with them; at which her Parents were extremely pleas'd.

THE Cady was now come to himself, and they dress'd his Wound as the Time gave them Leave, and acquainted him, also that he shou'd make his Choice, either to accompany

pany them to Christendom, or go back in his own Ship to *Nicosia*. Since his Fortune, he answer'd, had reduced him to such hard Conditions, he thank'd them for the Liberty they gave him; and wou'd steer his Course to *Constantinople*, to complain to the Grand Signior of the Injury he had suffer'd from *Hazan* and *Ali*. But when he understood *Halima* design'd to leave him, and become a Christian, he had like to have lost his Senses. In a Word, they equip'd his Vessel, and provided it with all Necessaries for the Voyage, and gave him some Sequins out of his own Money. Having taken Leave of them all with a Resolution to return to *Nicosia*, he begg'd that before he hoisted Sail, *Leonisa* wou'd embrace him, which Favour wou'd be sufficient to enable him to forget all his Misfortunes. They intreated *Leonisa* to grant him this Request, which he so earnestly desir'd, since there was nothing in it inconsistent with her Honour. She comply'd; and the Cady pray'd her to lay her Hand on his Head, because he was in Hope it wou'd cure him of his Wound; in all which *Leonisa* gratify'd him very tenderly.

THIS being done, and *Hazan's* Ship bor'd thro' and sunk, there sprung up a brisk Gale at East, which invited their Sails, and in few Hours they lost Sight of the Cady's Vessel, who stood with Tears in his Eyes beholding how the Winds bore away his Wealth and Happiness, his Wife and his Soul together.

RICARDO and *Mahamut* sail'd on with Thoughts very different from the Cady's; and not caring to touch on any Coast, they pass'd thro' the large Gulph in Sight of *Alexandria*, and without striking Sail, or having Occasion to use their Oars, reach'd the strong Island of *Corfu*, where they took in fresh Water, and without stopping, doubled the dreaded Rocks, and the second Day discover'd at a Distance *Pachino*, the Promontory of the fruitful *Trinacria*; at the Appearance of which, and the celebrated Island of *Malta*, they flew on amain, as with Wings. In short, proceeding thence, four Days after they descry'd *Lampusa*,
desa,

dosa, and then the Island where *Leonisa* was cast away; at which she trembled every Joint, calling to mind the Danger she had known.

THE next Day they discover'd before them their own wish'd-for and beloved Country, which renew'd the Gladness of their Hearts; and inspir'd them with one of the greatest Transports which can be tasted in this Life, to return safe and sound to one's native Country from a long Captivity; next to which is the obtaining the Victory over one's most inveterate Enemies.

THEY found in the Galley a Chest full of Flags and Streamers of Silk of various Colours, with which *Ricardo* dress'd out his Ship. Soon after Break of Day, they found themselves within a League of the City; and briskly plying their Oars, and every now and then raising Shouts of Joy, they approach'd to the Haven, where an infinite Crowd of People appear'd in an Instant, and seeing a Ship so gallantly adorn'd making into the Port, not a Soul in the City but ran down full speed to the Shore. *Ricardo* in the mean time begg'd *Leonisa* to dress herself in the same Cloaths as she wore when she was brought into the Bassa's Tent, because he had a mind to put a pleasant Deception on her Parents. She consented; and adding Ornament to Ornament, Pearls to Pearls, and Charms to Charms, which were still multiply'd in the Eyes of the transported Spectator, she array'd herself in so rich and gay a manner, as produced new Surprize and Wonder. *Ricardo* dress'd himself also in a *Turkish* Habit, and so did *Mahamut*, and all the Christians at the Oar, being furnish'd with the Garments of the *Turks* who were slain.

THEY arriv'd about eight of the Clock in the Morning, which was so serene and clear, that it seem'd to prepare itself on purpose to view so rejoicing a Pomp.

BEFORE they enter'd the Harbour, *Ricardo* caus'd the Ordnance of the Galley, which were one large Cannon, and two Falconets, to be discharg'd, and the City answer'd them with the same Number. The People were

all in an Uproar, expecting the Arrival of this noble Vessel; but when, upon its nearer Approach, they discern'd, by the white Turbants which the *Moors* had on, that it was a *Turkish* Bottom, they were frighten'd, and suspecting some Fraud, ran to Arms, and the Militia planted themselves at the Port, while the Horsemen patroll'd along the Coast. The Bustle of this Alarm pleas'd those in the Ship, who leisurely advancing, came into the Haven, and dropping their Oars, moor'd the Galley, and laid a Plank for Descent, and one by one as in a Procession, the whole Company went a-shore, and kiss'd the Ground several Times with Tears of Joy, which was an evident Token they were Christians. At length landed *Halima's* Parents with her two Kinsmen, clad in *Turkish* Habits, and the Train was clos'd by the beautiful *Leonisa* under a Veil of Crimson Taffety, led between *Ricardo* and *Mahamut*; which lovely Sight drew the Eyes of all the infinite Multitude on the Strand. As soon as they stepp'd on Shore, they threw themselves prostrate on the Earth, and kiss'd it, as the others had done.

IN the mean while the Governor came up to them, who very well knew their Families were the most considerable in the City. He was scarcely arriv'd, when he knew *Ricardo*, and ran with open Arms and Signs of the highest Gladness to embrace him. With the Governor came *Cornelio* and his Father, and *Leonisa's* Parents, and all their Relations, and *Ricardo's*, who were of the first Rank in *Trepana*. *Ricardo* embraced the Governor, and return'd the Salutations of the whole Company. He took *Cornelio* by the Hand, who as soon as he knew him, and found he held him fast, chang'd Colour, and began to tremble with Fear, when *Ricardo*, taking *Leonisa* also by the Hand, spoke thus; I beg the Favour, Gentlemen, before we enter the City, and repair to the Church, to return Thanks to Heaven for its Goodness to us under our Misfortunes, that I may be heard a few Words. At this the Governor answer'd, they were all ready to hear whatever he had a Mind

to say with Silence and Attention; when the chief of the Assembly gathering round him, *Ricardo* rais'd his Voice, and thus began.

YOU remember undoubtedly the Misfortune which betel me some Months since in the Garden by the Salt-Pits, when *Leonisa* was also carry'd away. Nor can you have forgotten how zealous I was to procure her Liberty, since, neglecting my own, I offer'd my whole Estate for her Ransom; and tho' this perhaps may seem an Instance of Liberality, yet I deserve no Praise, for it was to purchase my Life. As for what has since happen'd to us both, it requires longer Time, a more convenient Season, and a Tongue less disorder'd than mine to relate: Let it suffice at present to say, that after a Variety of surprizing Accidents, and after we had despair'd a thousand times of retrieving our Calamities; the Compassion of Heaven, without any Merit of ours, has restor'd us to our dear Country, crown'd both with Joy and Riches: But neither this, nor my Liberty, is equal to the Pleasure I take, in imagining the Satisfaction this beautiful Enemy of mine receives in seeing herself free, and beholding the darling Image of her Soul. Yet I rejoice in the general Joy of those who have been my Companions in Misery. And tho' Misfortunes and Sufferings are wont to change our Tempers, and subdue the most heroic Mind, it has been otherwise with this cruel Destroyer of my Hopes; for she has sustain'd the Assaults of her Distresses, and my ardent but honourable Sollicitations, with incredible Intrepidity and Courage; which verifies the Saying, that one may change one's Country, but not one's Customs, which are acquir'd by frequent Practice. From all I have said, I conclude, that I offer'd my whole Estate for her Ransom, and gave her my very Soul in my sincere Desires; that I contriv'd the Means of her Deliverance, and hazarded my Life for her, more than for myself. All which, tho' a more grateful Mind wou'd think it of some Moment, yet all the Requital I ask is only this, which I presume she will

will not refuse: Thus saying he lifted up his Hand, and in a respectful and tender manner drew aside the Veil from before *Leonisa*, which was like removing a Cloud, which had over-cast the Lustre of the Sun; and then he proceeded. See here, *Cornelio*, I deliver to thee a Jewel, which you ought to prize beyond every thing that is of Value; and thus, lovely *Leonisa*, I deliver thee to him, whom you have preserv'd perpetually in Mind. This, I hope, may be accounted a Liberality, in Comparison of which, to part with Estate, Life and Honour is nothing. Take her, O fortunate young Man, take her, and if thou can'st arrive to understand her Superlative Worth, thou wilt be the happiest Person living. With her I also surrender to thee all my Portion of the Booty Heaven has put into our Hands; which, I believe, may amount to above thirty thousand Crowns: All which thou may'st freely enjoy with Repose and Pleasure; and Heaven grant it may be for many Years. As for myself, who am wretched, since I am without *Leonisa*, I desire to continue Poor; for to him who misses of *Leonisa*, Life is of no Advantage,

HAVING said this, he was silent as if he had lost his Speech; but recovering a little before any one had spoken, Alas, said he, how Trouble disorders the Understanding! Out of my Zeal to do Good, I did not consider what I said; for it is impossible to be liberal out of that which is not one's own. What Jurisdiction have I over *Leonisa*, to give her to another? or how can I offer that which is very far from being mine? *Leonisa* is his, and so much his, that were her Parents dead (whom Heaven preserve) her Inclination wou'd meet with no Restraint; and if it cou'd receive any from the Obligations her Discretion may think herself under to me, I cancel them from henceforth, and make them void. I retract therefore what I said, and give *Cornelio* Nothing, for it is not in my Power. I only confirm the Grant I made to *Leonisa* of my Estate, desiring no other Recompence, but that she esteem me for my honourable and sincere Intentions, and believe

believe I never had any View which was not perfectly consistent with her great Honour and Merit, and her matchless Beauty.

HERE *Ricardo* ended; and *Leonisa* answer'd him after this manner. If you imagine I shew'd *Cornelio* any Favour, O *Ricardo*, while you were in Love with me, and full of Jealousy, imagine also it was strictly virtuous, and by the Order of my Parents, who being desirous of obtaining him for their Son, allow'd me to do it. If you are satisfy'd with this, you will easily be satisfy'd with the Proof Experience has given you of my Innocence and Modesty. I mention this, *Ricardo*, to inform you that I have always been Mistress of myself, without being subject to any but my Parents, whom I now humbly intreat, as becomes me, to leave me free to dispose of that which your noble Liberality has given me. Her Parents told her they gave their Permission, depending on her Discretion to use it in such a manner as shou'd best promote her Honour and Advantage. This being granted me, pursu'd the fair *Leonisa*, I desire I may not be censur'd if I chuse rather to seem bold and forward, than unthankful; my Mind therefore, excellent *Ricardo*, which has been hitherto reserv'd, perplex'd and doubtful, now declares in thy Favour; that by my Acknowledgment to thee, the World may know all Women are not ungrateful. I am thine, *Ricardo*, and will be thine till Death, if some better Offer does not induce thee to refuse me thy Hand; for my Ambition is to have thee for my Husband.

RICARDO was in Transports at these Words, and cou'd make no Answer; but throwing himself on his Knees, kiss'd her Hands, which he held fast by Force, over and over, and bath'd them in a Flood of amorous Tears. *Cornelio* also wept for Madness, and *Leonisa's* Parents for Joy, and all the Standers-by for Surprize and Wonder. The Bishop, or Archbishop of the City was present, and led them to the Church with his Benediction and Licence, and dispensing with the Circumstance of Time,
marry'd

marry'd them immediately. The rejoicing spread itself thro' the whole Town, which was express'd that Night by innumerable Illuminations, and the Games and Sports which the Relations of *Ricardo* and *Leonisa* presented for several Days. *Mahamut* and *Halima* renounced Mahometism, and were reconciled to the Church; and *Halima* seeing it impossible to succeed in her Design of marrying *Ricardo*, was content to take up with *Mahamut*: And *Ricardo* generously bestow'd on her Parents and Kinsmen a sufficient Livelyhood, out of the Spoils they had acquir'd. In a Word, they were all well-pleas'd and happy; and *Ricardo's* Fame, flying beyond the Bounds of *Sicily*, was diffus'd over *Italy*, and several other Parts, under the Name of *The LIBERAL LOVER*, and is still continued by the many flourishing Children he had by *Leonisa*, who was an admirable Pattern of Prudence, Virtue and Beauty.

The END.







J. Vanderbank inv.

J. Velt Gucht sculp.

THE
BEAUTIFUL
TURK.

Translated from the *French* Original.



LONDON: MDCCXXIX.

THE

BEAUTIFUL

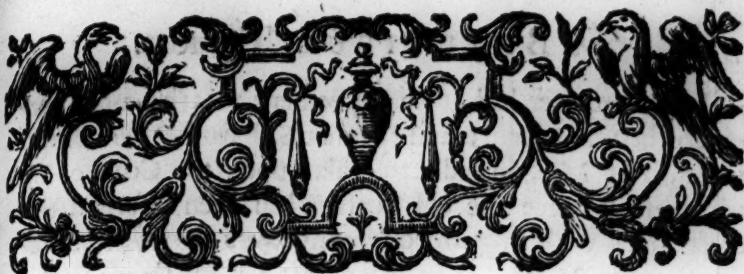
TURK.



Original

Translated

LONDON: MDCCLXXIX.



T H E

Beautiful T U R K.



Young Knight of *Malta* (which Title sufficiently declares him to be a Man of Quality) stimulated by a generous Emulation of what was every Day reported of the other Knights his Companions, had a Mind, by discharging the Duties of his Profession, to go, like the rest of his Brethren, in quest of Glory, and make War against the sworn Enemies of the Christian Religion. He therefore repair'd to *Malta* on board a Frigate of thirty Guns, which he had bought at *Marseilles*, and which was the best equip'd, and the best Sailer that had for a long Time gone out of that Port.

THE Knight had perform'd his Caravans, and knew a little what the Sea was. Nevertheless as he had never had a Vessel to himself till this Time, he was overjoy'd at his Arrival, to meet with *Gourdan* who was an old Corsaire, to whom he propos'd a Partnership both of Arms and Honour. *Gourdan*, altho' it was not his Practice to admit of a Second in a War, where he was not willing to share with any Body either in the Profit, or Glory of the Conquest, would not however refuse the Offer of our Knight, who was as hopeful a young Gentleman as the Cause of

Religion had ever had. An Agreement was thereupon concluded between them; and they set Sail from *Malta* on the fifteenth of *May*, in order to cruize upon the Coast of *Tunis*, from whence the old Corsaire had been inform'd that three Ships with Pilgrims on board were to set out in order to go to *Mecca*. The Wind was fair for them; and in three Days they came within Sight of that Kingdom: On the fourth, *Gourdan's* Vessel, which kept nearer the Coast than that of the Knight, descry'd some Sail. He fir'd a Broad-side, which was the Signal to warn his Companion to come and join him.

THESE happen'd to be the very Ships they were in quest of, and which, bearing down upon *Gourdan*, attack'd him with a great deal of Vigour and Fury, looking on him as their certain Prize, as they did of that of the Knight, which they saw was hast'ning to his Assistance. But the Corsaires of *Malta* are not to be taken at that Rate, they being accusom'd rather to die than yield, and to fight to the very last Gasp. These I am speaking of knew not what it was to fear; the one thro' the long Experience he had gain'd of overcoming his Enemies every where; and the other (notwithstanding he was very young) by an unparallel'd Valour, which supply'd the Deficiency of a greater Experience in the Feats of Arms.

I shall not enlarge upon the Particulars of this Engagement. It was sharp and bloody: The *Turks* had four times as many Men as the Christians, and each of their Ships at least as strong as theirs.

GOURDAN, who till the Knight had join'd him, had only kept within Musket Shot of the Enemy, no sooner saw him in a Capacity to support him, than he resolv'd to shew him at what Rate he had purchas'd the Glory he had acquir'd in the *Levant*. He pierced into the very Middle of the *Turks*, doing terrible Execution with his small Shot, Cannon and Granadoes, which play'd so furiously from both Sides of his Ship, that it seem'd

to be all on Fire. The Knight, who did not want an Example to animate him to do his Duty, ravish'd with the Thoughts of having for Witness of his Actions so famous a Man as *Gourdan*, follow'd him close, and supported him so well, that the Barbarians, who till then had thought the Victory certain on their Side, began now to doubt of it. Their first Heat seem'd to abate; they kept at a greater Distance, and did not dare to approach the Christians; which the Knight no sooner perceiv'd, than being willing to make his Advantage of that Beginning of a Victory, by which he plainly saw the Courage of his Men effectually increas'd, he gave them Orders to grapple with the strongest of the Enemy's Ships. He was immediately obey'd, and was the first that flung himself into it, being follow'd by a Company of Volunteers, and some brave Soldiers, who after his Example behav'd themselves like Heroes: For almost at the very first Grapple a handful of Men were seen to cover the Deck with the Bodies of the Barbarians.

THE Knight appear'd to be something more than Man: He seem'd to be in ten or twelve Places at one and the same Time, so active and ready he was to succour the one and the other, when they stood in need of it. In short, these two illustrious Captains, after six or seven Hours sharp Engagement, (during which Time it is easie to believe they met with many Opportunities to signalize themselves, the Vessels lying almost all the Time Side by Side) sunk one of the Enemies, and set up the Standard of *Malta* in the other two. *Gourdan*, who till then was so full of himself, as not to believe there was a Man upon the Sea equal to him, was in great Apprehension, after what he had seen, lest the Reputation of this young Hero shou'd out-shine his own, and one Day eclipse the Glory he had acquir'd ever since he first commanded on the Sea. He had seen him more than once enter the Ships of these Barbarians, make all truckle before him that dar'd to resist; scatter, break thro', and cut

to Pieces every Mortal that stood in his Way to compleat Victory. In fine, he was sensible that to him almost all the Honour of the Fight was due. As his Sentiments were none of the justest, he cou'd not forbear being jealous of him; and this Jealousy hinder'd him from relishing so perfectly as he ought the Joy of being Conqueror.

THE Knight had been wounded with a Zagaye. His Wound was grievous, but not mortal; and he found himself oblig'd to keep his Bed for some Days. *Gourdan* was no sooner inform'd thereof, than he paid him a Visit, to express to him as well as he cou'd the Concern he had for the Accident. adding to the Compliment all the Commendations and Praise such a Man as he, who was jealous of the Knight's Glory, was capable of giving. But this young Hero, who was as modest as brave, declin'd them all very handsomly, attributing to him the whole Success of the Action. He only did Justice to some of his People, who had distinguish'd themselves most, without making the least Mention of what he had done himself. It was resolv'd between them to return to *Malta*, as well to refit, as to sell their Prizes: But as upon the Sea the Winds are Masters of our Resolutions, a Calm which befel them the Day following oppos'd their Design for three Weeks together, and made a very tedious Voyage of that which with another Wind they wou'd have easily perform'd in three Days.

THE Knight's Wound did not confine him long to his Bed; wherefore so soon as he found himself strong enough to walk about, a Fancy came in his Head to go see the Prizes along with *Gourdan*, who was come that Day to make him a Visit. He found them both to be considerable, for the Number of Persons that were on board, as well *Turks*, as *Moors* of both Sexes, which is a Merchandize that in a Christian Country goes off well enough.

AT their Return *Gourdan's* Lieutenant, who was a Friend to the Knight, and but little pleas'd with his Cap
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tain, staid behind with the former; and as they were talking of these Prizes, he told him, that he had not seen what was most valuable amongst them. It was a *Turkish* Woman, who was said to be a Person of Consideration, and withal one of the most beautiful Women that ever had been seen. The Knight was very much surpriz'd that Captain *Gourdan* had taken no Notice of her to him, and judg'd very well that it was a Trick of an old crafty Corsaire. This Procedure nevertheless was as far from pleasing him, as it was from being just and honourable; but the Lieutenant told him, that he ought not to make a Wonder of it in a Man who had never hardly known what it was to observe even with his best Friends the common Rules of Justice, any more than those of Honour. He then related to him how *Gourdan* had in the Night convey'd this Woman from the Ship, wherein she was taken, into his own Vessel, where he had committed her to the Custody of a *Moor* who was an Eunuch, and had been a considerable Time in his Service; and that he was become so much in Love with her, and so jealous withal, that he wou'd not suffer any Person whoever to see her. He moreover added, that he had been inform'd by the same *Moor*, that this beautiful Slave had so great an Aversion for him, not only because he was one of the ugliest Men in the World, but also because he had at the very first us'd Violence towards her, and treated her unworthily, that she was resolv'd even to die, rather than to yield in the least to his Desires. The Knight, touch'd with Pity (the natural Passion of a generous Mind) for the unhappy Captive, who moreover was a Lady of extraordinary Beauty, and a Person of a superior Rank, which are Qualities that always carry with them their own Recommendations, form'd immediately a thousand Designs in Favour of her, and told *Gourdan's* Lieutenant, that he wou'd visit his Captain the next Day, in order to reproach him with the Treasure he conceal'd from him, hoping thereby at least to oblige him to shew a better Treatment to this un-

happy *Turk*, and to send her back in the Vessel in which she had been taken. But this was what the Lieutenant (who was well acquainted with the Humour of the Commander) assur'd him he wou'd find a great deal of Difficulty to obtain from a Man who was both amorous and brutish. However the Knight did not fail, as he had said, to go and Visit him the next Day. *Gourdan* receiv'd him very well, carest him, and entertain'd him on several Subjects; but took not the least Notice of the beautiful Slave. The Knight put him two or three times on purpose upon that Topick, yet still to no purpose; but at last losing all Patience, he ask'd him laughing, and by the way of Rallery, if he knew what was become of a most beautiful *Turk*, who, as he had been told, was in the Grand Prize; seeming to be much surpriz'd that he had not seen her in the Inspection they had made together, and more still that he himself had made no Mention to him of her. The amorous Corsaire, who was the haughtiest and most passionate Man in the World, which Qualities do not agree very well with Love, took as an Insult what the Knight said to him. He chang'd his Countenance, and without looking him in the Face, answer'd him abruptly, that he knew not of what Woman he spoke; that they had seen enow in the Prizes; that it was true, he had one in his Vessel, who had not more Beauty than the rest, however if that gave him any Uneasiness, there were enow left for him, and that he might go and please himself. The Knight, who was very little satisfy'd with this Answer, reply'd very gravely, that he look'd upon every thing in those two Vessels to be so sacred, by the Laws of Partnership into which they had enter'd, that he did not believe, that either of the two had a Right to take any Thing whatever out of them without the Consent of the other, till such Time as they came to a Partition. *Gourdan*, who was the least reasonable of all Mankind, knew not what Answer to make, but quitting him without a Reply, took a Turn upon

upon the Quarter-Deck, leaving the Knight behind in his Cabbins to arm himself with all his natural Mildness against the Resentment which this brutish Fellow's rough Usage began to awaken in his Soul. In the End, he resolv'd to try whether he cou'd not by mere dint of Civility bring him to Reason. He therefore follow'd him, and embracing him with an Air of Tenderness capable of working on the most brutish Minds, I have no Design, said he to him, to dispute this beautiful Slave with you, since you are already possess'd of her; it is a Merchandize with which I wou'd not willingly clog myself; but I hope you won't refuse me at least the Pleasure of seeing her. The old Tar was here more deaf than ever: The Request had in it something too nice, and he was not willing to expose to the Eyes of so handsome a young Gentleman all that he held most dear in the World; so that keeping on his Pace, he gave the young Sportsman to understand, that the Game was not for him. This odd Behaviour put the Knight into a Doubt, whether he ought to resent it, or rather make a Jest of it. You are, said he, looking at him with a Countenance which had more of Pity in it than of Anger, the most unjust Man in the World. Few Persons in my Case wou'd be contented with what I ask of you, and you refuse me even that: Well, Sir, live after your own way; keep your Slave, and make much of her. Perhaps one Day you may be weary of her, and then I may be permitted to see her. Having said these Words, he left him, and retir'd to his own Ship.

A few Days after he sent him Word, that pursuant to his Advice and Example, he was going on board the Prizes to make choice of a Woman to bear him Company likewise: But in reality it was to be inform'd by some one among them, who that Person was that the old Thief had thus stow'd up in his Vessel; and it luckily fell out that he address'd himself to one who had serv'd her a long Time. Taking her therefore along with him, he shew'd her more Civility than a Woman in her present Circumstances cou'd

reasonably have expected. He made her sit down at Table with him, and treated her after such a Manner, that the poor Slave was in some Confusion. She was neither young nor beautiful, and cou'd not attribute so much Favour to any thing but the mere Generosity of the young Captain, whose handsome Mien answer'd sufficiently for the Sincerity of his Actions. He put her insensibly on the History of her Mistress, for so she prov'd to be; and as she did not want Wit, she was capable of satisfying the Knight's Curiosity. She inform'd him, that her Mistress was a Woman whom the King of *Tamaran* had lov'd passionately, and who out of some Scruple of Conscience was going in Pilgrimage to *Mecca*. The Knight, who knew that Persons of that Quality had usually weighty Reasons to oblige them to those Excesses of Devotion, ask'd her smiling, whether she had learn'd the true Motive of so extraordinary a Piety; and seeing her in the Humour to conceal nothing from him, he desir'd her to relate to him the whole History of her Mistress's Adventures, not doubting but in the Devotion of a Woman of that Character there wou'd be found something very agreeable. *Razie* (for so was this Slave call'd) was so well satisfy'd with the Knight, that she wou'd readily have gratify'd him in Things more difficult than what he requested of her, so that without waiting for any further Intreaty, she began her Narrative after this manner.

TAMARAN, says she, is at present a Kingdom, where Love reigns more absolutely than ever he did either in *Cyprus*, or *Granada*. Gallantry is there become so familiar, that it is almost as natural to be a Gallant, as to be born. 'Tis telling you all in a Word, to let you know that from those of fifteen, to those of sixty, from the greatest Man in the Kingdom, down to the most inconsiderable Shepherd, every one enjoys his natural Freedom. I can't tell whether this proceeds from the Nature of the Climate, or from our Constitutions; I rather believe it arises from the Influence of Example: Subjects, like Kingdoms, are such as their Princes make them; and he of *Tamaran* being one of the Princes

Princes in the World the most addicted to Gallantry, it is no Wonder if the same Humour prevails throughout all his Dominions. But to come to the Point before us, you must know that this King, from the Moment he was advanced to the Throne, became passionately in Love with my Mistress. *Hattigé* (for that is her Name) is one of the most beautiful Women that the Eyes of Man ever beheld. She is the Daughter of a Janissary, and was marry'd to a Man of Merit, who had Estate enough to make her happy, if the Quality of Mistress to a King had not been preferable in the Eyes of her Ambition, to the Felicity of a private Fortune. In short, the good Man was forced to comfort himself with the Honour the King had a mind to do him, who added to the Title he gave him an Employment out of the Kingdom, for which he was not much oblig'd to him, and which he wou'd willingly have declin'd.

MY Mistress, haughty and beautiful as she is, knew how to make the most of her Market, and to put the highest Value upon a Conquest of that Importance. It is true, she was never reckon'd to have a great deal of Wit: But then she had a certain Dexterity peculiar to our Sex, which more than supplies her Deficiency of Wit, and which, with some engaging Ways she knows how to make use of, render'd her so amiable to the Monarch, that no Prince ever lov'd so much as he did. He cou'd not live without her. All his Thoughts center'd in her: Insomuch that she drew from him all the Advantages which a Woman who knows the World, and how to pursue her own Ends, was capable of procuring. It was she in some measure who govern'd the Kingdom, and to whom every Body made their Court; and whoever wanted either Favours or Rewards, were to apply themselves to *Hattigé*; nothing was granted without her Approbation. She was the Canal through which all the King's Bounties flow'd. This has been seen in other Times, and may still be seen at this Day, but not after the same Manner; for one may say, without exaggerating too much, that the King of *Tamara*n abdicated

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his Crown, to put it on the Head of *Hattigé*. From the very first Day he saw her, he lov'd her even to Desperation. Now as it always happens that great Elevations raise many Enemies, and create infinite Jealousies, few of the great Men at Court had any Kindness for my Mistress. But of all her Opposers, the most considerable as well as the most dangerous was *Osman*, first *Aga*, and the King's Favourite.

IT is very rare that two Persons of that kind, a Favourite, and a Mistress, remain long in Friendship together; because each of 'em coveting to have the Ascendant over the Heart of their Master, and govern his Will, they usually strive to ruin each other: There are some indeed whose Malignancy is govern'd by Policy; but those of whom I speak, attack'd one another openly, by an innate Pride which sought to display and make publick the Advantage they had each over the other. The King, who was a prudent Man, and of an easy quiet Temper, did not suffer himself to be led away by either Party; he did not believe any Report the one made to the Disadvantage of the other, till at last *Osman*, who had already rais'd several Batteries to no purpose against his Rival, took a Fancy to make Tryal of the Mind of the Monarch on the Point of Jealousy, which is the great and most dangerous Rock of the most passionate Lovers. He therefore made it his Business to pry narrowly into *Hattigé's* Conduct, to try if from thence he cou'd raise any sure Foundation to begin upon; knowing very well that his Master, captivated as he was with the Charms of my Mistress, was not easily to be undeceiv'd; and that she, who was Deceit and Cunning itself, wou'd easily find Means to clear herself, if the Crime wherewith she was to be charg'd was not evident and clear to a Demonstration.

AS my Mistress was a Woman that cou'd not be insensible to the Calls of Nature, and her illustrious Lover making his Visits with less Fervency in the Progress than he had done in the Beginning of his Amour, as it happens
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but too often even to those who are the most fond, it was not unlikely but that she might, in Compliance with the Importunities of her Complexion, seek out for foreign Supplies. This was at least the Thought of the *Aga*, and by the Sequel you will see he was not mistaken.

THE Title of Mistress, and Favourite Mistress too, (for our Kings have always of all sorts) gives, together with the Power they enjoy, a great Liberty in the Seraglio; and *Hattigé* taking still more than was allow'd her, liv'd there almost like a Sovereign. All was at her Command, and no Body dar'd to contradict her. But the *Aga*, who was somewhat move to be fear'd than she, was not less consider'd there; and Money compassing all things, it was not long before he had placed his Spies there, who promis'd to give him a faithful Account of the Actions of my Mistress.

HOW glorious soever it may be for an ambitious Woman to see every Day at her Feet the Person who is above all the rest, yet Monarchs are very much mistaken if they imagine they have only to do with faithful Mistresses. Love only, invincible Love, is able to fix the Heart of a Woman. Ambition, unless influenced by Love, is a Stranger to Fidelity. *Hattigé* lov'd the King with a Love common to all mercenary Mistresses, that is to say, she lov'd him as much as Sovereign Power cou'd make her love a Man who had placed her above the rest of her Sex. Her Soul was full of that exterior Splendor, whilst her Heart pin'd inwardly for an Object to be belov'd for Love itself. When a Woman once entertains such Reflections as these, it is ten to one if she contains herself long within the narrow Bounds of her Duty. It was impossible at least for *Hattigé* not to stray a little from it; and while she was seeking for some one worth her descending from the high Rank she held, she cast her Eyes upon *Rajep*, who was Nephew to the King's chief Gardiner.

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THIS *Rajep* was a handsome Man, Young, and Vigorous, and had before been the Choice of other Women, with whom he had establish'd such a Reputation, as render'd him the Sex's Favourite. *Hattigé* had beheld him twice or thrice in the Performance of the Exercises appointed for the Diversion of the Ladies of the Seraglio; who are permitted to behold them from their Windows. These Exercises are perform'd by Men, who engage with wild Beasts; and *Rajep* being mighty well experienced in this Kind of War, never appear'd upon the Place, but he made himself admir'd. Every Body with Pleasure applauded him, and every Stroke he gave, which always prov'd mortal, drew Shouts of Joy from all the Assembly, and by degrees penetrated into the very Heart of my Mistress. It sometimes happens upon these Occasions, that Women are touch'd with the real Merit of the Man, at least it so happen'd at this Time. She had a feeling Sense of all these Applauses, and felt in the very Bottom of her Soul, the Honour that was done to *Rajep*. She never came from these Shows, but she fell into a certain Melancholy, which made her very pensive even in the Presence of the King. She cou'd neither eat nor sleep. This gave so much Uneasiness to the amorous Prince, who examin'd into the minutest Things that related to the Health or Pleasure of his Mistress, that he suffer'd more than she did, when he saw her languish after this manner. He could not imagine what she ail'd; and he took it so much to Heart, that the whole Quiet of his Mind depended thereon. The Evil increas'd on the Part of the amorous Dame; and this Passion at last gain'd such an Ascendant in her Soul, that it quite chang'd her. The good King redoubled his Caresses, as well as his Offices and Liberalities, and if it had been possible, he would likewise have redoubled his Love. He intreated her continually, if she lov'd him, to impart to him the Cause of her Uneasiness; and protested to her, That if her Peace and Happiness were to be purchased, tho' at the

Price

Price of his Life, he was ready without any Hesitation to sacrifice it to her. So noble a Passion ought to have reclaim'd the Heart of this false Woman, if it had been possible for her to make any Returns to it. But nothing would serve her Turn but *Rajep*; *Rajep* was in her Eyes the most charming and the most accomplish'd Person in the World. She consider'd the Royal Bounties as no less than her due, at least thought them sufficiently repaid by the exterior Acknowledgments she return'd for them, and that if her Heart did not accompany it, she consider'd that not as her Fault, but the King's, who had not known how to gain it.

THIS is the Fate of the greatest Monarchs, when they lay aside their Majesty, and become Lovers. Their Condescension and Familiarity render them by degrees so cheap in the Eyes of their Mistresses, that at last they consider them as other Men. The amorous *Hattigé*, possess'd with so extraordinary a Passion, pin'd away without knowing what Remedy to apply to her Malady. *Zara*, a Greek Slave; who had always had a greater Share in her Confidence than any one else, would fain have penetrated into her Heart, in order to find out the true Cause of her Grief. She heard her sigh continually, and judg'd, like an old and experienced Woman, that if it was not Love, it did not want much of it. She was not over-eager, as another less skilful wou'd have been, to force out her Secret: But conform'd herself so perfectly well to her manner of living, that she neither eat, nor slept, but cry'd, sigh'd, and walk'd disconsolately up and down, just as she observ'd the other to do. My Mistress at last, after divers Observations thereof, ask'd her for what Reason she afflicted herself after that manner. Alas! if you knew, Madam, reply'd the trusty Matron, sighing, if you knew, said she with an Air of profound Sadness, to what Danger you expose yourself--- But, added she as by way of Reflection, this is what I ought not to tell you, since you have so little Confidence in me. Thou art in the wrong to complain of that, reply'd

ply'd *Hattigé* smiling, for thou know'st very well, that nobody ever penetrated so far as thou hast done into the Secrets of my Heart. True, Madam, said the old Woman, 'till of late, but that perhaps was, because you had nothing in your Heart that was worth making a Secret of. But at present it may be proper to make Tryal of my Fidelity, and give me an Opportunity of serving you, either with my Advice, or Address; you keep your Thoughts to your self, as if you had not *Zara* with you; *Zara*, who loves you, if she may take the Freedom to say so, more than her Life, and would make no Difficulty to expose herself to any Danger for your Sake. For in short, what is it ails you, what can you desire, wherein I may not be of use to you? And why therefore will you not confide in me? --- Thou speak'st, said the Lady interrupting her, as if thou could'st read in my Heart what passes there. And do you think that a hard Matter to be done, notwithstanding all your Endeavours to conceal it? I only wonder the King has not already discover'd it; and I even tremble when I hear you sigh in his Presence: For after all, what is it you can want to compleat your Happiness; unless it be that he loves you too well, and that you don't love him? there is nothing in the World you can desire, that you are not possess'd of already. I speak sincerely, Madam; I dread lest your Melancholy at last should give him some Suspicion, and what then think you may be the Event? This is the Occasion of the Uneasiness you observe in me. Thou art in the Right, my poor *Zara*, reply'd *Hattigé* sighing, who seem'd to be touch'd with the Affection of so faithful a Slave; and if I thought thee so sincere, as that I might with Safety disclose my very Soul to thee, I can easily believe thou wouldst help me to regulate the present unruly Motions of my Heart. If you question my Fidelity, reply'd *Zara*, be still silent, and do not oblige me against my Will to keep a Secret; and yet know, continu'd she, that from my first Admission into the Seraglio, forty Years ago, I have always pass'd for a Pattern of Discretion. I have

have serv'd all the intriguing Ladies in it; and I could tell you fine Passages, if we were at present at leisure for that purpose. In a word, Madam, I know very well that I am what you want : Make use of me therefore I say once again, and as soon as possible; for it is a downright Torment to me to see you in this languishing Condition. My Mistress, who had already a good Opinion of *Zara*, and who was fully satisfy'd she was absolutely necessary to her, soon came to a Resolution to conceal nothing from her. But the better to save her Modesty, she disclos'd herself in this manner.

THOU know'st, said she, that I had a Brother who lov'd me exceedingly, and was with the most tender Affection beloved by me from my Infancy. My Father, apprehending some evil Consequence from so strong an Inclination as we had for each other, thought it proper to part us, and sent him to *Candia*, from whence he never return'd. It is impossible to shed more Tears than I did upon this cruel Separation, and I am every Day still to seek how to comfort myself for the Loss of him. But that is not the present Case. It is, my dear *Zara*, continu'd she sighing, That I have seen a Man so very like that dear Brother, in Mein, Stature, Actions, Features; in fine, so much the very He, that I thought I really saw him; and I had without doubt concluded it was he, if I had not been inform'd that it was the chief Gardiner's Nephew----- Who, *Rajep*? said *Zara* interrupting her. Yes, *Rajep* indeed, reply'd *Hattigé*; thou may'st easily believe, I cou'd not see this Man, without feeling my Grief revive, even to the piercing of my very Soul. But what is most vexatious, and what I am almost asham'd to tell thee, is, that by the effect of a strange Sympathy, the same Inclinations I had for that Brother follow'd the Resemblance; and the Sight of this Man, at the same Time that it drew Tears from my Eyes, forced from me Sighs which could not come but from the Heart. In fine, what wou'dst thou have me tell thee more? I plainly see that I am an unhappy

happy Woman, and that it is my Fate there to love only where it will be criminal to be beloved.

AT these Words some Tears dropp'd from her Eyes, which the officious *Zara* endeavour'd to stop. No, no, pursu'd she, I know there is no other Remedy but Death. To die for Love, Madam, reply'd *Zara*, is out of Fashion; do not pretend to a Virtue that is not of this Age. But what wouldst thou have me then do? Let me first know, said the Matron, what it is you desire. *Hattigé* paused a-while, without doubt to give her Time to guess at her Desires. Would you, pursu'd she, have me procure you a Sight of *Rajep*? wou'd you have me bring him to your Apartment? That ---- Ah, my dear *Zara*, cry'd the amorous Dame, embracing her tenderly, how agreeably dost thou sooth those soft Ideas of my Soul? I shall owe thee more than Life for such a Service; but I should be in too great a Fear for thee, and had rather die a thousand Deaths than thou shou'dst run the least Hazard for my sake. Be under no Apprehension on that Account, reply'd the Slave: I have a long Practice to depend upon. Write me only a Note to *Rajep*, to acquaint him with his good Fortune, and leave the rest to me. My Mistress hereupon, to encourage her the more to serve her well, made her a Present of a gold Chain, assuring her, that that was but an Earnest of the Good she intended to do her. Pen, Ink, and Paper were brought, and the Lady writ the following Billet to the happy *Rajep*.

LOVE, like Fortune, sometimes favours People when they least think of it. A certain Lady desires to see you. It is in a Place somewhat difficult of Access; but perhaps she may deserve the Pains you will be at for her Sake. Those Things which cost most, are commonly most esteem'd. Prepare therefore to purchase the Happiness which is offer'd you, and to purchase it at the Peril of your Life. It is well-known that you don't want Courage, and if Fortune is of your side, as Love is, you will not be unhappy.

ZARA

ZARA deliver'd this Billet to an Eunuch she plac'd the greatest Confidence in. She had divers of them for the like Errands, whose Fidelity she purchas'd with good Sums of ready Money. She therefore took Care to instruct This in every Thing he had to do, and above all Things she recommended Secrecy to him. But what Reliance is there on the Faith of People, who are always for the highest Bidder? *Zara's* Pay was not comparable to that of the *Aga*; and this Eunuch proving to be one of his Pensioners, without any Hesitation carry'd him this Billet, for which he hop'd to be duly recompenced. *Osman* receiv'd it as the most agreeable Present cou'd be made him, and immediately retir'd into his Closet, impatient to see what it contain'd; he open'd it, knew the Hand, and read it several Times over, with all the Pleasure an Idea of Revenge can afford, when one is in the Way of being Master of the Life or Reputation of an Enemy.

IT was some time before he cou'd come to a Resolution what was to be done; to copy the Billet only, was doing nothing; it is easy to disown what is not written in one's own Hand; and to keep it was to stop the Course of an Affair, which that it might be of Moment, and have its proper Consequences, ought to go further. In fine, having duly weigh'd every Thing, he concluded that the best way would be to keep the Original by him, after having taken a Copy of it, which he caus'd to be done by a Woman, and then sent it to *Rajep*; who not knowing either the Character, or the Person that writ to him, cou'd not fail of falling into the Snare which was laid for him. The faithful Messenger pursu'd his Errand; found *Rajep* at home, and presented the Billet to him. The Gallant, extremely pleas'd, and even proud of the Honour that was done him, would have been glad to have gone that Moment, to see what was requir'd of him. But his Hour was not yet come, He cou'd not imagine who the Lady shou'd be, that had so great a Liking for his Person. He guess'd at a great many. But this Eunuch belong'd to the Seraglio, and in
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all likelihood the Billet ought to come from thence, and yet he knew no Body there. He cou'd never have imagin'd that *Hattigé* was the Person that was touch'd; she being the proudest, as well as the finest Woman in the Kingdom, and withal, the King's Favourite. His Curiosity wou'd have prompted him to have ask'd the Question of the Eunuch, had he not been afraid of marring all by being too inquisitive, as it frequently happens in the like Conjectures. He therefore contented himself with asking him a few Questions, to see whether he had any Thing else to say to him; and finding by his Replies, that the Billet was all he had to hope for that Time, he dismiss'd him with this Answer in Writing.

NOTHING is difficult to me, when a Lady is in the Case. It is the Duty of a Man of Honour to seek to oblige the Sex, and so particularly is it agreeable to me, that Life itself is of no Weight in Competition wth it. Guess, Madam, at my Impatience. Let me but be inform'd of the Way I am to take, and no Obstacles shall prevent me in the Course. I am on a Rack, till I have made the Attempt; and if Fortune does as she ought, I shall soon be where Love desires me.

THE Eunuch did not go from *Rajep*, without being well pay'd for the Pains he had taken to betray him: He presented him with a fine Diamond, in Acknowledgment whereof this honest Agent went and carry'd his Billet to the *Aga*, who, ravish'd to see what he coveted succeed so well, caus'd a Copy to be taken thereof, as he had of the other, and sent it to *Hattigé*.

THE Joy of the amorous Lady was so great at the Return of the Eunuch, and especially when she had read *Rajep's* Answer, that the whole Seraglio was sensible of it. She embraced a thousand Times her dear *Zara*; and there was not, even to the very Eunuch, any Body but who partook of her Caresses, and Liberality too. The next Day her Impatience prompted her to write another Billet; and the same Eunuch, who had faithfully serv'd them before, was employ'd in this second Message. He carry'd that like-

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wife to the *Aga*, who receiv'd it with the same Joy he had done the first; and having open'd it he found these Words.

ONE need but see you, to be persuaded of your Gallantry; and that one runs no Risque in being concern'd with you. Make your Advantage of the good Opinion you inspire; do as the Moor shall direct you, and you will soon have Occasion to return Thanks to Love.

OSMAN, after he had read this Billet, ask'd the Eunuch the Particulars of this last Embassy, and he was inform'd by him, that he carry'd to *Rajep* the Articles of a nocturnal Meeting; the Hour, and the Manner how this Gallant was to be introduced. He caus'd a Copy to be made of this Billet by the same Hand that copy'd the others; and then let the *Moor* pursue the Execution of his Commission. *Rajep*, who did not expect his good Fortune should travel at so great a Rate, took it kindly of his unknown Beauty, that she sav'd him a great deal of Uneasiness, and return'd an Answer conceiv'd in the Terms following.

WHATEVER you may have observ'd in me, Madam, I have not Vanity enough to believe I have deserv'd the Favour you are pleas'd to do me. I owe it intirely to your Bounty; and if I have any Thing worthy of it, it is the extreme Passion I feel for you. It is such that it wou'd have kill'd me, had you delay'd any longer to grant me the Happiness of seeing you. I shall punctually obey my Orders; and if I fail of Success, it shall not be for want of Love, but Fortune, which ought to be on my side, if it favours the most Zealous, as well as the most Courageous.

THE *Aga* was very well pleas'd to have this Billet likewise, which he caus'd also to be copy'd; and he order'd the Eunuch to come and acquaint him, as soon as *Rajep* shou'd have enter'd the Seraglio; which he did very punctually. It was one a Clock in the Morning when he came to give him Advice thereof. The Hour was a little unseasonable to carry it to the King; but the Opportunity was too delicate to be neglected. The King, much surpriz'd to see him enter his Chamber, said, What *Osman*, not yet in Bed? These are Hours fit only for happy Lovers.

Who

Who knows, reply'd the *Aga*, but that some Love-Affair has brought me hither? You come too late, said the King; and I have already sav'd so deliciously, that I wou'd not rise to any other Banquet. Hear me, continu'd he, perceiving *Osman* had a mighty Desire to interrupt him, and let me relate to you one part of the Pleasure I have enjoy'd this Night, and which I shou'd not relish perfectly, if I did not communicate it to you. Know then that *Hattigé*, whom, in spite of all the Hatred you bear her, you must acknowledge to be one of the most beautiful Women you ever saw, has of late been so strangely oppress'd with Melancholy, that nothing we cou'd think on has been able to divert her. I have ask'd her a thousand Times with the greatest Importunity the Cause of it, but cou'd never prevail with her to disclose it to me. Insomuch that I believe the Mortification and Grief her Tears had reduced me to, began to endanger my Life; When To-day, more charming to my Eyes, and more beautiful than ever, tho' there appear'd still in her Face a languishing Wanness, which sufficiently discover'd her Heart was not at Ease; taking Pity of the Condition she saw me in, My Lord, said she, embracing me with an extreme Tenderness, I plainly see what you suffer for my Sake; if my own Life was only concern'd, I could die a thousand times, before I wou'd disclose to you what it is that so much afflicts me: but fearing lest your Health, which is much more dear to me, shou'd be in Danger thereby, I can no longer conceal from you the Subject of my Uneasiness. I must tell you then, that it has all proceeded only from a Deam I had some time since, and which left so strong an Impression on my Mind, that all I cou'd do has not been able to blot out the *Idea* thereof. Here she stop'd, being interrupted by the Vehemency of her Sighs and Tears, from which she could not refrain, till I press'd her with more Vehemence than ever to proceed: Alas, continu'd she sighing, shall I not myself, by relating it, contribute to the Accomplishment of so fatal a Prediction? I dreamt, my Lord, that I saw you in the Arms of *Roukia*, the Wife of your chief

chief Gardener, without being able either by my Tears or Reproaches to force you from them. Will you be so false, and perfidious? Will nothing divert the cruel Stroke with which Heaven threatens me? Be so bountiful as to bestow Death on me, rather than let me live to see that fatal Day. Here her Grief seiz'd her again with greater Force than ever, and she almost fainted away in my Arms. Thou may'st believe, dear *Osman*, that I said all I cou'd think of to bring her to her self, and to fortify her against the Impressions of a Dream, which thou knowest has not the least likelihood of a Truth. I have many Times heard *Roskia* mention'd in Discourse; but how great soever the Report of her Beauty has been, and whatever has been said to me in Commendation of it, I never had Curiosity enough to see her, because I was fully satisfy'd with the lovely *Hattigé*, for whom I was always willing to preserve myself intirely. But to conclude, thou must know, that I have so well succeeded with her, by dint of passionate Vows and Arguments, that at last I have undeceiv'd her, and cur'd her intirely of all those false Suspicions of Perfidiousness which she had entertain'd of me: Her former Gayety is return'd, and our first mutual Transports: I left her this Night later than ordinary, and indeed more in Love with her than ever. I am but just come from her, and to speak the Truth I had much ado to leave her. One Minute more, was the Word every time she saw me upon the Point of going; one Moment drew on another, and every last Moment was the most rapturous and transporting. I shou'd never have done, was I to tell thee all that has past; and thou know'st there are some Mysteries in Love which are not to be reveal'd. But tell me, was ever any Woman so strongly alarm'd at a Dream? How fervent must her Love be, who has endur'd so much, and so long, without daring to unbosom herself to me? It is true, my Lord, answer'd the *Aga* with a serious Air, what you tell me may very well surprize me, but not perhaps after the manner you imagine. Give me leave to tell you, that a Man for whom I have an extreme Respect,

Respect, and even the utmost Veneration, happening, like you, to be passionately in Love, made me one Day the Confident of some Moments of Pleasure that had pass'd between him and his Mistress; he told me she had feasted him with whatever the most tender and transporting Love could communicate of soft and alluring, and that he did not believe there was in the World a more happy Lover, nor a more sincere as well as beautiful Mistress. How much wou'd you be deceiv'd, said I to him, if all these mighty Transports of Love and Tenderness are no better than a Poison prepar'd to lull you asleep, whilst this sincere and beautiful Mistress is revelling in the Arms of another? My Lord, continu'd the *Aga*, there was nothing so true as what I told him. That Man might, if he had so pleas'd, have been an Eye-witness of what I said. I cou'd have shewn him his Mistress prostituting herself, to a Man as much beneath him, as 'tis possible for a Subject to be below his Sovereign. *Osman*, *Osman*, reply'd the King, you shall not make me jealous. I will allow, continu'd he looking at him with a great Attention, that what you say may have happen'd, For Women are frail and perfidious by Nature: but what is all this to my *Hattigé*, I am but too well satisfy'd, that her Heart has no Desires but what center in me. And yet it is of you, my Lord, said the *Aga*, that I now speak; and since I ought to let my Sovereign know every Thing that concerns his Honour, you yourself are injur'd in the manner I have been just describing. *Hattigé*, the charming *Hattigé* who adores you, and whom you love so passionately, is betraying you this very Moment. The King quite amaz'd at so bold an Accusation, fixing his Eyes sternly on the *Aga*; While your Invectives, *Osman*, said he, made free only with the Pride or excessive Expences of *Hattigé*, I heard them patiently, because in Reality there was something true in what you charged her with; but her Reputation being here concern'd, in which my own is so much interest'd, I shou'd judge you to be very criminal, if you attack'd her without being able to convict her.

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her. The *Aga* remain'd silent, and suffer'd the King to pursue his Discourse, which he did in this manner. It is now near three Years since I first became acquainted with *Hattigé*, in which time you ought to know her better than any one. If there was a Man in this Kingdom greater, or but as great as myself, I might perhaps apprehend some such Thing. I say, perhaps, because I very much question even then, whether she wou'd betray me for another. But being proud to that Degree she is, that she shou'd ever stoop to any Thing below myself, is what I shall never believe, till you make me see it with my own Eyes. Don't I see, added he, how she treats every Body, and that she is the most ambitious Woman upon the Earth? 'Tis most certain that she loves me; but I am perswaded she wou'd still love me more, cou'd I any way attain to be greater than I am, because nothing but Grandure can fill her haughty Soul. I knew very well, my Lord, reply'd the *Aga*, that being prepossess'd as you are, or rather bewitch'd with this Woman, whatever I cou'd say to you would not make the least Impression upon you. Don't believe it, if you please, because I say it, but come and behold the Truth of it with your own Eyes. And what will you show me, cry'd the King quite transported, when I tell you that I am just come from her Apartment, and that I have but this Moment left her? Well, my Lord, reply'd the *Aga*, all that you say is true; but it is no less so, that if you please, you shall find her in her Chamber with another: Do but give yourself the Trouble of going thither. Ah! I am quite out of Patience, said the incredulous Prince; But, *Osman*, do you know to what Degree I shall resent it, if you are not able to convict her of the Crime you lay to her Charge? I am sure of what I say, reply'd the *Aga* without the least Concern, and I am not at all afraid of your Indignation, since I am able to make good what I have offer'd. Hereupon the King taking his Turban and Sabre with him, went strait to the Seraglio with *Osman*, whom he held by the Hand, as if he was afraid lest he should make his Escape.

scape. It is here, said he to him, going in, that the Scene you have promis'd is to be transacted, but take heed that you do not make yourself the Catastrophe of the Tragedy. The *Aga* reply'd, it was a Matter of Fact, which wou'd soon be made plain and evident. The King, who saw him go on with so resolute an Air, and with I know not what Cheerfulness in his Countenance, like that of a Man who was preparing for some great Triumph, tho' he did not believe him altogether, yet began to fear there might be something in it. And what made him still the more apprehensive, was that he knew *Osman* to be a Man of good Sense, little subject to Mistakes, and one who would not rashly embark in such an Enterprize, without knowing very well what he was about; so that he knew not what to think of it. He would not for any thing give him such an Advantage over his Mistress, especially after the Boasts he had been making of her; so that he was thinking how to divert the Discovery, in case she was criminal; that is to say, from the Time they had enter'd the Seraglio, till they were at the very Door of *Hattigé's* Apartment, where the whole Scene was to be open'd, he seem'd no longer to know whither he was going, nor what he was about. His Guide (who was so jealous of his Honour, and impatient to let him see his own Shame) was forced to push him forward, and to admonish him that there was no Time to be lost, if he would be truly convinced of the Affront that was done him, and that if he loiter'd any longer, the whole Seraglio would know of their being there. The King did not hear him, or at least made as if he did not. He trifled away the Time in Precautions which were of no use, in causing some Gates to be shut, for which there was no Occasion, and yet cou'd not be done without making a great Noise; in placing Guards, where there was no need of any; in calling People, that he might be heard; in fine, in making the *Aga* stark mad, who in vain represented to him that he ought not to stop at all, but go directly into *Hattigé's* Apartment. He advanced

vanced one Step, and went back two. In fine, he acted so well, that the Gallant got the Wind of his being come, and had Time enough to make his Escape; insomuch that when they came where the Lady was, they found the Bird was flown, and could perceive no other Marks of the amorous Treachery, than a Dress something extraordinary, and very different from that the King had left her in, which was Evidence enough for any other Lover, less blinded with his Passion than he was. The ingenious *Hatigé* soon found out Pretexts to excuse those Appearances, which seem'd to accuse her of some nocturnal Intrigue; and being willing to be before-hand on that Subject with the Monarch, she told him that she had been so pleas'd with him that Night, that having a Mind to charm him the next Day, more than ever, she made a Tryal of some new Ornaments, and that he was come the most opportunely that cou'd be, to see the Effect thereof: That nevertheless so unforeseen a Return and so extraordinary a Visit surpriz'd her a little, and that of Necessity, either the Passion he had for her must have increas'd very much on a sudden, or else there must be some weighty and pressing Reasons, which she could not guess at, and which abated something of the Pleasure she had of seeing him a second Time. The King, somewhat perplex'd in his Soul at what he saw, made her an Answer cool enough, as if he was not fully satisfy'd with this Excuse, shewing in his Mein, that he took some Umbrage at the magnificent Dress he found her in; but yet he did not dare to condemn her, not thinking he had a sufficient Ground so to do. *Osman* was all this while nettled to the quick for having miss'd the Opportunity through the King's Insensibility; he sat fretting himself even to Madness in a Room adjoyning, and vented his Passion in Imprecations against the Weakness of his Master, and loaded him with all the injurious Names he could think of.

THE good Prince, who cou'd not resist the ingaging ways of his bewitching Mistress, quickly yielded to what-

ever she pleas'd: But what almost surpasses all Belief, is, that he had the Weakness to acquaint her with the Subject of his coming, and all that the *Aga* had been telling him of her. Hereupon the Lady burst into a Torrent of Tears, tore her Hair off by Handfuls, rent her Cloaths and Veils to Pieces, and gave way to a thousand Transports and Indications of the utmost Despair; insomuch that the King, to appease her, was forced to ask her Pardon more than once. *Osman* was ignorant of all that had pass'd between them, when he saw his Master enter the Room where he was, desiring him, with Tears in his Eyes, to go, if he lov'd him, and make some honourable Reparation to the innocent *Hattigé*. The Height of Indignation into which this Proposal had put him, had like to have made him forfeit the Respect he ow'd him; and seeing him still persist with Obstinacy to exact from him so unjust a Condescension, and so unworthy a Man in his Post, he produced the four Billets, which he had brought along with him for his Justification upon Necessity, and which were convincing Proofs of what he had advanced; and shewing them to his Majesty, he ask'd him, if he knew *Hattigé's* Hand. This done, he desir'd leave to retire; which the King readily granted him, more out of the Shame he had of not knowing what Answer to make him, than for any other Reason he had to get rid of him. Into what Astonishment did these Billets cast the poor Monarch! He walk'd up and down the Room by himself, and suffer'd strange Agonies in his Heart.

M Y Mistress, surpriz'd that the King was so long a coming, was afraid lest the *Aga* shou'd spoil all again, and therefore resolv'd to go herself and see what was the matter. She found him in a deep Study; and drawing near him, with that alluring Air wherewith she charm'd him whenever she pleas'd, What more has happen'd, said she, that you treat me with so much Cruelty? Is it not some new Contrivance of the *Aga*? His Malice has no Bounds. Oh Heaven! How unhappy am I, continu'd she, bathing his

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Face with her Tears, to see you so easily prevail'd upon, as to credit the most horrible Calumnies that Wretch can devise? At these Words she let herself fall into his Arms, as half dead, and so soften'd the Heart of the deluded Monarch, by her languishing Action, that he cou'd not forbear being surpriz'd at it himself: Embracing her with an unparallel'd Tendernefs, he conducted her to her Bed, begging her, with Tears in his Eyes, to recover herself, unless she was resolv'd that he shou'd die with her.

ALL this Excess of Tendernefs was not capable of giving Comfort to the afflicted Lady. She must needs know what the Traitor (speaking of the *Aga*) had further said against her, protesting that she wou'd never cease from her Tears, till he had declared all to her, and she had justify'd herself from all the villainous Calumnies he had contriv'd to ruin her. The excessively-good-natur'd Prince had some Reluctancy to shew her the Billets, distrusting without doubt her being able to clear herself perfectly. Nevertheless the earnest Desire he had to believe her innocent, made him deliver them into her Hands, telling her at the same Time, that he was certain it was a new Imposture, and that he knew very well, that it was very practicable to counterfeit Hands to a Nicety. She took these Billets, and read some part of them with terrible Exclamations: O Heaven! cry'd she, is it possible for the Malice of Man to rise to such a Height? Well, my Lord, continu'd she, you plainly see, that nothing is omitted to make me lose your Favour; but will you suffer so heinous a Crime to go unpunish'd? If you don't revenge the Injury that is done to my Innocence, I declare to you, that even to-morrow I will cause a *Maraboug* to be made, and bury myself alive therein. It is but too evident, that you have not the least Compassion for a Woman who has forsaken all for you, and sacrificed every thing to her Passion for you. A Favourite! a profligate Wretch, whose Ambition and evil Mind, you know, abuses your Goodness; and not contented to make you do whatever he pleases, he further seeks

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to make you believe of me the strangest and most impossible Things in the World.

EVERY Word she utter'd, was interrupted with Sobs. The King did all he cou'd to appease her, but nothing wou'd do till she had his Promise that she shou'd have her Revenge.

THE Day following the *Aga* appearing in the King's *Levéé*, was receiv'd after an extraordinary Manner: He made him very sharp Reproaches, and in the Conclusion banish'd him, forbidding him to present himself before him till he was sent for. *Osman* cou'd have justify'd himself, if he had thought fit, by producing the *Moor*; but after so severe and unjust a Treatment, he wou'd not give himself that Trouble, and so retir'd without any Reply.

IF this Disgrace of the chief Favourite was a Surprise to some, it was a Matter of Triumph to many others; my Mistress especially, having now no dangerous Enemy about the King, but only such as she even despis'd, rely'd so much on the Blindness of the good Prince, whom she had so well lull'd to sleep, that she thought she might give a full Loose to her amorous Inclinations. All her Uneasiness was how to discover, by what means the *Aga* had got those Billets. She had no Reason to suspect *Rajep*; besides that he was a Man of too much Honour to be guilty of so foul a Treachery, their Interest therein was too much united, and the Point was too nice to admit of any Reason to doubt of his Fidelity. She rather suspected the Eunuch, who had carry'd on the Intrigue. She caus'd him therefore to be sought after by *Zara*, but no Tidings cou'd be had of him; and his Absence sufficiently confirm'd her in her Suspicions. *Hattigé* therefore recommended to her Confident to be more cautious for the future, in the Choice of those who were to be employ'd in Services of so nice a Nature.

HOWEVER the King was too amorous, not to be a little jealous. Those Billets ran in his Mind perpetually; and having had the Leisure to examine, by himself, all the Circumstances of the Adventures, he was for some Days very restless and pensive. At last he took up a Resolution of being

ing himself a Spy upon the Actions and Conduct of his Mistress, as the only Means to remove from his Thoughts all those cruel Distrusts which kept him constantly on the Rack, or else by ocular Demonstration to cure him of the Passion he had for her; and in order thereunto he bethought himself of a Stratagem, which perhaps succeeded beyond his Wishes.

HE was at Liberty to enter into the Seraglio when and at what Hour he pleas'd, thro' private Doors of which he alone had the Keys, as well as the sole Privilege thereof. The Day on which he resolv'd to execute this Design, he pass'd almost intirely with *Hattigé*; and his Cheerfulness, and the Tokens he gave her of his Tenderness, made this Beauty believe, that he was the Man in the World the most satisfy'd, and the most at ease in Reference to her Fidelity. She had however, that very Day, given an Assignment to *Rajep*; and she us'd some Violence to herself, that she might not, thro' want of Presence of Mind, give the King (who did not leave her till it was very late) the least Suspicion that his Over-Affiduity made her uneasy.

THE Prince, at his Departure from *Hattigé*, went into his own Chamber, and put on the Habit of a *Bedouïne* (so they call the *Morefque* Women of the Mountains, of whom there is commonly good Store in the Seraglio.) Thus disguis'd, he convey'd himself into the Seraglio without Noise or Retinue, and placed himself directly against the Door of his Mistress's Apartment.

AT one End of the said Gallery was a Lamp which illuminated the Place all the Night long, and which, by the Distance it was at, gave but a little Light on that side where the King was posted. He had been but a few Moments upon Duty, when he discover'd the Enemy, whom he did not think it fit to challenge, but rather chose to let them approach nearer. It was *Zara* herself, who conducted another *Bedouïne*, whom the King, possess'd with his Suspicions, did not look upon to be a real Woman. And, to speak the Truth, the Stature and Gait sufficiently verifi'd his Con-
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jectures.

Lectures. *Zara* came to the Door, without taking any Notice of the Centinel that was there, and turning to the *Bedouine* she was introducing, she bid her wait a little, till she had Orders from her Mistress to lead her in. The King had then leisure to examine this *Bedouine* from Head to Foot; but she unluckily turning towards him, perceiv'd something which bore a human Figure. As she was enter'd alone into the Enemy's Country, she thought it not safe to leave any Thing behind her, without taking a narrow View of it, and therefore drew nearer, the better to examine what it was. Fortune, who commonly favours those whom Love exposes, order'd it so that one End of the Covering, in which the King had wrap'd himself, became loose, without his being sensible of it, and expos'd to the View of the curious *Bedouine*, one half of a Sabre with Vermilion Plates, which in the little Light there was gave Lustre enough, to warn her that it cou'd not be very safe for her to venture there. She did not slight the Admonition; and taking her Measures thereupon, she gently gain'd the End of the Gallery, then the Stair-Case by which she came, and at last the happy Out-parts, blessing her Stars for the Escape she had made, being fully persuaded that the Sabre she had seen threaten'd nothing less than Death.

THE King, who did not think he had given her the least Suspicion, did not take her Procedure for a real Flight. He got up, and wou'd needs go see what was become of her; when *Zara* came back, and taking him for her she had left at the Door, whisper'd him softly in the Ear, that he might go in, and be sure to be receiv'd with open Arms. The King, well satisfy'd with the Mistake, suffer'd himself to be conducted by a Way which he knew better than any Body. He was no sooner enter'd *Hattigé's* Chamber, than she flung her Arms about his Neck, hugging him with all the Eagerness of an amorous Woman. My dear *Rajep*, said she to him, what Joy do I feel to see thee, after having pass'd the whole Day with a King, with whom the very Moments themselves are Torments; the Tedioufness o
which

which thou must make Amends for, by a thousand Transports of Love. This Beginning cou'd not be very agreeable to our enamour'd Monarch, but he suffer'd these Carresses with a Patience worthy himself, and did not stir from under his Disguise. The Lady, who was in more haste than he, cou'd not bear the least Delay; and her Desires, which were stronger than her Modesty, putting her into an enchanting Anger at the Coolness of this insensible Lover, she made him a thousand Reproaches, and was for snatching off his Veil, his Coverture, and the rest of his Attire. Why, *Rajep*, said she to him, with an amorous Indignation, dost thou wait till I intreat thee to pull off the Mask? Hast thou so little Desire to see me, and to embrace me? and the Time which thou purchasest at the Peril of thy own Life and mine, is it so little valuable to thee, that thou can'st endure to lose one single Moment of it? *Zara* join'd her Efforts to those of her Mistress, to undress the false *Bedouine*, and she was also the first that perceiv'd their Error, and betook herself to her Heels, with a Shriek which put *Hattigé* into a terrible Fright, till at length finding her Mistake she fell into a Swoon, which prov'd very seasonable to her; for in the first Motion of his Rage, the transported Monarch might have offer'd some Violence to her, which wou'd have been unworthy of him. But now beholding her half dead at his Feet, tho' there was as much of Art as Reality in her Disorder, all his Fury vanish'd, and gave way to a tender Compassion, which made him sensible, even against his Will, that how ungrateful and false soever she was to him, he cou'd not forbear loving her. He call'd the Slaves of the Apartment, and made them lay her on a Bed. He wou'd have upbraided her with her Infidelity, but finding it was impossible to look on her without feeling his Weakness stronger than his Resentment, he withdrew.

THE Day following he recall'd *Osman*, and gave him the most favourable Reception, to repair, in some measure, the Injustice he had done him. He told him, he was but too much convinced of the ill Conduct of *Hattigé*, whom

he loaded with all the Injuries he cou'd at that Time think of; protesting before Heav'n, that for the Time to come he wou'd treat her like the last, as well as worst of Women. The *Aga*, who was a refin'd Courtier, and knew very well what an amorous Relapse was, and was otherwise sensible of the Inclination of his Prince, said nothing either for or against his Resolution; but only 'begg'd' he would be persuaded, that he had not in his whole Kingdom a more faithful Subject than himself, nor more zealous for his Glory and Honour: But that it was to be fear'd, that if he saw this Woman again, he wou'd fall into his first Enchantment.

AS for *Rajep*, an Order was issu'd out to seek after him, and apprehend him. *Moharen* (that was the Name of the great Gardener, who had no other Heir than his dear Nephew) being inform'd of what had pass'd in the Seraglio, and of the Order that was publish'd against *Rajep*, run presently, and flung himself at the King's Feet, who at first repuls'd him; but the Friends he had at Court mitigated a little his Anger, and prevail'd with the King to change his Sentence of Death, which he had already pass'd upon his Nephew, into a perpetual Banishment.

MY Mistress, for the first, second and third Day after her Disgrace, did not see the King. This was a long Time for an amorous Prince, who had accusom'd himself to see her almost every Hour. However she had her Friends, who were continually representing to the King, the deplorable Condition, to which the Grief she had for her Crime had reduced her. In fine, on the fourth Day, *Osman's* Prophecy was fulfill'd. The King, soften'd by all these sorrowful Relations, sigh'd, was wavering for some Time, and at last yielded to the irresistible Inclination of his Heart; he set forward towards her Apartment, cloaking, with the Pretext of Revenge, the Shame he had for so unworthy a Return, after the Noise he had himself made of the Treachery of this Woman. He said, to excuse himself, that he only went to take away the Jewels he had given her, because she was not worthy to wear any Thing, that came from

from him. The *Aga*, who knew him, and saw, better than any Body, what wou'd be the Consequence of this Visit, was for putting him off by a dexterous Wile; he therefore took the Lady's Part, and told him that it wou'd not become a generous Heart, like his, to repent of any Liberality he had bestow'd, especially on the Ladies; but if he had only a Mind to make her afraid of it, as he did not doubt was his Design, he thought it wou'd be enough to send some Body to her, without doing her the Honour of going himself in Person. The Counsel was good, but not to be relish'd by a Lover, who eagerly sought after that, of which the other endeavour'd to make him afraid. He therefore reply'd, That he knew what he did, and that in some sort of Affairs he took no Body's Advice, but follow'd his own Directions. The *Aga*, from that Moment, judg'd that all was lost, and that the King was going to plunge himself deeper than ever into his first Passion. He shrugg'd up his Shoulders thereat, and retir'd, not being willing to be Witness of an Action, the Guilt whereof he fear'd wou'd be laid at his Door, shou'd he be present thereat. The King was not concern'd at his Departure, for he naturally fear'd him, and perhaps Things had taken another Turn, if the *Aga* had been there. He came then to *Hattigé's* Apartment, where immediately, without staying till she was acquainted with his Arrival, or till the Keys of the Closet where her Jewels lay were brought to him, he caus'd the Door to be broke open: He went in; and finding the little Box where they were, open, he stood looking at them, as if he had a Mind to give Time to his perfidious Mistress to come and appease his Anger. She came indeed, and then he try'd to counterfeit the Man of Passion. But she presently flung herself at his Feet, with her Hair hanging loose, and quite dishevell'd, and embraced his Knees after so tender and moving a Manner, that he was not able to resist it. He lifted her up, and they remain'd some Time in the Closet. The Circumstances of their Reconciliation are not to be told; only I know the King did not

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take away her Jewels, but returning to visit her about two Hours after, he made her new Presents.

IN fine, this Reconciliation grew by Degrees so firm and strong, that the amorous Prince visited *Hattigé* more than ever, and seem'd to have quite forgot, not only all that he had said of her, but even all that had pass'd before his Eyes. The World spoke of it but very little to his Advantage, as you may believe. The *Aga* was the only Person that said nothing; he saw there was no Remedy, that the Prince's Malady was incurable, and he was resolv'd not to ruin his Fortune, to serve him against his Will; entertaining some Hopes, that the Lady's own Indiscretion would one Day prompt her to ruin herself irretrievably.

HATTIGE, who was now in greater Favour than ever, easily obtain'd *Zara's* Pardon; and out of a Taste of Gallantry, of which the King gave her a greater Thirst, she employ'd afresh this Slave, to find out some Person who might help her to break the Oaths of Fidelity she had just before been taking to the King.

ON the other side, the King, who, since the manifest Infidelities *Hattigé* had been guilty of, began to love her less, was seeking out for some new Engagement; and it prov'd to be *Roukin*, according to *Hattigé's* Prediction, who compass'd his Liberty. I can safely say, that his Inclination was form'd after a very surprizing manner, and which perhaps has no Example throughout the whole Empire of Love.

IT was about the Declension of the Day, when the King, being upon a Terrace in the Garden of the Seraglio, which had a Prospect into that of the great Gardiner, saw *Roukin* thro' some Trees in an Attitude you may more easily guess at than I describe. The Beauty and delicate Whiteness of this charming Woman's Skin, set off with the Rays of the Sun, so bewitch'd the Monarch's Eyes, that he found himself utterly lost in Love at the Sight of what would hardly have affected any Body else. He did all
he

he could to see more ; but the God of Love would not permit it, he was resolv'd to leave all the Glory of his Conquest to that victorious Part only,

THE very next Day a Messenger of Gallantry was sent with a Billet to *Roukia*, couch'd in Terms suitable to the Occasion, and ending, as I remember, in these Words:

THE Morelque Woman, from whom you will receive this Billet, will inform you of what you are to do. Adieu.

IT is after this manner that our Kings make a Declaration of their Love. They never sigh in vain. They have no more to do than to say, *I Love you and such is my Will*: and the Business is done. The Women esteem it a Duty incumbent on them to obey 'em in the Point of Love, as the Men do in Affairs of State. *Roukia* full of Good-will, as upon that Head are all the Women of our Country, did not trouble herself to examine the Circumstances the King mention'd to her in his Letter; but quite raptur'd with the Honour he did her, she sent him this Answer in Writing.

MY Lord, as you are Master of our Lives, you are likewise Master of our Hearts, you shall never find any thing in me, but what, in Reference to you, shall be always full of Respect, and Obedience. Your Desires are Laws to me ; and I shall never find any Difficulty, in the most difficult Things in the World, when they are your Commands. I shall do what the Morelque Woman told me. You must only remember to employ Moharen in some Affair or other ; every thing else will favour your Design ; and if you love me, as much as you say you do, you will save me some Part of the Torment an amorous Impatience causes, when one lives in Expectation. Adieu, My Lord.

THE King receiv'd this Answer, with all the Joy of a Lover, who was to be happy that Day. It seem'd tedious to him, because he was oblig'd to wait 'till Night to go to the Place he had appointed. His Mind was, all the rest of that Day, so taken up with his new Passion, and the Pleasures he promis'd himself therefrom, that he had not the least Thought of seeing *Hattigé*, which he seldom fail'd to
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do. He presently prepared a Commission to send *Moharen* out of Town; and Night being come, the King repair'd alone and without Noise to the Garden of the Seraglio, where the delightful Entertainment was to pass; and at the Hour prefix'd he let the beautiful *Roukia* in, by the Means of a Ladder which he had caus'd to be ready there for that Purpose.

THIS Interview was charming on both sides. The Night was clear enough not to deprive the King of the Sight of the admirable Stature of *Roukia*; and judging of the Features of her Face, by what he could discern thereof, he no way doubted but she was as perfect a Beauty as the World reported her to be. But what charm'd him most was her Wit, which the Lady, who had an infinite Stock thereof, display'd on all Occasions, to repair what the Night conceal'd of the Perfection of her Beauty. The King was quite transported, and, to speak the Truth, they did not stand upon Compliments. They presently proceeded to certain Familiarities, that would have made any Body believe they had been long acquainted. That is what Kings have among many other Privileges, for they make a greater Progress in one Day, than other Men do in a Month.

ROUKIA, full of the Glory of the Rank to which the Honour the King did her was going to raise her, did the utmost that lay in her Power to deserve it, and succeeded wonderfully well therein; for she gain'd all his Esteem, at the same time that she engross'd his Heart. She said a thousand pretty things to him, which even raptur'd him, and made him (in a very obliging manner for her) break into a thousand Complaints against the God of Love, that he had been so long in letting him know the Woman of the whole Kingdom, who best deserv'd his Care and Affection. They had retir'd themselves (tho' it did not rain) into a Grotto, which was very convenient for much such another Conversation as that of *Eneas* and *Dido*, and they remain'd some Time without being interrupted by any Body. I shall not follow 'em thither, continu'd *Razie* smiling, or tell you what pass'd in that happy Place. If

you have ever been in Love, you'll easily guess at the Subject of their Conversation. The King was so well pleas'd wth it, that he resolv'd to pass the Remainder of the Night there, and fell asleep in the Arms of his Mistress.

BUT Love, who was employed in the same Garden, upon the same Mysteries, did not let him rest long. *Roukia* heard a Noise, and wak'd him, to acquaint him, that most certainly some Persons were there. At first he cou'd not easily believe it, because the Place was inaccessible to any Man but himself, and *Moharen* the great Gardiner; but as the King had sent him abroad, he was the Person he expected the least of any. He therefore listen'd more attentively, and was at last satisfy'd that he heard some Steps and Voices. He was willing, before he proceeded further, to know who were the bold Transgressors; for it was Death to enter, even in the Day time, into that Garden, without his Leave: But he was hardly got up, when he saw them approach, and just ready to enter the Grotto. It was a spacious Place, made on purpose to afford a cool Retreat from the Heat of the Sun in the Summer Season. In it were several Beds of Turf, the neatliest contriv'd that Fancy cou'd devise, and round about it were Pots of Jessamin, and Tuberoses, and other exquisite Flowers: In a Word, it was a Place design'd for the King's Pleasure. It appear'd plainly, by the manner of the new Comers, that they were acquainted with it. They chose a Place not far from that where the King was, but it was so dark, that it was impossible to see one the other. He let 'em seat themselves as they pleas'd. He took Notice at their first Entrance, that there were two of them; but cou'd not discern, whether they were Men or Women; 'till one of 'em, whose Voice the King thought he had great Reason to know, said to the other, This is the most convenient Place in the World to laugh, and divert ourselves, at the Cost of my jealous Keeper. He has brought me hither frequently, to make me pass some Hours with him, which were mortifying enough. In short, it was *Hatigé* that spoke; at which the King was very much surprized,

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prized, nor cou'd he imagine by what means she got in this. But what surpriz'd him most, and was no less a Surprise to *Roukin*, was to hear the other's Answer, which made 'em both sensible, that it was *Moharen*. I must confess to you, Madam, that tho' he may not perhaps deserve to possess alone the Heart of so beautiful a Person, yet he is my Master; and nothing but the violent Passion I have for you cou'd make me capable of committing so base a Treachery. Nothing but your extraordinary Beauty can render it any way excusable, because it inspires Sentiments which it is impossible to resist. Yes, Madam, continu'd he fighting, I am sensible that let a Man pretend to ever so much Probity, yet Love, when supported by so charming a Person, is stronger than all the Ties of Honour and Duty.

IT's all a Jest, *Moharen*, reply'd *Hattigé*, to entertain these Scruples at present. I am false as well as you, but it does not in the least disturb me. Infidelity has its Charms for those who know how to use it opportunely. I have a Heart that will be its own Master, and love this Person for a-while, and then another, according as it finds itself inclin'd. How wretchedly miserable wou'd Men and Women be, if every Engagement were an absolute Sale of themselves; and it shou'd not be allow'd them to change, when a Surfeit or Inclination requir'd it? Without doubt they wou'd consider a little more maturely of it than they do, and very few wou'd embark in so rigid a State. It is a natural Prerogative of the Heart, to bestow, and resume itself again whenever it pleases; and unhappy is That which does not enjoy it. The Sentiments change like all other things; and Love as well as Nature is only charming in its Variety. As for Instance, *Moharen*, I am yours To-day; but in three or four Days, I won't answer, that I may not be some other Body's; and you wou'd be very unjust, if you shou'd exact from me a greater Fidelity, than that I observe to the King. No, certainly, Madam, answer'd *Moharen* laughing; and I shou'd, no doubt of it, be in the Wrong, if I blam'd in you this agreeable Inconstancy,
since

since it is to that I owe my own Happiness: But seriously speaking, wou'd you say as much to the King? You may believe, reply'd she, that I don't value myself upon these Maxims before him, not out of Fear, that he shou'd follow them; but to avoid giving him an ill Opinion of me. Were he of my Humour, I believe I shou'd love him the better for it; and perhaps I hate him only, because he loves me too constantly. I was willing to put him myself, one Day, upon committing an Infidelity to me, by telling him, that I had dream'd I saw him in the Arms of *Roukia* your Wife; because I knew she was a fine Woman, and that might possibly give him a Desire, or at least a Curiosity to see her. But my Art was of no Force against his obstinate Fidelity, and it serv'd only to procure me a thousand fresh Assurances of his Faith, and Tenderness. You did not oblige me very much, reply'd *Moharen*; therefore pray, Madam, when you are for the future reduced to have Recourse to Dreams, to deliver you from an importunate Lover, let it not be, at the Cost of your Friends. How! cou'd you take it amiss, reply'd *Hattigé*, that the King shou'd pay you what you lend him? Yes, most certainly, answer'd *Moharen*, because I don't lend him with a Desire to be repaid. Well then, reply'd she again, if He does not, Another may. I don't fear that, said *Moharen*, I know my Wife, and am fully perswaded that she is silly enough rather to suffer Death, than to dishonour Me in such a manner, tho' the King himself were the Person shou'd sollicite her to it. She every Day makes me terrible Reproaches, that I so much as suffer Slaves to enter her Chamber; and I dare affirm to you again, that she wou'd sooner chuse to die, than to be seen by any other Man than myself, even tho' it were the best Friend I had.

SO pleasant a Dialogue had various Effects in the Souls of our two Auditors: Sometimes they had a Mind to laugh, and sometimes to be angry. The King all the while held *Roukia* in his Arms, and squeez'd her Hand, when they talk'd of her, which she on her Part return'd, when they mention'd him. It is true, his Inclination for *Hattigé* was

was much abated, since the Treacheries she had play'd him; but still more, since the Love he entertain'd for *Roukia*. Nevertheless, it is a hard matter, even tho' one had quite forsaken a Mistress, to see her in the Arms of another, without some Motions of Spite and Jealousy, more especially when it is a Person whom one thinks beneath one. Now even setting the Crown aside, *Moharen* was not equal to the King, either in Vigour or a handsome Mein. He was not old indeed, but he was not so young as the King, nor near so beautiful. It is a kind of Unhappiness to Kings; at least to those who are nice in the Point of Love, that their Mistresses cannot change without degenerating.

NOTWITHSTANDING the King squeez'd the Hand of *Roukia* as he did, and laugh'd with her in a smother'd manner, yet he was enraged in his Soul at what he heard; and any other besides *Moharen*, of whom he reveng'd himself very agreeably, wou'd have instantly felt the terrible Effects of his Anger. As for *Roukia*, she wou'd have had her Share of Disquiet in this Adventure, had it not serv'd to promote her Interest with the King on the one side; and since on the other she paid her Husband in his own Coin, she thought, she had all the Reason in the World to be satisfy'd.

HOWEVER, as this new Couple of Lovers had their private Designs, and were not come into that Grotto merely to talk; the Scene was going to change: But the King had not the Complaisance, nor Patience, to be a Spectator to the very End of the Comedy; wherefore rising with great Fury and Noise; *Moharen*, said he, with a Voice able to make the most Resolute tremble, dost thou serve me after this manner? Is it thus that thou executest my Orders? It would be a hard Task enough, to give a lively Description of the Astonishment, Fear and Confusion, with which the great Gardiner and his Beauty were seiz'd, when they heard the King's Voice. *Moharen* flung himself immediately at his Feet, his Face upon the Ground, without being able for some time to utter a Word. And you false Wretch, continu'd the King, speaking to *Hattigé*, Creature without

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without Fidelity, or Honour; is it thus you pay me for the Obligations you have to me, for having made you what you are?

THE Invectives went farther; but, Sir, they wou'd be too tedious to be repeated. I shall therefore tell you in one Word, that the great Gardener having recover'd himself from his astonishing Fright, altho' he was not in less Apprehension of Death, did all he cou'd, not to excuse himself, for there was no room for it; but on the contrary, to cast all the Crime upon himself, in order to render *Hattigé* thereby less Guilty, and to save her, if he cou'd, by giving up himself a Sacrifice for her. The King made Answer, That he accepted of the Sacrifice, provided the Person he had with him approv'd thereof; and then he made *Roukia* show herself, who had not yet appear'd upon the Stage.

MOHAREN was one of those Husbands, who, notwithstanding they love their Wives very well, use sometimes to hunt upon other People's Grounds. He had been in Love with *Hattigé*, while she was still with the *Fanizary*; and the Choice the King had made of her for a Mistress, was so far from lessening his Passion, that it added Fewel to it; insomuch that he had address'd himself to *Zara*, whom he knew to be very well skill'd in her Trade, and had already serv'd him that Way. The Privilege he had, to go into the Garden of the Seraglio when he pleas'd, contributed very much to the obtaining the Mistresses it procur'd him: But as for *Hattigé*, he thought her then so hard to get Access to, that she had almost put him off of the Attempt, till the Disgrace of his Nephew, which was so far from deterring him, that it gave him fresh Courage to make a Tryal of what he had long'd to compass; and *Zara* having found an Opportunity to speak to him, the Matter was soon agreed upon. He did not imagine that his Wife was to be the Purchase of his Inclinations; and his Surprise, as well as Consternation, were much greater after he heard her Voice, than when he heard the
King's

King's. He knew not what to say, nor what to do; he saw himself pay'd in his own Coin, and therefore could have no Reason to complain, but vented his Rage in deep Sighs. The King in the mean time triumph'd, and being willing to augment his Despair, and to relish the Pleasure he took in loading him with Grief and Confusion; he made him give the Detail of this Intrigue with *Hattigé*; of the Means he had us'd to become acquainted with her, and how he had got her out of the Seraglio. This unfortunate Adventurer cou'd not refuse obeying him: He therefore inform'd him of the Passion he had for her several Years past, and which had reviv'd since the Adventure of his Nephew, which gave him to understand, that *Hattigé* was not insensible to Love: That *Zara* had been his Confident, and that that very Day being pitch'd upon for their Interview, (as one is apt to leave every Thing for Love, when one is deeply affected with that Passion,) he had not been able to pursue the Orders he had given him. As for the Manner of his getting her out of the Seraglio, he said it was through a Window of her Apartment which open'd upon the Garden, from whence he had let her down in a Wicker Basket. The King had the Curiosity to go and see this Machine, and he found it still in a Condition to reconvey up the Lady who had deserted it; But he put *Roukia* in her Stead, and made her worthy Husband draw her up in lieu of *Hattigé*, whom he gave to him in Exchange. It was a very great Favour the King did *Moharen*, and in my Opinion he could not have dealt more mildly with him.

ROUKIA thus took Possession not only of the King's Heart, but of the Apartment, and of all that *Hattigé* (who had taken nothing along with her) had of. most valuable. She comforted herself nevertheless for her Loss; and loving the Pleasure of Liberty, she would freely have given even more than what she lost, to get out of the Seraglio. But *Moharen*, whom the Example of the Precise *Roukia* had made wiser, did not keep her less confin'd; so
that

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that they soon had Disputes and Quarrels, and at last became weary each of the other. *Hattigé*, in order to get from him, took the Pretext of a Divine Revelation, to which the *Turks* have a great Deference, and said that God requir'd of her to make a Voyage to *Mecca*, or else her Sins wou'd never be forgiven her: This was a specious Cause enough to oblige *Moharen* to give into her Request, even if he had not had a Mind to get rid of her, as he really had. Infomuch that leaving the Care of her Conversion to God, he consented to her going this Pilgrimage. He sent her to *Tunis*, recommended her to *Mahomet Bashaw Bey*, his intimate Friend, and desir'd him to supply this beautiful Pilgrim with a Ship to carry her to *Alexandria*.

THIS, my Lord, pusu'd *Razie*, is the whole History of my Mistress. You see I have not spar'd her, in giving you a faithful Narrative of her Adventures, which you cou'd not learn better from any Person than from me, who have been always with her, ever since she first went into the Seraglio, but I never approv'd of her Conduct. It was for that Reason, that she kept every Thing from me, which however did not hinder me from penetrating into the very Bottom of it. It is most certain that was her Soul as beautiful as is her Body, nothing under the Heavens wou'd be more consummately perfect. She would charm you, Sir, were you to see her, and 'tis Pity that such a Man as the Captain of the other Ship shou'd be in Possession of her; she would be much better in your Hands. The Knight made Answer, that he had a Mind to serve her Mistress, but not with any Design of reaping any private Advantage therefrom; that he had been to seek for her out of that Motive, and that, if it was possible, he wou'd, the first fair Weather, give her and all those in her Vessel their Liberty, but that she must keep it a Secret, for fear, if his Friend should come to know his Intentions, he should obstruct their good Fortune. *Razie* astonish'd at so much Generosity in a *Maltese* Rover, (that sort of People not being us'd to treat those of her Nation over civilly)

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knew not what to think, and took for a Miracle both what she saw, and what she heard. She return'd her hearty Thanks to the Knight for the Favour he gave her Hopes of, after which she was carry'd back to her own Ship loaded with Provisions, at which the other Women were as much surpriz'd, as they had been ill us'd by the other Captain, whom they did not at first believe to be more inhuman than this.

THE Knight past that Night but indifferently, he did nothing but muse on the Adventures of this Lady; and notwithstanding the bad Character her Slave *Razie* had represented her under, he was young, and cou'd not forbear having a great desire to see her: But then, as she was so exquisite a Beauty, he was afraid the sight of her wou'd cost him dear, since he found that the bare Narrative of her History inspir'd him with Sentiments for her, which he felt already were not indifferent. Very few Knights of *Malta*, and especially at his Age, wou'd have had such Scruples. Curiosity at least, if not Love, wou'd have got the better of all other Considerations; but This, who was as Virtuous and Good, as he was Brave and Generous, esteem'd it his Duty, as a Man of Honour, to serve this Lady, without the least Hopes of any Return. However as he lov'd to do Things after a handsome Manner, he was resolv'd to speak once more to *Gourdan*, before he proceeded any further; and he was preparing to go and see him, when he saw him enter his Room, with a more than ordinary cheerful Countenance: Well, Knight, said he to him, how do you like your Company? I hope now you'll the more easily forgive what Love made me do. I excuse, answer'd the Knight, the Love one may have for a beautiful Lady, but I cannot excuse a Man who ill uses 'em as you do. I am more sorry for it, reply'd the *Corfaire*, than you can imagine; but you don't know, so well as I do, the Nature of the Women of this Country. They are capricious Creatures, whose Love is not to be gain'd but by Force, and ill Usage. It is a very bad Policy, and unworthy of a Man

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Man of Honour, reply'd the Knight : Believe me, added he, it wou'd be more consistent with your Honour to send her back in the Ship you took her in, than to offer the least Violence to her. He spoke these Words with such an Air, as made *Gourdan* redden, and remain silent. I know, continu'd he, that you will not follow my Advice, but I'll discharge my Duty in giving it you ; and I must further add, that if you have ever so little Consideration for me, you'll at least leave this poor Slave in the Liberty of loving you, or not loving you : For whatever you can say of the Nature of the Women of her Country, you plainly see, that the Method you take with her has not succeeded hitherto, but on the contrary has a quite different Effect from what you desire. She is no ordinary Woman, and so not to be reduced by Threats and ill Treatment to a Compliance : And even if you shou'd gain your Point, tell me, I pray, what Pleasure you cou'd have, that did not lessen the Character of a Man so much esteem'd in his Religion as you are.

GOURDAN imagin'd that the Knight, having heard of the extraordinary Beauty of this Woman, was become amorous of her, and that he spoke thus only to make him let go his Hold, and then to seize her himself. Wherefore turning towards him, All your Rhetorick, said he to the Knight laughing, shall do you no Service : I'll keep my beautiful *Turk* in spite of you ; and let her love me, or not love me, she shall not go out of my Ship. But Captain *Gourdan*, reply'd the Knight in a Tone somewhat cooler, is then this beautiful *Turk* so much yours, that you can dispose of her after this manner ? and have you a greater Right over her than I have ? It is not, continu'd he, that I have any Intention to take her from you : I have already told you my Opinion on that Head — I don't know, said the *Corsaire* interrupting him, what your Intentions or Sentiments are ; but my Life shall be sooner taken from me than this Woman ; and I shall look upon him to be my worst Enemy, who wou'd take upon him to make me quit her. The Knight wou'd not take any Notice of
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the Words of a Man whose small Portion of good Sense was disturb'd by Jealousy; he was for trying by gentle and reasonable Means to bring him to himself. What I ask of you, said he to him, is just and rational, and if you are my Friend, as you have often assur'd me you were, you won't refuse it me; if you do, you'll oblige me to seek the necessary Means to restore this Woman to her full Liberty. You will compass that Design but with the utmost Difficulty, reply'd the *Corfaire* in the greatest Rage; to bring such a Thing about, I must have to do with otherguess People than you. This was talking very big to such a Man as the Knight was, and more especially aboard his own Ship; but This having as much Moderation, as the Other had Brutality, he chose rather to let him go, than to offer any Insult to him, notwithstanding his Behaviour deserv'd it.

THEY did not visit one another after this Interview: The *Corfaire* distrusted the Knight, and watch'd his Prey. His Lieutenant in the mean time inform'd the Knight of all that pass'd, and offer'd to serve him in any Thing he shou'd desire of him; but the prudent Knight desir'd no other Service from him, but to take Care that a Billet he should cause to be writ to the beautiful Slave shou'd be deliver'd to her. The Lieutenant promis'd he wou'd, and *Razie* was sent for to that Purpose; because, that notwithstanding the Knight understood, and spoke the *Moresque* Language very well, yet he could not write it. She being come, she write the following Lines to her Mistress.

MADAM, a Man as Gallant and Genenous, as he who holds you in Captivity is Brutish and Ill-bred, has a Mind to set You at Liberty, and Us also: take Care therefore to be ready the first Wind that shall present, and fasten a Rope at the Window of your Cabin; that when Opportunity shall serve, you may have Advice thereof.

THIS Billet was seal'd, and carry'd secretly to Gourdan's Lieutenant, who immediately transmitted it to the beautiful Slave, by the Hands of the Eunuch, who was intirely

tirely devoted to him. This poor Woman receiv'd an unspeakable Joy at the agreeable News; but as she had never been over-fortunate, she did not dare to hope for so unexpected a Happiness. The rascally Pirate, for so it was she call'd him, had tormented her that Day more than ever; and she was resolv'd to fling herself into the Sea, if he came any more to her: So that this Billet in a manner restor'd Life to her; and she never had pray'd to *Mahomet* with so much Fervor, as she did now for a Wind, since from That she was to expect her Liberty. Let her fall into any Hands whatever, provided she got out of Those of this Brutish Captain, she thought she shou'd be too happy. In fine, one Night, when perhaps she least expected it; she saw a Man come in at her Window, who at first struck her with some Fear; but his handsome Mein soon gave her fresh Courage. It was the Knight. It is Time, Madam, said he to her with a low Voice, to free you from your Chains. The Weather is the most favourable that can be wish'd, for you to return to *Tunis*. Improve the Opportunity, and let me have the Satisfaction to have done a small Service to a Person, who, far from deserving so inhumane a Treatment, is worthy to be respected by the whole World. I can't resolve which had the greatest Effect over *Hattigé's* Heart, the News the Knight brought her, or the fine Qualities of his Person; but I know she spent some Time in looking at him, and that being touch'd with Gratitude for so considerable a Service, and embracing him to return him Thanks for the same, she had not one Word to say. He had surpriz'd her in Bed, and he was so powerfully charm'd with the consummate Beauty of her Face, that he was not less at a Loss for Speech than she. I know not, my Lord, said *Hattigé* to him, after having express'd by her Actions all the Acknowledgment imaginable, whether it be not Heav'n I am oblig'd to for the Relief you bring me; but this I'm sure of, that there are but few Men upon the Earth so generous, nor so handsome as you are. The Knight, who was a courtly and well-bred Gentleman,

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men, return'd her Gallantry for Gallantry ; and helping her to dress herself, he instructed her in all she was to say, and in the Course the Master of the Vessel was to steer, that in Case the *Corfaire* should pursue them, he might not meet with 'em. The beautiful *Turk* was not long in dressing herself. I am apt to believe few Women on the like Occasions wou'd be over-solicitous about their Attire, and if the Knight had requir'd it, this would have gone out of the Ship as she came out of Bed. The Ship's Crew began already to be in Motion, and to make every Thing ready to sail, notwithstanding the Wind was not the most favourable that might be for *Malta*. The Knight help'd the beautiful *Turk* to descend into a Canow, which he had caus'd to be ready at the Stern ; and she was no sooner in it, but by the Favour of the Night it made off, and got safe to one of the Prizes ; in which he design'd to send her back : He made all the Christians, who were on board, go out of her ; and having taken Leave of the Lady, who would have been glad he had not left her so soon, he parted with Regret, and repair'd to his own Ship, where he order'd his Men to weigh Anchor, as *Gourdan* had done, in order to set Sail.

The End of the Third Volume.

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